McCALL'S

10¢

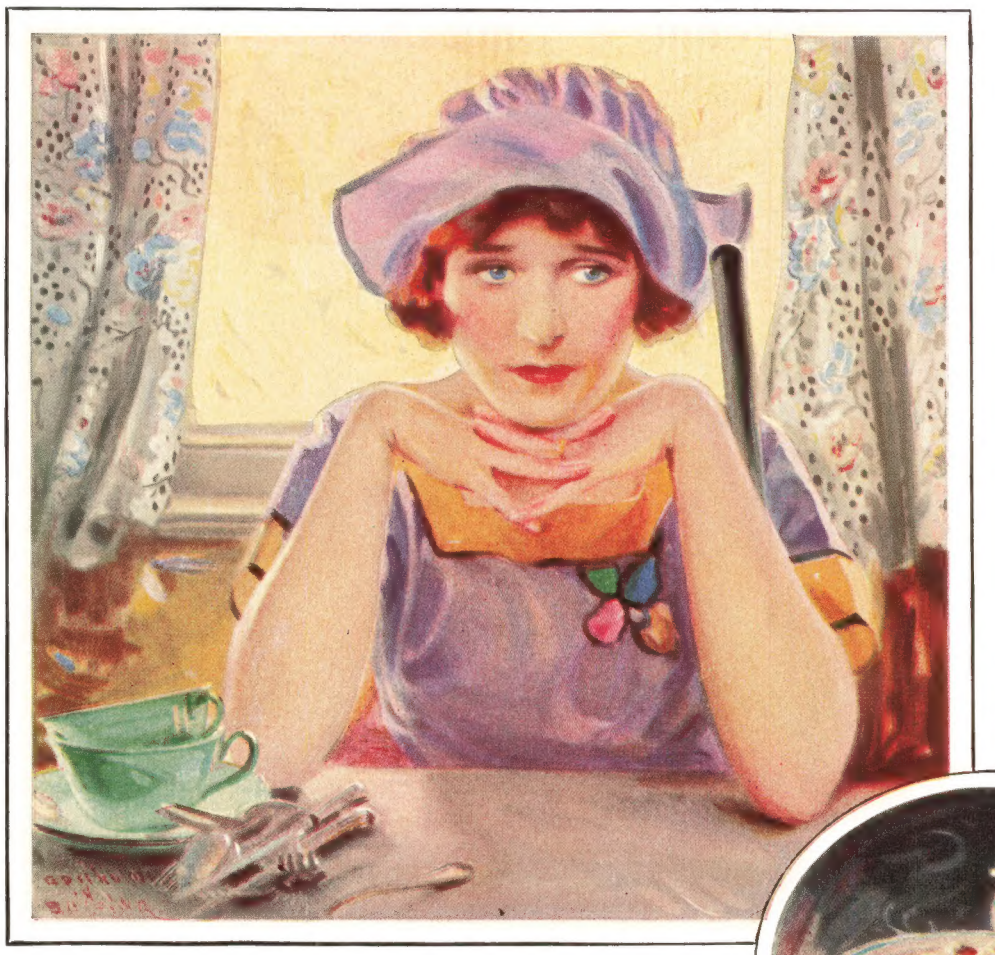
AUGUST

The GIRL *in* GOLDEN RAGS

Robert W. Chambers'
New Novel
Begins
in this Issue

The Australian-American Girl
Types of American Beauty Drawn by
NEYSA McMEIN

MIDSUMMER FICTION NUMBER



Cream of Wheat with Dates

¾ cup Cream of Wheat
4 cups boiling water
½ teaspoon salt
½ cup dates

Pour Cream of Wheat slowly into rapidly boiling salted water, stirring constantly; add dates and cook twenty minutes in a double boiler

Also with Prunes, Raisins or Figs

Follow recipe above, using instead of dates ½ cup prunes, raisins or figs cut into small pieces

So you dawdle the morning away

—because one fundamental need has not been fully met!

That hectic hour—breakfast time! In most homes it is rush, hurry to get the family up, get breakfast, get them off.

And after it is over you "just want to sit." A hundred things to do—dishes, beds, cleaning,—but you can't get up steam! So you dawdle the morning away.

What is the matter? Just this: During the night your body engine is throttled down; with morning comes the need to get it going in high gear.

You must have a new supply of energy. The last of yesterday's supply was used in starting today. What you eat for breakfast will determine whether you get this vital energy in adequate amount.

For breakfast you need food known to be very rich in energy and very easy to digest. And in these qualities no food surpasses Cream of Wheat!

For Cream of Wheat is made of the heart of the best hard wheat; that part richest in energy elements which scientists call carbohydrates. These, of all food substances, are most easily, most quickly digested. In fact, digestion of Cream of Wheat *begins in the mouth!*

Many foods, of course, are rich in energy; many others are easy to digest. But high energy, quickly available for use because so easily digested—in this combination Cream of Wheat excels!

An energy-breakfast! Do you know how delicious it can be? Try Cream of Wheat cooked with dates, prunes or raisins; so rich and creamy, with a delicately blended flavor of fruit and grain! Or serve it Southern style with butter and salt. And children love it with brown sugar, syrup or fruit sauce. In one of these delightful breakfast ways children and grown-ups alike will find renewed energy for the day's work.

***Our recipe book*—FREE**

We have a splendid recipe book "Thirty New Ways of Serving Cream of Wheat." Besides all the different ways to serve this favorite energy food for breakfast, it tells you of tempting new desserts, salads, vegetable and meat dishes. We also have a fine new book on feeding children. We will gladly send either or both—use coupon below.

Free! these booklets—mail coupon

Cream of Wheat Company
Dept. 6-C, Minneapolis, Minnesota

☐ Please send me your recipe booklet, "Thirty Ways of Serving Cream of Wheat."

☐ Please send me your booklet, "The Important Business of Feeding Children."

☐ Please send me sample box of Cream of Wheat for which I enclose 5c to cover postage.

Name _____

Address _____

Cream of Wheat

Cream of Wheat Company, Minneapolis, Minnesota
In Canada, made by Cream of Wheat Company, Winnipeg

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Spanish Sunlight

A river of gold flowing between two rivers of blood! In such wise the Spaniards describe the flaming red and yellow banner of their country; nor does the flag of Spain belie the land of vivid color over which it floats—a land of startling contrasts, cruel cunning and childlike faith, of tinkling music and stolen kisses, of langour and of passion. This spirit of Spain—so gay, so elusive, so hard to capture on paper—breathes with lifelike fidelity from every page of "Spanish Sunlight"—the new novel by Anthony Pryde, author of "Manqueray's Duel" and "The City of Lillies."

By Anthony Pryde, in the September Issue of McCall's
On the newsstands August 10th

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Gene Stratton-Porter's Page

Women have acquired poise and tastes in culture that make half the men I meet accompanying them seem dumb and awkward

Helping Father

By

Gene Stratton-Porter

Famous Author of "Freckles," "The Girl of the Limberlost," "The White Flag," etc.

Gene Stratton-Porter

Are Women Growing Tired of Husbands Who Can't Keep Up With Them?

"Through their work in churches and in clubs, women have acquired poise and tact and taken on such culture that they make half the men I meet accompanying them seem dumb and awkward and not fit mates for them. There are very many women who are seeking divorces outright or are talking about "incompatibility", and the beginning of their cause of complaint lies in the fact that while the men have been earning the money, the women have been developing their beauty, cultivating their brains, and acquiring tact and poise that make them want to discard the mechanical old-fashioned men to whom they are married and to link their fortunes for the rest of the way with men who can speak a grammatical brand of English, who know how to conduct themselves on social occasions and who can stand up and make a reasonably dignified and appealing speech upon any subject they are called upon to tackle."

—An Excerpt from Mrs. Porter's article on this page

WE USED to have a statesman who habitually arose in the senate chamber and "viewed with alarm" almost every possible situation that came up in the political, economical, and physical life of these United States, and it appeals to me that I am drifting perilously close to the shores upon which I am myself beginning to "view with alarm" such a number of things immediately connected with church, school, home and social life in our country today, that it behooves me to have a care lest I go too far in this direction.

After which preamble I will immediately plunge into one of the things that I am "viewing with alarm" at the present minute. It is this: In the general prosperity of the country at the present minute, combined with high wages and the multiplicity of labor saving devices that are being introduced into homes, the number of servants that are employed, and the manner in which modern housekeeping is being conducted, there seems to be very little left in a home that devolves upon the children, and it is this freeing children of every household duty, of every responsibility, and turning them out to amuse themselves and to follow their own devices without a thought as to how they are to be fed and clothed, that is bringing us very rapidly to a condition that I have every reason to "view with alarm." And I am not poking so much fun at myself as I might be when I use the expression. I do view with alarm these boys and girls of today who know nothing about the ramifications of business, about the killing burdens that are laid on the shoulders of the fathers who are supposed to pay the bills.

There are two features concerning the fathers of the present day that are lying heavily on my heart. One of them is that father is practically a business machine. He goes to his store, or his office, or whatever his occupation may be, and he puts the greater part of his life, almost all of his time when he is not sleeping, and drains his strength heavily in the competition with other men in trade in order to amass the appalling sums of money that are now required in order to pay taxes, rents, and bills for food and clothing. Many and many a family is heading rapidly toward disaster because father is so overtaxed that his life is going to be shortened; and when he goes with extreme rapidity, as fathers do go every once in a while, a bewildered and chaotic condition follows.

One of the things that I see around me everywhere today is the man who, to use the old slang expression, has "got left." Frequently I am dumbfounded when, at clubs and in social life, I meet women so brilliant that they fairly scintillate. Their hair has been in the hands of an expert hairdresser until it is like silk. Their complexions have been cared for until they are velvety soft and fine. They are painted and powdered until they are unbelievably beautiful to look upon. Mechanical applicances about the house and the work of efficient servants have left them their freedom and they have spent it in enchancing their beauty and improving their minds. I know women who think nothing of belonging to half a dozen clubs, and very seldom does more than one of them have to do with athletics. The others are clubs in which women develop their brains. They develop them to an astonishing degree. About a year ago I was present at a meeting of the Ebell Club in Los Angeles and at that meeting I watched three women perform a mental feat of which all America might be proud. In the first place, this club has been in existence for a long time. In the second place, it has [*Turn to page 38*]

Illustrated by Dalton Stevens

Father is practically a business machine

Every big event in music is a reason for having a Victrola

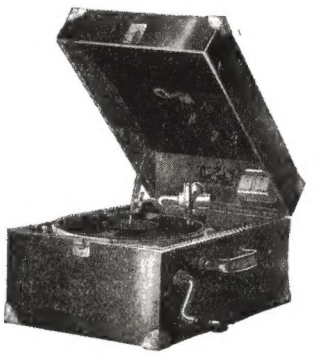
Each season in succession new artists create a sensation through their portrayal of famous operatic characters and old favorites add to their multitude of admirers through their achievement of still greater artistic accomplishment. In the season just closed outstanding features were the performances of Victor artists. So it is year after year and has been for two decades. So it will be next year.

Victrola Instruments are made especially to reproduce the marvelous variety of Victor Records by the world's greatest artists, in twenty-one styles at from $25 up—all identified by the Victor name and trade marks.

LASHANSKA
Victor Artist

Lashanska has appeared as soloist with practically every symphony organization of importance in the United States, which leaves no room for doubt concerning her musicianship. Like so many other great artists, Lashanska has chosen to ally herself with the Victor Company in order that admirers of her voice may hear it as recorded by Victor processes and Victor instruments. To hear these records is to understand Mme. Lashanska's enthusiasm and ours:

	Double-faced	
Canzonetta (Goethe-Loewe) Sweet and Low	730	$1.50
Spiagge amate Lungi dal Caro Bene	964	1.50

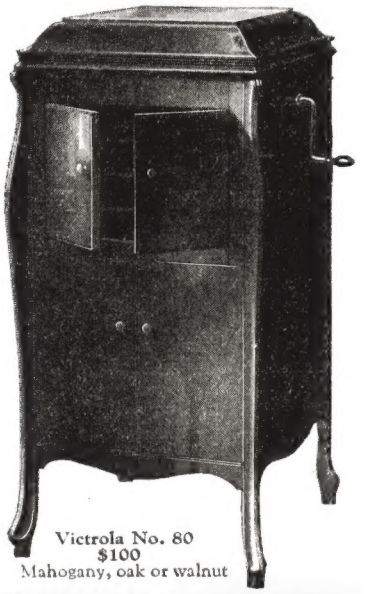


Victrola No. 50 (Portable)
$50
Mahogany or oak

TOSCANINI
Victor Artist

Before anyone may undertake to conduct important works two things are indispensable: musicianship and memory in extraordinary degree and an organization that is flawless. The hundreds of thousands who know Toscanini will understand that a talking-machine must be perfection itself if it is to meet the unqualified approval of Maestro Toscanini. Every Victor Record made under the direction of this famous Italian conductor has had his personal scrutiny, his personal approval. We recommend you to listen with what care you will to these:

	Double-faced	
Carmen—Aragonaise Farandole (from L'Arlésienne Suite No. 2)	839	$1.50
Don Pasquale—Overture, Part I Don Pasquale—Overture, Part II	841	1.50
Midsummer Night's Dream—Wedding March Midsummer Night's Dream—Scherzo	6302	2.00



Victrola No. 80
$100
Mahogany, oak or walnut

© Georg

MORINI
Victor Artist

To be famous at seventeen is unusual enough but when added to that one may claim to be the only child performer who ever appeared in concert with Arthur Nikisch is to have achieved distinction enough for life. Nikisch himself said of Morini "She is not a wonder child, she is a wonder." To perpetuate these gifts, to reproduce again and again what the artist has produced, that is the daily task of the Victor laboratories. How well they have been done will appear on listening to the following Victor Records:

	Double-faced	
Am Springbrunnen Faust—Waltz (from New Fantasie)	791	$1.50
June—Barcarolle Serenade (Toselli)	957	1.50
Spanish Dance, No. 3 (Sarasate) Romance in G (Svendsen)	6226	2.00

Victrola No. 215
$150
Mahogany, oak or walnut

"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"
REG U S PAT OFF

There is but one Victrola and that is made by the Victor Company—look for these Victor trade marks

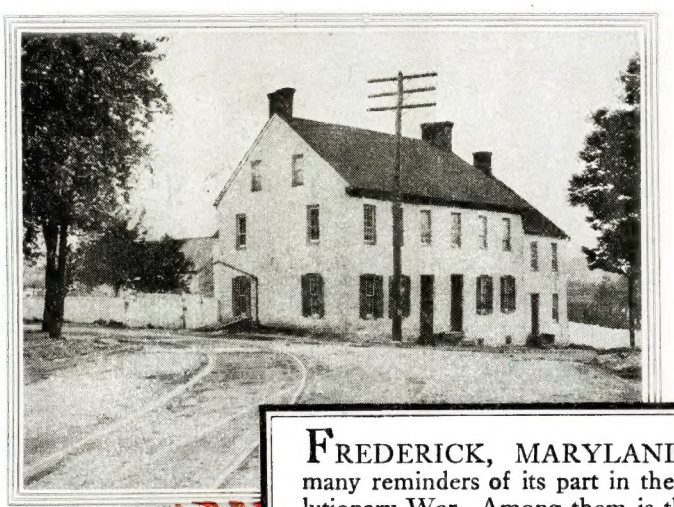
TRADE MARK
Victrola
REG U S PAT OFF

Victor Talking Machine Company, Camden, N. J.

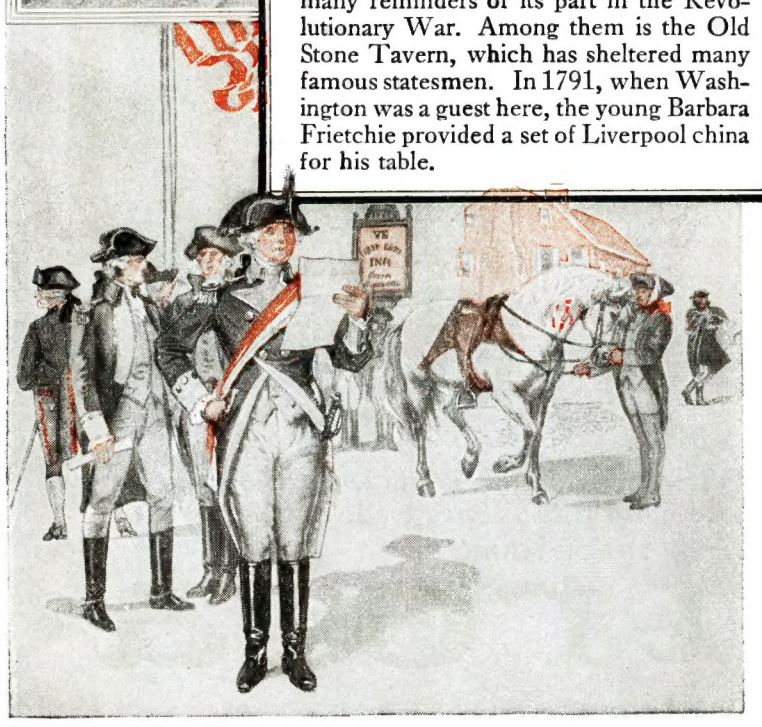
AMONG the seven thousand residents of Miles City, Montana, there are still some who recall the strenuous days of road agents and Indians, when all journeys were made by stagecoach, and no one could tell what the end might be. The Vigilantes finally cleared the country of outlaws and rustlers. Miles City is now a thriving town on the trunk line of the Northern Pacific Railroad.

In MONTANA *and* MARYLAND

the same fine soap — the same fine results



FREDERICK, MARYLAND, has many reminders of its part in the Revolutionary War. Among them is the Old Stone Tavern, which has sheltered many famous statesmen. In 1791, when Washington was a guest here, the young Barbara Frietchie provided a set of Liverpool china for his table.



IT IS not so many years since the people of Miles City, Montana, traveled by stagecoach to Deadwood.

Yet today Miles City women agree with those of Frederick, Maryland, whose traditions date back to pre-Revolutionary days, on the standards of good taste and the comforts of life.

Good taste and real comfort accept no substitutes for clean white clothes, snowy linens, and immaculate households. To help them maintain these standards the women of these towns have chosen P and G The White Naphtha Soap. In both Miles City and Frederick, as in the United States as a whole, P and G The White Naphtha Soap is the largest selling laundry soap.

Why?

Because experience has proved that P and G is no common soap. It is white—it removes dirt quickly, with a noticeable saving of strength—it preserves the whiteness of *white* clothes and the original freshness of colors—it rinses out easily, leaving no soapy odor or yellow tinge.

Women who do their own laundering, as well as those who employ a laundress, have told us that the change to P and G has produced an amazing improvement in results and helped to save clothes.

The nation-wide adoption of P and G is a sure sign that American women recognize the *extra* washing value of this fine, white, quick-cleansing soap.

PROCTER & GAMBLE

© 1924, by The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati

The Girl in Golden Rags

By

Robert W. Chambers

Famous Author of "Cardigan," "The Fighting Chance," "The Hi-Jackers," etc.

A new novel which will be complete in four long installments

"If you'd like us to be friends, I'm old enough, you see. I was afraid you might think me a little girl"

JADIES HOME JOURNAL FLAGG

A RAGGED child with a dirty face, dancing through acres of goldenrod. Autumn gold everywhere, on branch and bough, copse and thicket, swamp and swale. Gold dropping earthward through golden sunset woods; carpets of gold tissue where mosses glowed between the drifted autumn leaves. And in a golden world a slim golden thing dancing through the goldenrod—a slender, ragged, little, leaping flame in rags—palest gold of limb and body; brown golden hair and eyes—no other tint save two carnation lips and the same stain on her cheeks—and all a-flutter, whirling, pirouetting in her flowing golden rags.

Her mother unpinned the last of the wash from a sagging line tied between two apple-trees. Lifting the loaded basket she lingered by the fence a moment, looking at the little dancer, the sunset light touching her ruddy hair. Her husband emerged from the kitchen and picked up two empty milk-pails.

"I'll get the water," he said. "You start supper, Anne." Anne Ardres rested her basket on the top rail and called: "Jacqueline! Jacqueline!" A far cry floated back across the goldenrod.

Anne said to her husband: "It's your story book again. She's sewed that old Christmas tree tinsel all over her raggedest dress, and she's pretending that the goldenrod is The Field of the Cloth of Gold!"

Her husband laughed: "That's the red French blood in her. If you've a drop of it in you a hundred years will never pale it. It's hot blood, too, and lawless. Good blood to fight and love with—"

"Oh, Phil, what nonsense. You fill that child's head full of the silliest stuff. She's just nothing but a little Yankee child run wild—"

"Ha-ha!" he laughed. "There's older blood than that in her—good old blood, red as old French wine. You're laughing. Laugh then. But yon's no Yankee, Anne; she's all French! Jacqueline Ardres is her name, and the blood of Ardres is in her!—Ardrésienne of The Field of the Cloth of Gold!"

She smiled at him; he laughed gaily back at her with an upward fling of his handsome, dark curly head, and went away toward the farm pump.

Anne Ardres framed her fresh, sunburnt face with hollowed hands: "Jacqueline! Jacqueline!" she called. Through the saffron light came a far answering cry, the flickering little flame came drifting and dancing toward her through vast uncharted seas of goldenrod. Slowly the zenith flamed. The sun had set.

SATURDAY night was bath night—and after their supper, Jacqueline, in a clean night-gown, curled up on the sitting-room sofa while Anne, by the light of an oil lamp, cut out, basted, and began to sew on a sleeveless slipover dress for her daughter. There was not much furniture in the sitting-room; fewer decorations. Over the mantel hung a photograph of a dark, gay-eyed man in British uniform and metal helmet. Under the picture dangled a brittle, dusty wreath of immortelles, tied with rusty black ribbons.

A cheap carpet covered the floor. Cheap, village store furniture of yellow oak—a table, a rocker, two side chairs, and a sofa completed the ensemble, except for a tall walnut case full of books. Jacqueline, now beginning to read for pleasure, had already found among these books a few that interested her. Among these few was one that completely fascinated her—a flamboyant historical romance laid on in garish colors, and called "The Field of the Cloth of Gold." A writer, popular in late Victorian days had perpetrated it when historical romance was in demand.

"Yon's no Yankee, Anne; she's all French. Jacqueline Ardres is her name, and the blood of Ardres is in her!"

It was a characteristic specimen of the Victorian literary chromo. And it enraptured Jacqueline. Also, the romance had pleased her father; and the child remembered very clearly sitting on his lap after supper, while he read it aloud to her, and smoked his clay pipe, and followed the fine print with labor-worn forefinger when the oil lamp burned dim and smoked. The child remembered, too, how her father used to say that an ancestor of his family was present at that Golden Field, and was dressed all in cloth of gold, as was everybody else. And the more her father talked, the more the French blood in him warmed his imagination, and the more excitable and genealogical he became.

At such moments, involuntarily, little Jacqueline, lying loosely on her father's knees, would turn her brown head and seek her mother's face to read the expression on it. And always she felt, vaguely, that her mother was not in very ardent sympathy with her father's vivacious loquacity concerning the early glory of his ancestor and the wondrous magnificence of his apparel at the Field of the Cloth of Gold.

Now, it was Saturday night and Jacqueline got the beloved romance in question from the book shelf, settled herself on the sofa, and read it aloud while Anne sewed. The child adored to read aloud. Now and then she would interrupt her lecture to emphasize some gaudy detail: "Mother," she exclaimed, "even the big war-horses that the nobles rode were covered with real cloth of gold! . . . And all the little pages were dressed in cloth of gold; and all the knights and men-at-arms, and the foot-soldiers and bishops and priests and tents and banners—do you hear what I'm telling you, Mother?"

"Yes, Jackie."

"Do you think Father's relation really wore gold clothes?"

"I don't know."

"Father used to say so."

"Yes, he thought so."

"Don't you believe that Father's relation was there?"

"I really don't know, Jackie—"

"But it says so in this book. Here—right here on this page it says that the Sieur d'Ardres led the horsemen from Pas-de-Calais and bore aloft the golden Oriflamme. It *says* so, Mother."

"Really," murmured Anne, leaning closer over her sewing. The child sighed, turned the magic pages slowly.

"It must have been beautiful—beautiful—all the whole world in gold and scarlet. I wish you and Father and I had lived then and wore gold dresses, Mother—"

"Come here, dear; I want to measure—" Jacqueline jumped up and came dancing on bare feet—impatient while the process endured—then, her ardent imagination thoroughly stirred, she caught Anne around the neck and kissed her violently.

"Darling," murmured Anne, releasing herself.

"Mother?"

"Yes, dear."

"I've written my blank-book full of poems. I'll have to have another copy book."

"Very well; as soon as I have a little money."

"Yes," sighed the child, "money!"

But her face brightened again and her smile flashed: "Mother, I wrote a poem about *you!*"

"Really?"

"Shall I tell it to you *now?*"

"Yes, I'd like to hear it."

"This is it, then:

'Anne is plowing.
I hear little round stones strike
The plowshare.
I see grass and dead weeds
Curl over and fall; and
I see wet earth and
Angleworms underneath.
The blue in Anne's eyes
Is like the sky in July.
The color of Anne's hair.
Is like sunshine on a red leaf.
Anne is tall and she stands straight.
I love to hide my face on her neck,
Because Anne's skin smells sweet—'"

"Oh, Jackie! that isn't poetry, to say how somebody *smells!*"

"Isn't it? Well, you smell like clover-hay. Why isn't it all right to put it into a poem? Isn't it poetry to tell what you see?"

"Sometimes. But you don't want to write a poem about a bucket of swill, for instance, do you?"

"I never thought of that," said Jacqueline. She studied the idea for a while in silence; then, abruptly inspired:

'O swill in our tin pail,'" she began loudly:

'You are full of egg-shells and
Coffee-grounds and
Potato peeling! And sour milk!
And bones.
You do not smell nice, O swill!
Yet God made you for the purpose
Of pigs—'"

"That's enough," interrupted Anne.

She straightened her back, looked at her daughter, and laughed. "You're a droll little thing, more Ardres than Stafford. I suppose you're my child, but sometimes it seems incredible."

"Mother!"

"I said it in fun, darling. Come here and try on the dress again."

NATURE'S intentions toward the race of Stafford and that of Ardres had seemed sinister. Long before the American Revolution and shortly following the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, there came to the British Colonial possessions in the New World an improverished French family named d'Ardres, from Pas-de-Calais the little village made famous by the Field of the Cloth of Gold—husband and wife and one sinewy son.

Generations later, a descendant of that son served as an officer in Knox's regiments of artillery during the Revolution; and, for duty well done, was granted a farm in Saguenay County after the war. And in 1903 Philip, son of John Philip Ardres, farmer, market-hunter and trapper in Saguenay County, married Anne Stafford, the local school-teacher at Drifting Bridge—the nearest Post Office to the Ardres Farm. Her name was Anne Elizabeth Stafford.

To them, on their wild, upland farm was born, in 1904, a little brown-skinned daughter. She was named Jacqueline Anne.

In August, 1914, when Jacqueline had attained her tenth year, her easy-going, good-natured father stabled his horse, dragged his plow under a shed, filled his pockets with bread and meat, walked twenty miles to the nearest railroad, beat his way to Canada, enlisted in a Canadian unit, and, ultimately, was gassed to death in a meadow full of white butterflies and scarlet poppies.

It seemed rather a grim jest, this ending of the name of Ardres. Once kicked out of France because he spelled G-o-d in his own way, his great grandson had gone back after nearly two hundred and fifty years, to die for France in the name of God.

Little Jacqueline seemed inclined to Latin warmth and gaiety and to Latin carelessness of person, too. In no wise was she disturbed by her rags. Ardent, wiry, nervous, excitably intelligent, constitutionally slipshod and youthfully callous to dirt, she faced the world with outflung baby arms of welcome.

Her first grief had been the loss of her father—a sorrow not clearly understood at the time; and it gradually became less real, and finally legendary—after the manner of all children. She was fed and clothed, and had no thought for the morrow. She slept in a bed, soundly. There always had been a bed for her. The future, so far, had no meaning to a child to whom last week was already years ago. Hers was a heart never touched by cold. As for school, it had no terrors for her. From her mother, who had been teacher at

Suddenly she remembered that her father had died for France; and she knocked Henry Stumpf flat on the dusty grass

Drifting Bridge, Jacqueline inherited routine capacity of mind. But one particular misfortune menaced Jacqueline—a misfortune common to all children of the poor—the threatened necessity that she aid her mother with manual labor.

Anne Ardres was a straight, firmly knit, ruddy-haired daughter of Saxon England—even more powerful, muscularly, in middle life than in youth. The farm had to go on if she and Jacqueline were to eat every day and sleep under a roof. She had no money to hire help. With a growing girl-child at her side, and with stark years ahead of her, Anne Ardres dragged her defunct Philip's plow from under the shed, harnessed the family horse, and set her Saxon features toward the fallow, where, God willing, rye should grow to give them winter bread. And if her first furrow proved to be as crooked as Drifting River, nevertheless it was a furrow, and would grow the seed she sowed across acres of broken clods and stones.

SINCE the summer of 1914, Anne Ardres's days had begun before sunrise. She milked, turned out the cows, watered and fed the old white horse, Jim; made the fire, cooked breakfast for two, ate hers, left Jacqueline's covered on the range, fed the chickens, collected eggs, gathered what vegetables were in season, ran a cultivator through the kitchen garden, drew water for the boiler on Mondays and put the clothing to soak, split and brought in wood, cleaned her bed-chamber, dusted the parlor and sitting-room, and was ready to start afield with plow, cultivator, hay fork, axe, scythe, mowing machine, or hay wagon as early as any of her men neighbors.

Her Saxon hair was still thick and reddish gold; her features, very Saxon, and with profile almost noble. For all her fifty odd years she was straight and vigorous, and she moved lightly on good-sized, shapely feet which were larger than the Gallic extremities of her late and lamented Philip, but far more capable.

Now, also, the long-absent English color was staining her fair English skin again, flushing her neck and face.

It had been, and still was, a strange domain that the Continental Congress had granted to the cannoneer ancestor of the late Philip Ardres for being a good soldier in the Revolution. Had it all—or even a tenth part of it—been arable land—fertile soil from which the forest was to be cleared, the grant would have been munificent. But out of the thousands of acres given to this soldier of the Revolution, scarcely one hundred could be cultivated at all, and only thirty were now tilled. Of the remainder there were acres of wet, flat woodland, full of dozy trees and dark, sluggish, gully-like streams.

The rest was mostly alders—acres and acres of moist, level land which could not be drained, covered by alders and willows as far as the eyes could see.

Only at Drifting Bridge, and the Verril Farm to the westward, did anything appear resembling a rolling country.

Jacqueline loved these brilliant, sunny open stretches; but she also loved it all—everything—woods, alders, swamps—all the world she ever had known was spontaneously loved by this child whose ruling necessity from birth seemed to be affection.

One day after school a boy called out to Jacqueline: "Hey, Jackie, the Germans are givin' the French a big lickin' over there."

"That's a lie, but what of it?" she retorted cheerfully.

"Well, you're a French girl. You oughta feel kinda sick. I would if I was French."

"I'm American—" Suddenly she remembered that her father had died for France; and she knocked Henry Stumpf flat on the dusty grass.

At fifteen there was no more to teach Jacqueline at Drifting Bridge school, and no money to send her elsewhere. Anne, being a graduate of a State Normal School, carried on the child's education intermittently.

Anne just managed to keep the farm going; but that was all. There had been no material progress, no money saved, no headway made. Shingles rotted, and torn rolls of old roofing paper or squares of rusty tin were nailed over the apertures by Anne. Long ago the red paint on barn, outbuilding, and house had been so dulled and blistered by sun, and so battered by hail, sleet, and rain, that scarcely any color remained to protect the weathered silver of cracked siding.

At seventeen Jacqueline had her growth, or nearly—and her body and limbs had become firm and hard and supple. Anne, however, would not let her lift heavy weights or drive a plow; but she was permitted, now, to milk, push a cultivator, hoe corn and potatoes, guide a reaper, prepare food, and do general housework.

Every particle of food that mother and daughter could count on to put into their mouths must be grown by the labor of their hands and the sweat of their bodies. When that is the case—when one must coax or force common dirt to keep the body from starvation and death, then one's view, knowledge, understanding, attitude toward the soil underfoot, is profoundly different from those myriads of humans who use the earth merely to walk upon.

In haying time Jacqueline was permitted to drive the rig and to mow and spread, but never to pitch and load. Her heaviest implement was the potato hook, but it was Anne who carried the sacks—Anne, straight, ruddy, and abloom again after fifty years of life.

At seventeen Jacqueline had become a slim, sun-tanned, golden thing, so far undistorted and unmarred save for the skin on her hands, which was water-worn, blistered, needle-pricked, toughened [*Turn to page 53*]

Exile

By Mary Synon

Has any man the right to expect the love of two women? Read this poignant story of an American bride in Old Mexico and see if you think Monica Hurd found the right reply to this question in the tremendous drama in which she played the leading part

Illustrated by W. E. Heitland

"Oh, my beloved, my adored one," she sobbed, "Come back to me who loves you!"

MONICA HURD was playing *Duna* as Chandler climbed uphill from the mine shaft. Her music, a passionate lifting of shackled hands of spirit from the prison cell of life, rose with poignant loneliness above the low-toned languor of the Mexican night. Like a wind from a plateau lifting the hangings of a well-swept patio to give glimpse of some wildly disordered inner room, the flare of sound from the grand piano flung up the hiding curtains of the player's reserve, and brought Chandler to sudden halt below the rambling adobe house on the mountainside.

For the moment, held by the shock of hearing that throbbing misery in the vibrant chords, he stood in survey. Below him the mine lay dark, its signal lamps flickering beacons, its shaft a shadow in the golden moonlight. From the village beyond, a white huddle of little houses, rose in the pauses of Monica's music only the baying of dogs and the dull strumming of a guitar. Once he thought he heard notes of a song raised in Rosita Quezlon's vivid voice; but he remembered that Rosita had gone yesterday to Guanajuato, the city of the amber lights which gleamed on the edge of the night, and he fleetingly reflected that some other stormy petrel of girlhood must be trailing Rosita's straying course on waters of forbidden adventure. Well, it was Mexico, he shrugged, sniffing the pungent fragrance of breath-of-heaven from Monica's garden above the heavier odor of orange blossoms, the Mexico he had long known of lure, of romance, of danger. It was a place for love and lovers, for forgetfulness of yesterdays and discounting of tomorrows, but against it Monica Hurd, who should have been happy, was voicing her homesickness in a pent-up despair which startled him by its terrible intensity.

With the certain power of a man used to working with facts of the earth he assayed the situation with the new element of his discovery. Monica was no artist, he told himself, to transmute infinite longing with finite skill. She was a woman, hardly more than a girl, in unsuspected pain, using her one medium of expression for mitigation of her own misery. The root of that suffering eluded his analysis, although his jaw tightened in the stress of the surmise which assailed him; but the flower of her woe, the agony of her protest surging through the notes of the wistful ballad, opened before him in sudden blooming that snapped a long-taut chain of repression within his will. In a haste which was partly fear of his own decision he turned from the path toward the house which he and Nacey shared, and moved toward the light in Monica's windows.

She had ended the song before he came to the door. He saw her fling out white arms as in weariness before she let her hands sink on the keyboard. Her head was bowed

"I was singing down in the village, and he stopped and listened—"

as he knocked on the side of the screen, but she lifted it high as she spoke. "Come in," she bade him.

"You shouldn't leave it unlocked," he warned her.

"There's no danger," she said, almost contemptuously. She rose from the bench, switching on another light before she crossed to one of the wide chairs of Yucatan cane which made frame for her loveliness. She was as unexpected, Chandler realized with awakened quickness of perception, in the setting of Hurd's quarters as an Ascension lily would be among the hibiscus and bougainvillea of the walls. There was something remote, almost virginal about her which the rugs and serapes and guns of the living room emphasized. She did not fit into the civilization which Hurd had so eagerly accepted. Or was it, Chandler wondered, a lack of desire to adjust herself rather than inability to do it? She had been gay, bright of spirit, buoyant of hope when she had come to them. Now only the piano, which Hurd had caused to be carted up from Guanajuato for her, seemed to background her rightly. Away from it, she fairly clanged her alien mood. "No one knows," she continued, "if I'm alone."

"There isn't a child in the village who doesn't know everything we do."

"But no one cares."

THE mood of her music, the bitterness of nostalgia, still possessed her, he saw, and he felt swift regret for his intrusion when he glimpsed in the lamplight the tragic grief in her eyes. "I won't stay," he said hurriedly. "I heard your music, and I listened. I couldn't help it. I thought that you—I thought that—"

"That I needed a friend?" She leaned forward in her chair, looking up at him with an intentness which set throbbing a pulse in his throat. "I do."

"If you'll let me be that to you, I'll be—" he hesitated for the word—"grateful."

"Do you want to be?" Under the attempted lightness of her tone he caught the tension.

"There is nothing I want more," he told her solemnly.

"I believe you might be a very good friend."

"Try me." He strove to keep his voice steady.

"I shall." She watched him with brooding eyes. "You don't know what my friendship may demand of you."

"I'm ready," he declared, lifted by the implication in her promise.

"You don't really know me very well, do you?"

"I may know you better than you think."

"What could you know? You've been [*Turn to page 22*]

The Unknown Quantity

By Ethel M. Dell

Famous Author of "Charles Rex", "Tetherstones", etc.

"We can't be friends before we know each other," said Dorothea

Illustrated by H. R. Ballinger

only two: Lady Varleigh, her patron, and Buck Wetherby, her despised but devoted admirer.

Through Lady Varleigh, Jeannette expects to procure a position as governess and to face the world alone and empty-handed—with only her wit and courage and beauty to aid her.

RATHER than live in dishonest luxury Jeannette Wyngold has put aside the good things of this world. She has surrendered her patrimony to pay the debts of a father who, after robbing the bank of which he was president, killed himself to escape the awful consequences. And rather than bind an honoured name to her own besmirched one, Jeannette has dismissed not only the great nobleman to whom she was betrothed but many others who, in the crisis, offered marriage. In fact, out of all the friends of her gay and happy girlhood, she has retained

"I REMEMBERED you," said Sir Jervis Kingswold.

Jeannette looked up at him in surprise. She saw again the spare figure and thin, intellectual countenance of her recollection. But, face to face with him, she saw that which she had not previously observed—the strange, lambent fire of the eyes behind their drooping lids. "You are one of those whom it is not easy to forget," he added.

"I am deeply honoured," said Jeannette.

"The honour will be mine," said Sir Jervis, "if you consent to be a friend to my young daughter who is rather badly in need of one at the present moment."

"I have come to offer my services," said Jeannette.

"I shall be proud to accept them on my daughter's behalf," replied Sir Jervis, "and I am going to suggest a salary of eighty pounds a year."

"That is quite satisfactory," replied Jeannette. "And I shall come at once if you wish."

He nodded. "That is just what I do wish, Miss Wyngold. My daughter is in delicate health, as I believe you have heard, and it is essential to provide her with young and wholesome companionship."

Lady Varleigh made luncheon an occasion for considerable frivolity, proving an elasticity of mind at which even Jeannette marvelled. Her careless lightheartedness, her inconsequence, her brilliance, carried all before them. They found themselves laughing like children at a school-treat as their hostess herself described it, but the merriment emanated from her and from her alone.

When the meal was over, they sat in the lounge at her suggestion until Sir Jervis had to leave. She showed no regret when the time came for his departure, nor any desire that he should linger, somewhat to Jeannette's surprise. But directly Sir Jervis had gone, she understood in a flash what it had all meant to this woman who had grown old in body and not in heart. For Lady Varleigh turned upon her a haggard face and begged her in a voice that was husky to take her upstairs.

SO YOU are the wonderful Miss Wyngold!" said Dorothea. Sir Jervis Kingswold's daughter spoke from the depths of an easy-chair, and she made no movement of welcome as Jeannette advanced upon her. Her fair hair surrounded her face like an aureole, intensifying its pallor. Her blue eyes had a look half-insolent and half-suspicious.

"I am Miss Wyngold, yes," Jeannette said. "You may call me Jeannette if you like, and I shall call you Dorothea."

"I don't know that I should care for that," said Dorothea.

Jeannette's thin lips looked uncompromising though they smiled. "You will get used to it," she said briskly. "Anyhow, we may as well start friends."

"We can't be friends before we know each other," said Dorothea.

"Some people find it easier before than it is after," said Jeannette.

And then her heart smote her somewhat because the child looked ill, and she knew herself to be much more than a match for her.

"Well, we won't quarrel about that," she said kindly. "I should like to call you Dorothea if I may. It is a pretty name."

"Nobody ever gets on with anybody in this house." The girl spoke restlessly, discontentedly. "Everyone goes their separate ways, and is angry when anyone else chances to cross them. One thing is quite certain. If you please Father, you won't please Mother, and *vice versa*."

"Well, I haven't come to look after either of them, have I?" said Jeannette.

"I know that," said Dorothea. "I know you're here simply to spy on me and see that I do all the things that I hate doing."

Jeannette laughed a little. "Well tell me some of these things you hate to do!"

Dorothea made a wry face. "They're beastly, all of them. I have to begin with a cold salt bath every morning for one thing. That's for my spine. And I have to stay in it too. Then when I'm perished with cold I have to come out and do exercises—till I'm ready to drop. That's for my spine too. After that, I have to do two hours on a back-board. Then I have French lessons. Then I go for a walk. Then after lunch the back-board again till three, when I go to a swimming-bath and have to do breast-stroke the whole time. And I come back from that like I am now, just about finished. It's a cheery life." After a considerable pause she added dubiously. "I wonder—if you'll ever like me."

"I have no doubt I shall like you very much, my dear," Jeannette said, "if you take the trouble to make me do so." Gently she patted Dorothea's hand, and was surprised when the younger girl carried her own impulsively to her lips.

Jeannette did not see Lady Kingswold for two days after her arrival at the great house in Haddington Square, a fact which Dorothea assured her was by no means remarkable. "She is sure not to like you because Father engaged you," was her charge's explanation.

Jeannette was playing to her on the second evening after her arrival while Dorothea lay on the detested back-board when there came a quiet knock and Sir Jervis entered.

"Don't let me interrupt the concert!" he said.

JEANNETTE turned back to the piano and resumed her playing. As she did so, he drew up a chair and sat down by his young daughter's side. She heard them talking a little from time to time as she played, but they were obviously not on very intimate terms, and they soon dropped into complete silence.

The door had remained half-open after Sir Jervis's entrance, and Jeannette who faced it on the music-stool, presently saw it open a little further, gradually, almost furtively. She very quietly brought her melody to a close.

"Oh, don't stop!" exclaimed Dorothea, and then in a very different tone "Oh, it's Mother!"

Lady Kingswold came into the room, a colourless woman of average height who once had been one of fashion's beauties.

"So you are here!" she commented fretfully to her husband.

He rose at once, "I believe you and Miss Wyngold have met before," he said.

"Now I think of it," said Lady Kingswold, "I believe we did meet once—in your more fortunate days."

"I am afraid I do not remember it," said Jeannette, with her hard bright smile.

"You have had to forget a good deal since then, have you not?" said Lady Kingswold.

"I think my memory is fairly accurate on the whole," said Jeannette, "at least in matters that count."

A sudden snigger from the back-board caused Lady Kingswold to turn sharply to her daughter: "You always were ungrateful and insolent." She turned upon her husband standing silently by. "Are you coming downstairs, Jervis?"

"I have only just come up," he said.

SHE threw a glance around. "Well, I hardly imagine you can wish to sit up here," she said, still addressing her husband. "Miss Wyngold is not a guest, remember. She does not expect to be entertained."

"I rather think she was doing the entertaining," said Sir Jervis, with the shadow of a smile. He turned to Jeannette. "Thank you for your music. I hope you will give me the pleasure of hearing you again some day. You have the touch that soothes." He smiled suddenly and unexpectedly straight into her eyes, and a strange feeling of warmth went through her, sweeping all thought of resentment from her mind.

She uttered conventional thanks, and he turned away, went to the door and held it ceremoniously for his wife to pass out.

Then, when she had done so, he paused an instant, and again his eyes sought Jeannette.

"Good night!" he said. "Good night, Dorothea!"

"Good night," said Jeannette.

Neither Sir Jervis nor Lady Kingswold invaded the schoolroom for several days. Jeannette still maintained her authority over Dorothea, but it was almost inevitable that her vigilance should relax somewhat, and Dorothea was not slow to take advantage of it. She never defied Jeannette, but she developed what was almost a system of petty deceits by which she evaded much of the discipline which she so abhorred. One Sunday morning, Jeannette found her charge luxuriating in a hot bath instead of carrying out the usual programme of tepid tub and vigorous exercises. She ordered Dorothea out of the bath and pronounced brief and uncompromising sentence upon her as she reluctantly and shamefacedly emerged. "You behave like a child, and you shall be treated as such," she said. "You will go straight back to bed and stay there for the rest of the day."

Dorothea, red-hot with mortification, made indignant outcry. They had been going to a concert that afternoon—a most unusual treat of Sir Jervis's devising, and the prospect of that deprivation in connection with Jeannette's summary treatment moved her to a state of noisy and tearful remonstrance. Jeannette checked the hysterics with the application of a sponge filled with ice-cold water. Then very firmly she quitted the room, turning the key on the outside, and left her charge to recover in solitude.

In the passage she encountered Sir Jervis.

He looked at her curiously. "Do you want any help?" he said.

"Little fiend!" she said, permitting herself some vent to her feelings now that the emergency was past. "I very nearly slapped her."

"A pity you didn't!" said Sir Jervis.

Jeannette laughed mirthlessly, with lips that trembled. "It's good of you to take my part," she said.

They found themselves laughing like children at a school-treat, as their hostess herself described it

Sir Jervis replied with gravity, "My dear Miss Wyngold, I know quite well that this kind of post entails very considerable wear and tear. That was partly why I suggested that concert for this afternoon."

"Well, I can't go anyway," said Jeannette, with a touch of snappiness. "I am going to keep Dorothea in bed all day."

HE LOOKED at her with a hint of humour. "I admire your fine spirit of discipline," he said. "But I don't see why you should be punished too. Why shouldn't you go without her?"

"You're tempting me from my duty!" she said.

"I consider I am the one person who has the right to do so," said Sir Jervis. "You will enjoy that concert, and—if you will allow me to escort you—so shall I."

"Oh!" said Jeannette abruptly. "You are thinking of coming too!"

"It wouldn't be much fun for you alone," he pointed out.

This was undeniable. Jeannette was very tired of solitude just then. So she agreed with Sir Jervis.

Jeannette enjoyed the concert that afternoon, partly for its own sake, partly because the man beside her enjoyed it in exactly the same way. It was growing late and quite dark when they emerged from the concert-hall. As Sir Jervis piloted her through the throng, she smiled.

"You have enjoyed it?" he asked.

"Very much," she answered. "It was a delightful concert, and I shall never forget it. I thank you immensely."

"You will come into the drawing-room and have some tea," said Sir Jervis, as he unlocked the front door.

"There may be guests," she said.

"There is no guest under my roof who would not be honoured by meeting you," said Sir Jervis.

The sound of voices reached her ere she opened the drawing-room door, but she hesitated no more. Her head was high as she entered with Sir Jervis behind her. There were several people in the room, but the buzz of conversation died down at her appearance. Sir Jervis spoke with a suavity she had never heard from him before that was irresistibly suggestive of the Law Courts. "We are not too late for tea, I see. Come and sit down, Miss Wyngold! I will get you a cup." But despite her employer's efforts it was a tedious half-hour for Jeannette.

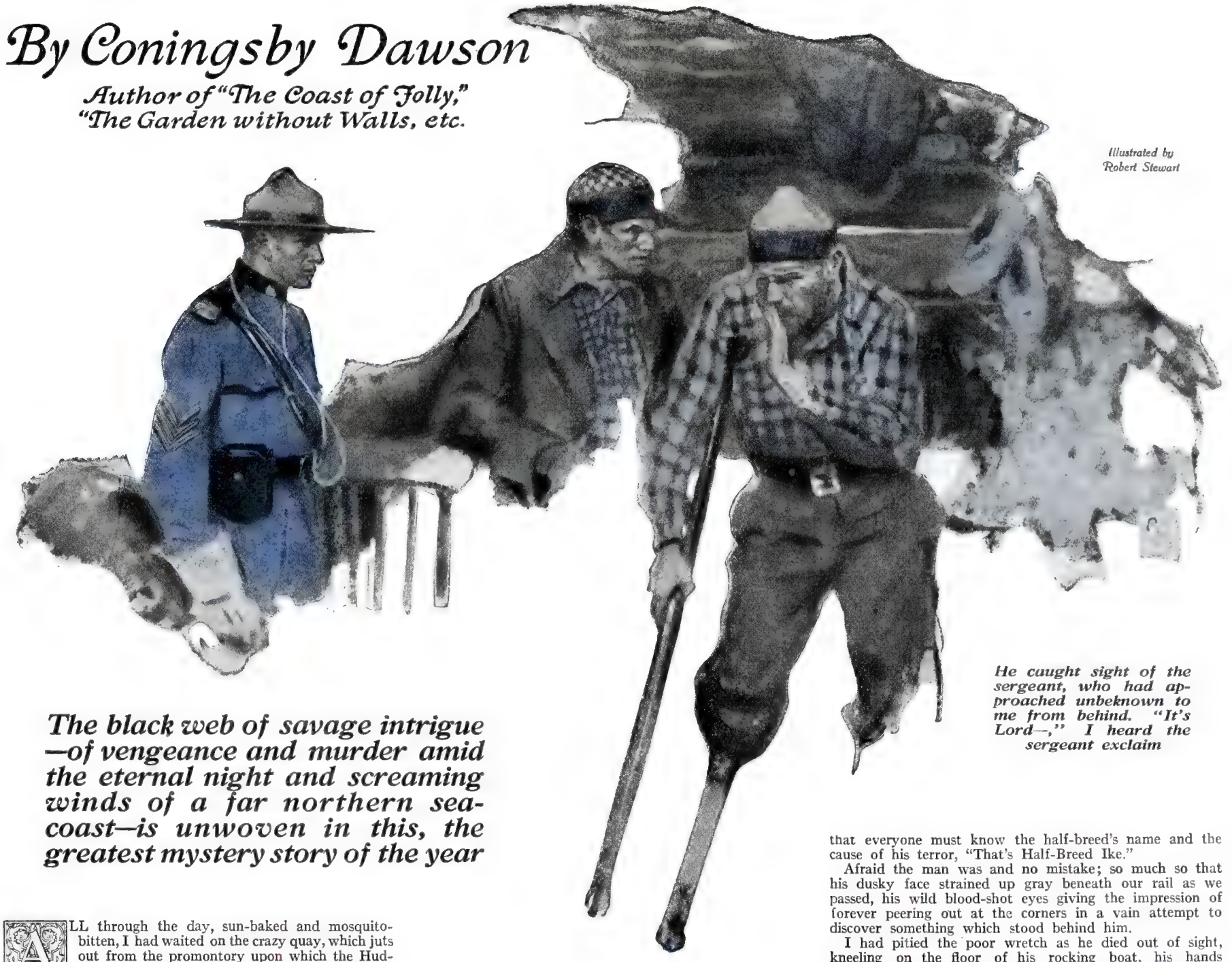
There was music and when it came to an end Jeannette found Lady Kingswold's eyes very significantly upon her, and awoke to a somewhat belated sense of duty. She rose to go. But as she turned to the door a new and unpleasant development checked her progress. [*Turn to page 50*]

Half-Breed Ike

By Coningsby Dawson

Author of "The Coast of Folly," "The Garden without Walls, etc.

Illustrated by Robert Stewart



He caught sight of the sergeant, who had approached unbeknown to me from behind. "It's Lord—," I heard the sergeant exclaim

The black web of savage intrigue—of vengeance and murder amid the eternal night and screaming winds of a far northern seacoast—is unwoven in this, the greatest mystery story of the year

ALL through the day, sun-baked and mosquito-bitten, I had waited on the crazy quay, which juts out from the promontory upon which the Hudson Bay Company's Outpost is established, watching for the incoming York boats.

In that clear unbreathed atmosphere it was possible to see for miles through the islands down the lake; the more so since in past years, when the fort had first been founded, Indians had been hostile and the site had been chosen for its strategic value.

One by one the black hulls grew on the horizon, beating up against the wind with the long steady sweep of their twenty foot oars, more like Homeric argosies than summer freight-carriers of Arctic Canada. When at last these Viking galleys of the Northern World, bearing city-wards the pillage of a thousand miles of wilderness, had entered our harbour and come to rest, the oarsmen collapsed upon their cargoes, sprawling, hard-breathing and exhausted. First to step ashore was the white man in charge, taciturn and grave, with as little enthusiasm in his greeting as a jaded Wall Street clerk from his diurnal New York trolley. Then followed the Indians, dripping with sweat, chattering in their native Cree, childishly demonstrative in their welcome.

Throughout the evening we sat, thinking our own thoughts, sucking at our pipes, lazily watching canoes drift through the dusk, and hearkening to that masterful voice which is heard everywhere in these remote regions, a voice whose accustomed accents had rung uninterrupted in these men's ears for many a long day—the voice of the silence. In the vague hope that someone might speak, I still sat on till at last, when I alone remained, picking myself up, I made off to my tent.

I had already proceeded with my undressing, when the flap was timidly raised and the face of Scotch Joe, a man from down-river, peered in.

"If ye want tae mak a nicht o' it, we'll be glad to hae ye join us in Bachelor's Hall;" and then, as a gleeful inducement, "Mon, we've got whuskey."

Intoxicants are strictly forbidden in these districts on account of the Indians, especially "whuskey"; a member of the North West Mounted Police keeps careful watch over all travellers to see that none is carried up. I was surprised. Where or what Bachelor's Hall might be I had no idea; but, since I was longing to hear the sound of conversing voices, I hurried on my clothes.

I approached a low-built house, pushed open the door and peered in through the dense tobacco clouds. The room itself was carpetless and barren of furniture, with the exception of two knock-kneed chairs, half-a-dozen upturned boxes and a rickety table. The table stood in the center, a lamp upon it, the men forming a circle round it; the curtain across the window was drawn. Scotch Joe was there and motioned me to a seat. He then proceeded to dole out the smuggled whiskey in two tumblers, which did service for ten men. I noticed that when each had finished his drink, it seemed to be etiquette to make some remark. It came to the turn of the man seated opposite me. To my surprise looking across in my direction, he asked, with the abruptness of one who comes at length to the point, *"What of Half-Breed Ike?"*

I DID not grasp his meaning. It was not until he had impatiently repeated his question that I remembered having passed on my downward journey, many miles up-river and many more up-lake, a lonely lighthouse, standing on a dreary island from which a half-breed had rowed out with a single oar and supplicated us, with tears and entreaties, to stop and take him aboard. Our captain had paid not the slightest attention and had gone on. I had wondered at the time what might be the reason for his callousness; had asked, but had only received the laconic reply, with that under-tone of half-scorn which implied that everyone must know the half-breed's name and the cause of his terror, "That's Half-Breed Ike."

Afraid the man was and no mistake; so much so that his dusky face strained up gray beneath our rail as we passed, his wild blood-shot eyes giving the impression of forever peering out at the corners in a vain attempt to discover something which stood behind him.

I had pitied the poor wretch as he died out of sight, kneeling on the floor of his rocking boat, his hands stretched high above his head in the attitude of a martyred saint, he and his boat the one focus-point in that monotony of gray—gray water, gray land, gray sky. I had found our crew unwilling to speak of the matter, and had soon forgotten the incident. Now I was to learn his story.

I told our little company this that I had seen. It was greeted with side-long glances and a half-groan from a big Ayrshire man, my neighbor, "Puir deevil!"

I waited, hoping that something more might be said, and at last, spurred on by curiosity, asked, "But who is Half-Breed Ike?"

BLACK BEN, having been the first to ask me for my news and thus to broach the subject, was manifestly the man to tell the tale. He waited till his turn at the glass came round, and then began as follows: "It's a long story and stretches way back to the year when the Light was founded, which was a time when there were even fewer white men in this territory than there are to-day. You must have noticed what a poor place the island is, and how for eighty miles along the shore-line there isn't so much as an Indian camp, no mean o' travelling by land, nothing but marsh and scrub. Well, in consequence o' that, we found it pretty difficult to find a man to fill the post o' keeper; it meant seven months of loneliness until the lake froze up and you could get about with dogs. Even then, there was nowhere to go. No white man would touch it. They said they expected to be lonely enough when they got to Hell, and didn't mean to start experimenting in this life. Neither would any Indian or half-breed; if they can avoid it, they never go anywhere singly.

"It began to look as though we'd been to the trouble o' building the Light to no purpose, and the thing'd have to rot, when one day we got word from headquarters that they'd found their man.

"There was considerable speculation as to whom he might be. We took it for granted that he was some

"Presently he comes over to where Ike was lying shamming dead, takes the letter from his hand and opens it"

greener from the Old Country, down on his luck caught in his native ignorance, in search of a job—but we were all wrong.

"One day the *Dunbar*, an old tub which was then running on these waters, pulled in at the Landing; the captain told us he had the new man aboard. I was in charge o' the Landing at that time and at once hurried down to pity and make the feller as welcome as might be, before they took him back to entomb 'im in the Light.

"I'd got to the quay, when coming down the gangway I saw an aristocratic looking man with reddish hair, just turning gray, keen blue eyes, with a hint o' cruelty in 'em, a wooden leg and a crutch upon which he leaned heavily—handsome for all his lameness, the most villainously good-looking dare-devil I ever met. Men up here in Keewatin don't set much store by birth and breeding, and all that rubbish—rather despise it. Somehow, you couldn't despise it in him. Directly he looked at you, he made you feel it in yer marrow. He was introduced to us as Jacob Marl; before we'd done with him we were to find out he had another name.

"This happened in the spring. Then the steamer took him to the Light, and we heard no more all that summer. Later in the year, when the lake had frozen up and the snow'd come down, a party o' runners brought us letters from the outside; one of 'em was addressed to Marl.

"The main trail down the lake differs [*Turn to page 55*]

The World I Live In

By Mary Pickford

Illustrated by James Montgomery Flagg

In this, the first of a group of intimate articles written for McCall's by Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks, Miss Pickford monopolizes the stage to tell why she is called the happiest person on earth by those who have had the rare good fortune to see her "at home" in Hollywood. In a forthcoming article Mr. Fairbanks will give his view of "the house that happiness built"

"And sometimes I hear them say, 'Well she certainly looks better on the screen than she does off!'"

Mr and Mrs. Fairbanks

Mary Pickford and her mother

"Our house apparently possesses a ghost. I am not fooling. Two or three times a week there is the same mysterious sound of padded feet"

ONE end of our pleasant living room in Beverly Hills is filled with books—sadly neglected books which stare at me reproachfully across the room, for I never seem to have time to read them. Sometime I am going to take a long vacation and read the things I should have read long ago. I have just picked up one of these books and if there is anything in omens, I should be immediately discouraged from writing this article. It is "Boswell's Life of Johnson" and the first thing my eye falls on is this:—"A woman preaching is like a dog standing on its hind legs. It is not done well, but you are surprised to see it done at all."

I am afraid Dr. Johnson is right. The world does not seek wisdom or philosophy from women. It wants, I suppose, sympathy, comfort, charm, the soft gentle graces and not the solid structure of life itself.

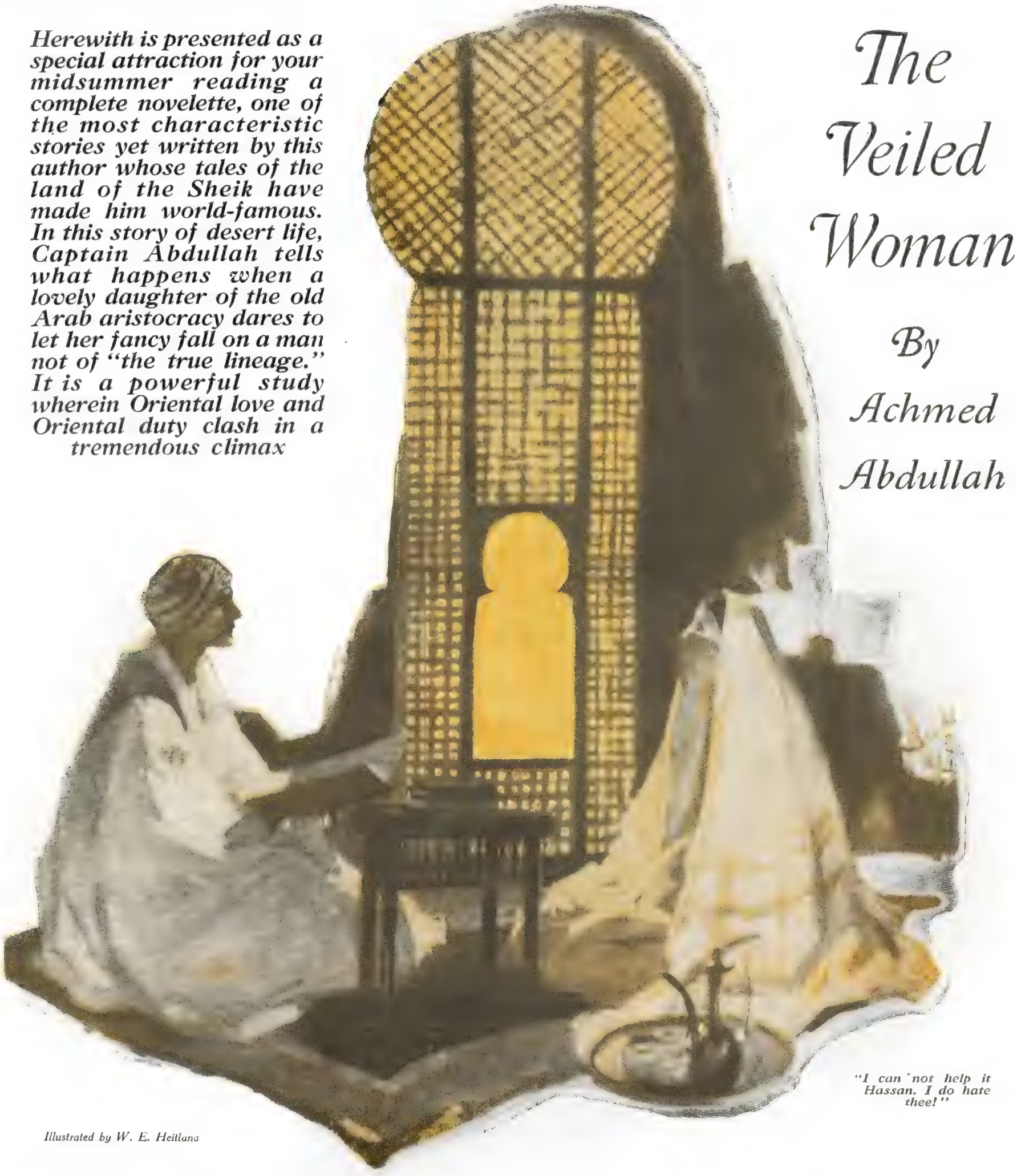
But I have quite another reason for being worried over this literary diversion. If it is done badly, people may rightly wonder why I do it at all—why I do not content myself with the pleasant reputation the screen has built for me, instead of floundering about in another medium the tricks of which I know little about. On the other hand, if I do manage to do fairly well, I am sure that there are not a few sceptics who will conclude that someone else must have written it for me. But if I try nothing pretentious or fine, and simply try to be myself, perhaps I can find a way out of this dilemma. If I have learned one thing from my professional career and from life in general it is that whether we like it or not we may as well become reconciled to being ourselves. It is the one thing in which everyone can become a great expert.

I feel that I know something about this, because when I have tried to be someone else more imposing and dazzling I have been a failure, and when I have been contented to remain myself I have found at least one of the real cues to success. Counterfeits do not work much better on the stage or screen than they do in any other business of life. Audiences are not easily taken in. I do not even believe that "you can fool all the people some [*Turn to page 49*]

The Veiled Woman

By Achmed Abdullah

Herewith is presented as a special attraction for your midsummer reading a complete novelette, one of the most characteristic stories yet written by this author whose tales of the land of the Sheik have made him world-famous. In this story of desert life, Captain Abdullah tells what happens when a lovely daughter of the old Arab aristocracy dares to let her fancy fall on a man not of "the true lineage." It is a powerful study wherein Oriental love and Oriental duty clash in a tremendous climax



"I can not help it Hassan. I do hate thee!"

Illustrated by W. E. Heitland

WIND sank away. The sunshine dropped to meet the rush of oncoming night, glowing on the snowy avalanche of Kadrouan's houses, molten copper and gold; softening the fitful tangle of flowers and shrubs in Mustaffa Madani's neglected garden with pastel shades of lemon and orchid and rose, cutting sharp, violet shadows into the bazaars that teemed beyond the garden walls. These shadows, like hands of somnolence, stretched above that greedy Arab life of trade, ruse, and violence. The street-vendors' guttural cries held a note of servile entreaty: "Buy!"

"Buy, O Moslems!"

"Cheap here! Cheap!"

"Henna! Incense! Perfumes from France and Persia! Trade with me, O mother of a thousand charms! I am the father of all cut-rates!"

"*Aiaou elgarnoonesh*—here is watercress!"

"Two bunches for five centimes! Buy—buy—"

THE cries crossed, overlapped, mingled in a shrewd, puling Semitic symphony. Everybody was eager to finish the business of the day. For there was the Arab tradition that no street-vendor, under penalty of the morrow's ill fortune, should take back home with him unsold wares. Sell, thus, even at a loss: "Sixteen oranges—for only three centimes!"

Across the street the Mosque of the Swords pointed to the evening sky its minaret half of rosy stone, half faience tiling of shining, peacock-green. The muezzin's voice, chanting the last prayer of the day, drifted out suddenly, stilling the tumult.

On the flat roof-top of his house Mustaffa Madani listened. He looked into the street, at the moving people, the mosque, the muezzin, or priest, standing there sharply outlined in the rays of the dying sun. Mustaffa Madani's face was dark; narrow, high-nosed. His mouth was narrow and bitter.

To the young girl who sat by his side, he said: "The burden of our ancient race is hard to bear, little daughter—"

"Yes, father," she replied. She spoke without interest.

Mustaffa Madani spoke through clenched teeth: "Let me go! By Allah! Let me go!" But a dozen hands held him.

She was small and white-skinned. Her eyes were brown and curiously innocent. Only the powerful molding of her chin and the curve of her long throat gave an indication of slumbering passions. She was sweet with the sweetness of her sixteen years; but she was not yet complete, and seemed but a lovely sketch for the glorious promise of her maturity. There was a tinge of ruddy gold in her hair which spoke of an admixture of Norse blood. Tradition had it that many centuries earlier when her family had ruled Spain as a Moslem province, one of her ancestors had tilted a lance in bloody tournament with the Christian Duke of Languedoc for the flower and glove and heart of the daughter of Roderic, the Gothic king of Granada. It was to this tradition that she owed her name, Gouthia, the Gothic Princess.

"The son of the wolf they called me once," her father went on. "And what am I today but a mock and a stench throughout Tunis, in the nostrils alike of Moslem and Christian and Jew? I—a Shareef, a descendant of the True Prophet—"

"Peace on Him and the blessings!" mechanically droned el-Fosiha, the only servant of the house, who squatted on her haunches between father and daughter, rocking from side to side.

GOUTHIA hardly listened. She knew it all by heart. She looked out upon the streets of Kairouan, running their dim, tortuous ways; upon the faded Andalusian beauty of the Mosque of the Swords. More and more each year, as her father was forced to sell pieces of his ancestral property, the bazaar encroached upon the weed-choked garden. She looked out upon all that motley North African world passing below her—Arabs of the blood; Touaregs with their sinister face veils, a glint and crackle of steel in their tightly girded waist shawls; bare-legged, vulpine Bedouins in folds of earth-brown wool; Europeans, colonists, and laughing, staring, ill-mannered tourists; negro women with children at the breast; thin-featured, large-eyed Tunisian dandies in delicate burnooses of pistache and old-rose, with jonquils stuck gallantly over their small ears; sheykhs of the faith bearing great, green turbans that weighed more than their heads; Saharan blacks, and Djerba Jewesses covered with the crude silver jewelry of the desert; blond, grey-eyed Chaouias with the freedom of gait and the unblenching eyes of their roystering breed. . .

Just beyond her father's wall—yet so far away from her. . . . But she could sense the spell of the unknown sealed in that hectic, coiling life below—the spell of a new fate, of new desires and hopes, calling her away from this ramshackle old house that seemed to teem with the grey ghosts of the dead centuries, ghosts of her father's bitter remembrance.

For Mustaffa Madani judged each phase of life, his own as well as others', by the pictures of the past in the back cells of his brain. They were his eternal and quite futile protest against the world as he found it today, had to live in it today, with France, Europe, Christianity, driving the merciless Jaganath of their civilization across a supine Arab world that was steeped in small gossip and footling feuds and sensuous fatalism, while his own breed, the Shareefian families, the direct descendants of the Prophet Mohammed, former rulers of this land, watched the Jaganath's crunching progress, watched it helplessly, hopelessly and with the tragic dignity of a proud race.

He could not reconcile himself to his day and generation. In this was his tragedy. Had you dug across his soul you would have found there little except the immemorial haughtiness of a Shareefian Arab, a type that was fixed when his forefathers swept out of the yellow waste to bring half the world under the spurred heel of Islam. Incapable of adjusting himself to new conditions, Mustaffa Madani could not, nor would, understand this present era in which francs and centimes had superseded his own more picturesque, if less practical, considerations of life's values. To his mind the claim that anybody not a Shareef, be he Jew or Christian or fellow-Moslem, could ever be his equal or even pass for a gentleman, was not only fantastic but basically wrong and immoral.

FIVE years earlier the French governor-general, anxious to have the good-will and loyal support of the leading Arab clans, had called on him in state to offer him a high French decoration. Mustaffa Madani had raised his eyebrows. He had sent back the captain of Spahis who was the governor-general's aide-de-camp with the shattering message that he was not at home to His Excellency, nor ever would be. Pressed for reasons, he had replied:

"How can I receive him, captain? Why—I am a Shareef. And he——? *Mah li-hoom asl*—his people are not of the lineage."

The lineage. Consider. Nothing else mattered though today, in the evening of his life, he was stripped of all his possessions except this ramshackle house, this dwindling weed-choked garden, a miserable patch of olive trees on the outskirts of town and one servant, el-Fosiha, the wrinkled old Saharan negress who had not left him because of the love in her heart and the pity in her soul.

"A mock I am throughout Tunis—and old, old——"

"No, no master!" exclaimed el-Fosiha.

"Yes." He sighed and touched his closely cropped beard. "Look! Death sends his challenge in a grey hair— . ."

As night came on, Gouthia hardly listened. She loved her father. Her loyalty to him was of that unflinching quality that generations of the women of her race had rendered to the men of her clan. Her father could do no wrong. But she was so pitifully young, and often, as now, she felt lonely, and out there beyond the garden walls was life. But being an Oriental girl, an Arab, veiled and sheltered, she only knew that this woman-veil was all about her, in sodden, stifling folds, that weighed upon her life, her heart, her brain and body. Beyond its pitiless, medieval fabric she saw dim souls, dim lives, dim facts and fancies that flitted, whispering to her in undertones as they glided by, calling to her as across an abyss. She half feared this outside world, which she desired with all her young blood. Ill-explained, formless, mysterious as it was to her, it yet lay on her consciousness, tremendously alive, tremendously important and worthwhile and fascinating, filling her with a kind of puzzled, dread wonder and desire.

She did not speak. Night came, trailing a purple cloak. She looked into the distance with starry eyes. A desert wind sprang up, and on its wings a young voice drifted, singing a throaty, falsetto Tunisian love song.

The voice faded into the night. Came a void of silence. She sighed. She knew about love, the physical, human side of it, for she was an Oriental and saw in it neither shame nor mystery. She only saw mystery in the fact that the singer, whoever he was, was singing to somebody, Arab girl or negress or Jewess, but not to her—not to her, and she felt in her soul a pain that was somehow sweet.

She kissed her father. She crossed the roof-top and passed into the house.

El-Fosiha waited until the echo of her footsteps had died out, then she moved close to Mustaffa Madani, she squatted before him, touching his knee with a withered, gnome-like hand. He looked down at her, and smiled half-ironically, as if he knew what she was going to say and knew, too, the uselessness of it.

Then she spoke: "Thou art no longer my father! I give oath before the Prophet—on Him the salute!"

"No more rice in the bin, I suppose? No more salt, no more sugar? Must I go to the Jew tomorrow and sell him my hide for the price of old leather?"

"No, heaven-born." She shook her head. Their relations were the typical relations between master and servant in the Orient, a strange mingling of utter servility and utter, brutal, democratic frankness. "But after thy death, what of Gouthia, thy daughter, thy only child, thy only kin? She will be alone in the world. Before this I spoke to thee about—"

"I know!" he interrupted impatiently. "Marriage! Why will old women always blab about marriage?"

"Listen, heaven-born, she is sixteen. She is in the flower of her youth, her beauty, her desires—"

"Be silent, mother of two left feet, and bring me my pipe."

"I will not be silent, and I will not bring thee thy pipe—no—by the crimson pig's bristles!" Her voice leaped up shrilly. "Thou hast no heart, no pity, no understanding of youth, I tell thee, Gouthia must marry—"

MUST? But whom? Who shall be the father of her sons? There is not her equal in blood in Kairouan nor in all the countryside. She is a Shareef. She is of the lineage. Fool!"

The old negress stood her ground, firmly, bravely. "Lineage!" she sneered. "Canst thou eat thy lineage, or sell it, or drink it?"

"Allah!" His voice cut raucously through her abuse. His face grew livid with rage. His right hand closed about the short, knotted whip that hung from his waist shawl. "I shall flay the black hide off thy back, thou—."

But her words flowed on; she argued until at last she realized that there was no persuading him. Then another idea came to her. She spoke it. "And what will Gouthia live on after thy death?"

He did not reply. But he looked up and seemed amazed as if the idea had never come to him. Perhaps, fearing the unformed thought subconsciously he had refused to crystallize it in his brain, el-Fosiha drove the point home without mercy. "The house is mortgaged to the roof. What else is there? Nothing, heaven-born, nothing! And how is she going to live? Tell me, tell me!" Her voice rose feverishly.

"Silence!" he commanded again.

After a long silence he looked up, shivering, a deep-throated sob shaking his massive frame. But after his life—what? Perhaps el-Fosiha was right. How was Gouthia going to live? He loved her. True. But would his love be a shield and a lance to her after he was dead? Would his love protect her against the sendings of fate—fate which came out of the dark, like a camel, without warning or jingling of bells? He turned to the negress. She had squatted down, a shapeless, black mass beneath the black vaulting of the night, only her rolling eyeballs giving a flash of white. "Bring me my woolen burnoose," he said to the negress.

"Thou art going out?" She jumped up. "Where to?"

"To seek advice—about Gouthia." He smiled gently.

She salaamed deeply.

"On thee the salute, O my master! Then—thou hast changed thy mind—thou art going to seek a husband for . . . . ?"

"No. There is none of the lineage in Kairouan. I shall not sully the blood of my race. But I shall look for another path out of the mire. I am going to consult the sheykh Abubekr Sabri."

She brought the burnoose, he threw it across his shoulders and left the house.

Mustaffa Madani cut straight through the crowd, as a knife cuts through cheese. He turned south at the bazaar of the Mutton-Butchers and walked through alleys that grew steadily more narrow and crooked, until finally he found himself in the street of the Dervishes, a long cul-de-sac that ran the gamut of white-washed walls, broken here and there by tiny doors. Sounds drifted through, the buzzing and humming of voices, the staccato thumping of drums, the shrilling of reed pipes, and hysterical, isolated shouts as, inside, the dervishes celebrated their queer, esoteric rites, whirling and chanting and shrieking.

MUSTAFFA MADANI stopped at the fifth door and sounded a bronze knocker. Not long afterwards a novice opened it and ushered him into a small, modestly furnished room. A minute later, sheykh Abubekr Sabri joined him, salaaming with two fingers touching forehead, mouth, and heart: "The salute, Sidi!"

"The salute, Sabri effendi!"

"A late visitor, but always welcome!"

Abubekr Sabri was a tall, lean, middle-aged man, with a beardless, ascetic face. He was dressed in the ceremonious manner of the dervishes. On his head was a huge, conical cap of brown felt, with a dark-blue cloth twisted about its base, and he wore a long, black cloak that half hid the tightly fitting white jacket and voluminous, pleated, balloon-like skirt of the same color. When he moved, his skirt, very full across the hips, flared and twisted like that of an old-fashioned ballerina. Sheykh Abubekr Sabri was a Turk of pure Osmanli stock, who had felt the "call" early in life, had studied theology at al-Azar university in Cairo, had become first an itinerant Moslem priest and finally a Molawee dervish. Now he lived here, in the heart of the African quarter, where he preached the lessons of the Koran, taught the mystic pomp and ritual of his lodge to chosen initiates, and helped the poor and the diseased generously with his wealth and his tolerant mind.

Almost at once, as often in the past, Mustaffa Madani came under his friend's potent spell. When he said that this was a late visit and "there must be a reason, Sidi, thou dost look worried," Mustaffa Madani told him the cause in a frame of mind already grown less vexed. "So I came to ask thy advice, Sabri effendi," he ended.

Abubekr Sabri was silent for a while; like the desert, like the vaulting of a clear, blue summer sky, he seemed endowed with a great repose that penetrated his own and the other's soul with a profound and quieting influence. Behind them the young novice, who had let Mustaffa Madani in and who had not left the room, hovered without noise.

He coughed now, suddenly, rather nervously. Mustaffa Madani had not been aware of his presence in the coiling, trooping shadows, near the door, and now looked up annoyed, and pointed arrogantly. "Sabri effendi," he said, "this matter is between thee and me."

THE sheykh smiled. "Hassan is my beloved pupil, Sidi," he said, "the apple of my eye and the soul of my soul. I have no secrets from him. No, no—" he said, as Hassan turned to go—"stay here, my son."

"Very well," grumbled Mustaffa Madani. Hassan blushed. He was young, not over twenty-three years; he appeared ludicrously small, lean and pale in his voluminous dervish costume. His head seemed too large for his bunched, rounded shoulders, too large for his thin neck. His only redeeming features were his short, high-bridged nose, and his grey, gold-flecked eyes. And these eyes, strangely, were resolute and fearless.

"Hassan," continued the sheykh, "is my pride—"

"A relative—?" asked Mustaffa Madani, casually.

"No," laughed the other, "he was . . . . ."

A desert wind sprang up, and on its wings a young voice drifted, singing a throaty, falsetto Tunisian love song

"A donkey-boy in a Saharan oasis! An orphan without father or mother!" interrupted Hassan. "Thou—" he bent and kissed the sheykh's hand which was snatched away—"hast been father and mother to me!"

"Hm—" Mustaffa Madani yawned rudely. A shade of annoyance flitted across his face. Talk of this sort was painfully out of focus with his ideas. Let a donkey-boy remain a donkey-boy and a gentleman a gentleman, was his creed. "Interesting, doubtless, by the Prophet! But about the advice that I came to ask thee, Sabri effendi. There must be a path out of the mire to the seeing of thy eyes."

"To find a path out of the mire without soiling one's slippers is scarcer than the nose of a lion. Thou canst not take without giving."

"I am not trying to *take*—"

"To remain as thou dost, unchanging, unchangeable, and to ask the ever-changing world to conform with thee and thy stony prejudices, is that not trying to take—everything? Thy old servant is right—"

"Art thou, too, a match-maker?" asked Mustaffa Madani gruffly.

"No, no!" laughed the other; and he went on seriously: "The world changes and moves. Everything changes and moves. And so must thou. Come with me."

He took his friend by the hand and, followed by Hassan, led him into the *tekké*, the lodge. The Molawee dervishes were attending to their nightly, esoteric ritual. There, with the oil lamps weaving fantastic, heliotrope shadows, and a great incense burner sending up spirals and clouds of scented smoke, with the music of drums and reed pipes droning in a melancholy, minor key that suddenly tapered high into a shriek to die away in trembling cadences, the Molawees were whirling giddily around and around like tops crested with tall, conical hats; their balloon-like skirts spinning wide in circular motions. They swayed and whirled, swayed and whirled, eyes glassy, faces tense and ecstatic, each man with a hand on his neighbor's shoulder and so linked together in a flexible chain. [*Turn to page 28*]

Devil's Dust

By Nalbro Bartley

Author of "A Woman's Woman," "Up and Coming," etc.

Illustrated by C. D. Williams

"Like a madonna," he whispered, as Gemma held her waking son in her arms

NANCY ODELL, protegée of Peter and Daphne Cabot, has fallen in love with Peter. He returns her love, but, despite her pleas to him in Kismajon's roadhouse, he refuses to leave his wife, who is a drug addict.

"WOULD you divorce Daphne?" she asked, as if he had not spoken.

"If she were cured of the drug. Could I desert her as she is?"

Nancy bit her underlip. "Will you try to cure her?"

"With every effort I am capable of making."

"And then ask to be free?"

"Exactly." His calmness proved his determination.

Nancy turned away. "She would never consent . . . . you are safe in what you promise. Oh, Peter, how can you be so unfair—when I am ready to sacrifice for you?"

Peter shook his head. "What would you have me do—turn her out as she is—a helpless prey for the world at large? After all, she is my wife."

Nancy winced. "Conventions do matter, after all," she mocked. "You had better turn me away as you have—"

He started to speak but she held up a protesting hand. "You would bar me from your real life, never caring how I suffered or struggled because this was so. Yet you would want to write me, come to me with your troubles, whine and complain—have me as a tender audience for your platitudes. I refuse. I, too, can be as obstinate as Daphne. I cannot stay on in Dolthan and starve for your love, be content with your regrets and hesitating doubts and vague wishes!" She stopped as if it were not worth the effort to finish. Gathering her cape in her hand, she threw it around her. Peter did not offer to help.

"You must let me alone from now on. Either we must be everything or nothing to each other. I am ready to take whichever alternative you wish—" she swept by him, down the dingy hall where she met old Kismajon, tray in hand.

"How are you folks making out?" he asked, his face reddish with confusion. "I was just going to look in to see if you want anything else. The blizzard is dying away—" he presented Peter with the bill. "Don't let this be the last time we have the honor of your society."

Without waiting for change, Peter left the cabin. Nancy was wading through the drifts to the roadster. Kismajon did not linger at the windows to see them go. He ran quickly down the hall—a turn to the left and there was a cubicle occupied by a sharp featured, sallow faced French woman.

"I call this more luck than anything, don't you?" asked Kismajon heartily, "to actually catch 'em here red-handed—well, did you get an earful?"

Anne Vier shrugged her shoulders. "Mon Dieu, I am no spy," she said haughtily. "Be quick with the stuff—a double portion—I am not fond of these trips to the north pole," she shivered as she spoke. "Come, you have enough and to spare—I know your excuse about being watched—"

"You try to get it over the border yourself and see," Kismajon told her. To himself he was thinking of her in the flattering terms of "yellow skinned cat." But he obeyed.

"Have you nothing to say?" Peter asked, as they turned in at Hidden House.

"I think Kismajon makes excellent coffee," Nancy said in a clear, impersonal voice. "We must tell Daphne we were chilled and had to stop there."

BARNEY came home from the mill offices one slushy uninteresting February night and told Gemma something really interesting. Gemma was bored with the role of housewife. Her pretended thrift having won Barney to her side once more, she longed for a trip to New York or a whirl at a southern resort, anything to offset the routine of Dolthan domesticity and make her forget the social cut at the hands of Daphne Cabot. Therefore, when Barney announced he had had a caller—Hilary Morse—who had made most cordial advances, Gemma's eyes sparkled with anticipation.

"Whatever could Hilary Morse want of *you?*"

OH, a plenty. But I don't know whether or not to give it to him. It seems that Hilary has settled on his thousandth great career. He is going to write his father's life and have it a world beater. Nobody has ever done it so he claims himself as being the right guy. He is—only he lacks the brains to my way of thinking. Well, Hilary is going around like a house afire, rounding up everyone who knew his father or mother or stepmother. He is out for family anecdotes. I am one of his best bets. I used to sweep out my uncle, Pat Duffy's saloon. Morse hung out there and many is the time I have helped him home—kid that I was—home then meant Eva Galbraith's shop. Easy to get the big guys to tell of the last day's of Morse's life—but the first part is what he is after."

"So, I told the young fox, I says, 'Well, Hilary, I'll let you know about it very soon. Maybe I'll talk and maybe I won't.' And, do you know, the queerest thing happened? After he left, I found myself feeling sorry for him, *sorry* for that dissipated, selfish rascal! I went into Nancy's office and found out he had stopped there, too, and she said she felt the same way. She says, 'Barney, I think we must be decent to Hilary—if for nothing else, it gives us such a magnanimous thrill!' You can imagine how Nancy would say it. She said his eyes looked 'stabbed'—what she meant was that he was getting the rope ready to hang himself, with all his boasting and drinking and careening about . . . what's for dessert?"

[*Turn to page 20*]

"I have the right to come," he said, moving toward her. "Daphne's dead —an overdose of the drug. Now you must come home"

"Deep dish lemon pie," said Gemma patiently, "the sort Celia makes . . . but let us decide about Hilary. I think you ought to tell him anything you can. First, his book will be valuable because his father was a great inventor. Besides, Hilary will have to give us an autographed copy. Won't it look rather well lying on our table? Secondly, I want to show the world that we *can* go to Brighton to dinner—without trading on the fact of my brother's marriage to Morse's widow. This is the chance. Tell Hilary you have made notes and thought out the things he would want to know. If you could have an undisturbed evening with him, you are certain he can have all the information he is after. Then—now, look sharp and don't blunder," shaking a pretty finger at him, "say, 'how about *our* coming out to Sevenoaks for the evening? If I could stroll about the old house, it would recall many things. About Madge Van Sant when she was a child—I think her old playroom was afterwards her husband's workshop . . .' Now do as I say, won't you, Barney?"

BARNEY chuckled at this trap. "You're a sly puss," he praised, "so you are bent on putting the Strozzi ankles under the Van Sant mahogany! Well—why not? He'll ask us to dinner—and you'll see that everyone knows it."

Yet the almost urgent dinner invitation to Sevenoaks, with Hilary as effusive host, failed to bring about all Gemma had hoped. True, Hilary was cordial, the formal dinner for three one of flattering extravagance. At Gemma's place was a corsage tied with silvery ribbons. Barney was given his choice of cigars and the contents of the wine cellar. Yet it seemed an unreal happening. Looking back upon it the next morning, it had the unsatisfactory elements of an unusual dream, portions of which cannot be recalled.

There had been no reference to previous happenings at Sevenoaks. Gemma might have been the strange wife of an old friend, for all of Hilary's conventional greetings. Even her blue silk with its 1830 off-the-shoulder neckline was wasted. Hilary hardly glanced at her, it seemed. He was intent upon Barney, plying him with questions, listening to his replies yet not seeming to comprehend them, wasting or toying with his food and drinking more than his share of wine. Once, during the dinner, he surprised his guests with an abrupt question: Had they ever thought of the way spirits react to the dead body—for instance, did they ever wonder if the newly buried body might be cold lying in the grave? Almost before they had tried to understand or answer this strange interrogation, he was telling Barney he did not mean to spare his father's early life, he wanted accurate, even painful details to set down.

After dinner, Gemma was side-tracked into the little room which had been Mrs. Dirk Van Sant's own parlor. Curiosity spurred her to spy. What harm, she thought, opening the interesting carved door nearest at hand. With a start, she saw a long, white cloth hanging peculiarly on a hook; it was protecting something rather bulky from dust and air. Gently, Gemma turned back a corner—she gave an exclamation of envy and surprise. The linen sheet concealed an exquisite ankle length cape of ermine, the skins so perfectly matched that the effect was a blanket of newly fallen snow. Moreover, it had never been worn. Its fringe of shiny brown-black tails slipped through her fingers as she lifted the border to see the rich, rose satin lining. The label of New York's most exclusive furrier completed her unrest. In another moment Gemma was actually slipping the cape about her shoulders— how cheap seemed her own half length moleskin wrap! Once, she felt it had given her the authority of a grand lady—but this was a regal garment . . . it was so light on her shoulders—and far too long—it swept the dusty floor of the clothes press. Reluctantly replacing it under its linen sheet, she thought with womanly displeasure of how Nancy could have worn the cape and done it full credit! Was it possible there was anything between Nancy and Hilary after all? Why this marvellous cape hanging in hiding, unequalled even in Brighton for both beauty and value?

SHE had just reseated herself in a deep, tufted armchair when Barney and Hilary came downstairs. Hilary was markedly unnerved in manner and curt in remarks. It was then that the unreal atmosphere about the dinner became manifest. The McGuires went home at half past nine! At ten, Barney told his wife that she should not be wondering about the fine trappings Hilary Morse bought for his passing affinities—an honest married [*Turn to page 32*]

Delightful cream soups for the summer table!

All the tempting flavor and wholesome nourishment of the finest garden vegetables in these purees

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Heat contents of can in a saucepan and stir until smooth. Heat an equal quantity of milk or cream to the boiling point separately, and add to the soup *a little at a time, stirring constantly* to keep soup smooth. (Many use a Dover egg beater in preparing Cream of Pea). Serve immediately.

EXILE

[*Continued from page 9*]

here four times in two years."

"I see you every day."

"I must have appalled you by coming to marry Stan when you thought he was dying and sent for me."

"Nacey sent for you," he corrected. "I never thought Stan wouldn't recover."

"I told you," she said, twisting one of her gleaming rings, "that friendship imposed certain obligations you might not wish to assume. One of them is honesty. Will you tell me the truth if I ask you something you may not want to tell?"

"If I can."

"It's about the girl they call Rosita," she said, watching him as he lighted a cigarette slowly. "Do you remember that she was standing in the road below the village as we turned in from the highway the day we came? She wore a shawl, a gay shawl, all embroidered in roses. She flung it back as we came close to her, and something gleamed in the sunlight. You jumped down from the car, and went over to her. She drew the shawl about her, and turned away after you spoke to her. When I looked back afterward she was standing just where she had waited, staring after us. I think that I never before saw hate on a human face. Why should she have hated me?"

"How could I know?"

"You do know," she sighed, "but I might have known that you would not tell me. But is it—isn't it because of Stan?"

"Of Stan?" He put down his cigarette, crushing out its flame. "Where did you get that idea?"

"Down in the village, as I went through yesterday, two women were talking. They thought I couldn't understand them, and so I heard one of them say that Rosita Quezlon had gone to Guanajuato with Stan."

"He went to Irapuato."

She looked at him squarely. "I think you are lying," she said, "like a gentleman."

"I'm not."

"Then, if it isn't Stan, who is the man she comes to see at the mine?"

"But she—"

"She comes," she insisted. "I've seen her coming up the hill night after night, as I sat here alone, waiting for him. She meets some one. There are only the three of you who could be there at night without challenge from the watchman, Stan, and Nacey, and—you."

He rose, moving toward the door to gaze down the mountainside in the moonlight, and not looking at Monica as he spoke. "When a man's lived a long time in a country that isn't his own," he said slowly, "he's likely to drift. You can't judge him by your old standards—or his own. He may not want the cheaper thing, but he's lonely, and desperate, and reckless, and he takes it because it saves him for the moment from the hell of his own thoughts."

"Are you defending Stan?"

"I'm trying to explain—myself."

"Oh!" Her cry came in such sharp hurt that he turned to her. She was bending forward from the wide chair, staring at him with stricken eyes. "It isn't you," she said. "It can't be you!"

For an instant the room reeled around him. Through the haze of his emotion he saw first Stanley Hurd's photograph framed in silver on the table back of Monica, and it was to Hurd's picture rather than to Hurd's wife that he made reassertion. "But it is."

"I'm sorry," Monica said unsteadily. "I shouldn't have forced you to tell me. I have no right. But I thought it wasn't you."

He strode to the door, but, ere he could open it, the telephone bell in the room jangled harshly.

Nacey's voice, high, excited, shrilled over the wire to him. "Don't tell Mrs. Hurd," the other was saying, "but Stan's done for. Shot. Coming home from the city."

"Who did it?"

"Don't know."

"Was it—?" He dared not say the girl's name.

"No," said Nacey. "She was with him, though."

"Where are you?"

"Up at the house. Gonzalez telephoned me from the Salvatierra. The guard's bringing him home."

"Here?"

"Where else?"

"I'll stay here then," he said. "Come down, and I'll tell you what to do."

He turned to find Monica staring at him in fear. "What's happened?" she demanded. "Is it Stan?"

"He's hurt," he told her.

"How?"

"Nacey doesn't know."

"Where is he?"

"They're bringing him here."

"From Irapuato?"

"It must have happened on the road."

"What is it?" she cried. "You must tell me. I'm not a child. I've lived for two years on the edge of this chasm. I can face whatever's come to me. How was Stan hurt?"

"He's been shot."

"Who shot him?"

"Nacey doesn't know," he repeated.

"Was it a woman?"

"Oh, no," he declared, trying to drown his own fear by loudness of assertion. "Probably some bandit crowd tried to hold him up, and he fought. Stan would."

"But why do they bring him all the way up here?" she puzzled. "Why don't they take him to the hospital at San Felipe? Can't you reach them somehow, and tell them it would be better? They may be missing his chance of life by doing this."

"But San Felipe's the other—" he began, then bit his tongue to hold back from her the rushing truth that Stan had been coming home from Guanajuato. "They may not have thought of it," he shifted weakly.

"Call them," she said.

He took up the instrument again, calling Nacey, calling the watchman, calling even the operator, but no one answered. The news of Hurd's murder had, he realized, demoralized the place. He banged hopelessly at the hook. "I can't raise any one," he told Monica, "and I can't leave you here to wait alone."

She went to the doorway, staring downward through the mellow moonlight which seemed to mock by its beauty the sudden bitterness of life. "Stan went away yesterday," she said slowly, "without kissing me goodby. I think I shall always be sorry that I let him. How long have you known him?"

"Since the war," Chandler said. "We were together in the Engineers. He saved my life in France."

"Oh," she said. "Then I suppose there isn't much you wouldn't have done for him?"

"I'll do my best."

"I begin to understand," she said. "Sometimes I feel that I've never really known Stan," she went on. "I went to college with him, and we lived in the same town, but it wasn't until he came home on a visit after he'd been in the war that he ever noticed me. Then he wanted me to marry him right away. I was afraid, afraid of living down here. I used to think that, if I loved him enough, then I'd have trusted him to make me happy in any country." She broke off suddenly. "Do you suppose there's a doctor with him?" she demanded.

"Gonzalez is with him."

"How did he happen to reach him? He's at the Salvatierra, and that's the other way. Are you sure?"

"He must have been on the road," Chandler lied.

"Will you call again?" she begged.

Reluctantly he turned back to the telephone, for he wanted to intercept Nacey before Monica could talk with him. Even as he vainly strove to make any connection he heard Nacey's step at the door, and turned to see Monica opening it for the other man.

"They won't be long now. They passed the Salvatierra twenty minutes ago."

"But they were coming the other way," Monica protested.

"Oh, no," said Nacey, not seeing Chandler's signal. "Stan was coming home from Guanajuato when some one—"

"Why did you tell me he went to Irapuato?" she cried to Chandler. "I knew it wasn't true. I felt it. But I believed you. Where is Rosita Quezlon?" she flashed at Nacey.

"Why, she—," Nacey floundered. "I don't know where she is. She wouldn't be with Stan, though, Mrs. Hurd."

"Then whom has she been coming up to the mine to meet?" she cried.

Troubled, Nacey stared from her to Chandler, then back to her. Perhaps something in Chandler's eyes, perhaps something in Monica's gave him his cue for speech. "Why, she comes to see me," he said.

Slowly Monica began to laugh till Chandler flung aside the telephone. "Stop it," he cried, striving to check the hysteria of her outburst.

"It's funny," she sobbed, her cheeks white and waxen as tuberoses. "He said that she came to meet him, and you said that she came to meet you, and I know that—"

"Keep quiet," he pleaded with Monica as Nacey went out. "We're going to have all we can do to look after Stan," he reasoned with her. "You've got to be a soldier. He's badly hurt, very badly hurt. There isn't much hope for him. That's why they couldn't take him to any hospital. He'd want to come home—if he knew. He may not even know. He may—may go out without ever knowing."

"Is he—dead?"

"Yes," he said.

She crumpled swiftly, and he had to lift her to the chair. For long moments she sat, staring blankly before her, in a silence so tense that Chandler could hear the voices in the village below between the exultant songs of the mocking birds. Then "It's the end," she said. "I've lost everything—tonight."

"Not everything," he told her, as if he were comforting a child.

"Everything," she repeated tonelessly. "It's all gone."

"The best of it may be gone," he told her gently, "but all of life doesn't go with it. I know how you've loved Stan, but—"

She stared at him as if from a vast distance. "Everything's ended," she said, "and so I can tell you the truth now. I've known for a long time that I didn't love Stan. I never really loved him, I suppose, or I'd have forgiven him all that I came to know. But I thought I'd loved him, and I thought he needed me, and so I came. I hadn't been married to him a month before I knew the truth. He wasn't the man I'd dreamed him, for it was a dream, nothing more. But I'd married him, and I would have held to him, if it hadn't been for that girl, and you."

"I?"

"Yes," she went on drearily. "For more than a year I've believed that she came to meet Stan. What a fool, an utter fool, I was! And in my thoughts I turned to you. You were the one who looked after me really in all the things Stan forgot and neglected. You seldom came to me, but the books, and the music, and the American candy all told me that you didn't forget. Oh, I prayed, and struggled, and fought to keep you from guessing the truth. But it doesn't matter now. Nothing matters. Stan's dead, and you—you are what I thought he was when I waited here in the darkness."

"Monica!" He knelt beside her, seeking to hold her gaze, but she drew away from him.

"Tonight," she said, "I've lost my faith in you. It was all I had left in the world, and now I'm dead, too."

"Listen to me," he begged her, bending close; but as he moved he saw once more the picture of Stanley Hurd. Resolutely he arose, standing over the drooping girl. "We all go a little mad down here," he said. "We all lose our heads, one way or another. Some of us go mad with homesickness. You know what that is. Sometimes we drink. Sometimes we gamble. Sometimes we play with women. Sometimes we do all three. We're fools, of course, but we have a fool's excuse; and some of us are worse than others. We're all lonely. All exiles. Don't forget that when you're judging Stan."

"I judged Stan a long time ago," she said listlessly. "I've come to be sorry for him as if he were a little boy, a heedless, headstrong little boy who thought he was fooling me when he wasn't. Don't misunderstand me. It wasn't only that I thought he used to meet—her. It was the things I found in him day after day, the selfishness, the pettiness, the carelessness of him. I shouldn't be saying this, I suppose, now that he's gone; but I've been thinking it so long that it's all I can say about him now."

"Don't," Chandler said. "Some day you'll remember him as he was when he came back from France. Then you'll be sorry you ever said this even to me."

"No," she said, "I won't be sorry. All that's left to me is truth. I've lost love, and faith."

"I don't believe any of us ever find faith and love until we've faced truth," he said sadly.

He went to the doorway, frowning outward toward the highroad, but seeing only the yellow lights of Guanajuato on the horizon. Somewhere between him and their gleaming, men were carrying Stanley Hurd home. The memory of Stan, blithe in his careless adventuring, stalked through the moonlight. Stan, gay, careless, selfish Stan, had been his friend. Because of that friendship which they had signed and sealed under the thunder of cannons he had fought his love for Monica Hurd. Because of it he had lied, lied to save her faith in Stan, a faith she had long since lost, lied so that he himself had forever lost her. Chandler bowed his head while his eyes filled with tears. "Do you want them to bring him here?" he asked Monica when he dared trust his voice.

"Yes," she said. "It is his home."

She seemed to have risen above fear, he saw, as he watched her furtively. It was not only that she had grown remote from him in the moments since her confession. She had donned an armor of spiritual strength in the waiting. It might be, he reflected, heritage from those people back in the town of the white houses and the lilacs. They knew how to deal with crises, whether they were of the flesh or of the spirit. Like his own people, they had pioneered. Stan had never been a fighter for a frontier. He was too facile, too gay, too adaptable for that. Rather than suffer loneliness he threw down his own standards for those of the land where he chanced to be. That was where he had failed Monica, failed himself.

Slowly the headlights of the car mounted the hill, passing the dark shaft of the mine, and coming to halt just below Monica's garden. Through the moonlight, less golden now, he saw men lifting something from the machine, and bearing it up the slope.

They came, Nacey leading them, through the door which Chandler held open for them. Dark-eyed, dark-skinned men of another race, they flung down the barriers of border and caste in the looks of silent sympathy they lifted to Monica. Even little Gonzalez, the dandified doctor from the Salvatierra, had been subdued by the shock of the murder. Hand on his heart, he bowed to Monica, then backed out after Nacey and the bearers, nodding to Chandler a summons to follow him.

"There will be what you call inquest," he told him when they had gone out of earshot of the house. "There will be much talk, many questions."

"Who killed him?"

"Who knows?" Gonzalez shrugged. "Perhaps Pietro. Perhaps Miguel. Perhaps another who loved Rosita."

"She was with him?"

"She summoned me. She was there when I returned with her, she was there when he died. Then she disappeared."

"Thank you," said Chandler, and grasped his hand. He turned to find Nacey at his elbow. "What can I do?" Nacey almost pleaded. "Go down to the village," Chandler told him, "and keep them from starting any howls of mourning. If you see Rosita, get the truth from her—if you can."

"I'm sorry I balled that up," Nacey said contritely. "All I wanted to do was to save her from finding out about Stan. How could I know you'd done it ahead of me?"

"That's all right."

"It isn't," said Nacey, "but it's done, anyhow."

He went down the path, leaving Chandler to return to the house. For a long time the latter waited in the garden, telling himself that all Monica needed was a guard. Below, the village fell into stillness, and one by one the low lights flickered out. The gleam of Guanajuato grew dimmer. The moon began to go down behind the jagged line of the western mountains. Only the mocking birds kept on their songs as he held vigil. It was past midnight when Monica came to the door. "Why do you wait?" she asked him as he moved to meet her.

"Don't you think you could sleep?" he countered. "I'd have to stay in any case. Won't you try?"

"I couldn't sleep," she said. [*Turn to page 70*]

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A sallow skin can be roused to color and life by the special Woodbury steam treatment given below.

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WOODBURY'S FACIAL SOAP

Dining-Table or Dentist?

Laws Governing the Formation and Health of the Teeth Have Been Discovered At Last and Are Here Reported for the Mothers and Fathers of McCall Street

By E. V. McCollum and Nina Simmonds,

Department of Hygiene and Public Health, Johns Hopkins University

ALTHOUGH Americans possess the greatest agricultural country in the world; have the highest standards of living as regards housing, clothing, expenditures for food, for travel, and for entertainment, it appears that with the exception of England and the industrial districts of Scotland, Americans probably have the most unhealthy mouths to be found anywhere in the world.

Why should they have such bad teeth? They buy more tooth-brushes, more tooth-pastes and washes, and scrub their teeth more than any population of similar numbers in any other part of the world. The United States has more dentists in proportion to population than has any other country. It also has the best educated and most skillful dentists in the world. Likewise, there is no other country in which progress in dental science and interest in preventive dentistry are so pronounced.

Yet notwithstanding the number of dentists and their great skill, the teeth of most Americans go without repair. One of the most distinguished dentists in the country informed us a short time ago that it is estimated that only one person in eight or nine ever goes to a dentist except to have a tooth pulled when it aches. In other words, the average American allows his teeth to decay or loosen from peridental infection, bears the discomfort as long as possible, and has his teeth extracted. He becomes more and more nearly toothless as he advances in years and when most of his teeth have been extracted he invests in artificial teeth.

In many instances the first visit to a dentist in many years, or even in a lifetime, is made at the direction of a physician who suspects that tooth infection may be responsible for the illness which brings his patient to him. We have seen a list of twenty-two diseased conditions of the human body which were, in the belief of one of our best-known medical men traceable, in certain cases, at least, to focal infection. By the term "focal infection" is meant an infection by some disease-producing organism at some point from which poisonous matter or disease germs are constantly being fed into the body fluids. By far the greater number of focal infections are found associated with the teeth.

It is generally accepted, and very reasonable to suppose, that the absorption of products of putrefactive material from decayed teeth and diseased gums tends to lower the resistance of the body to communicable diseases of various kinds. When we look at it from this viewpoint it is easy to understand that directly or indirectly the general tendency to allow decaying teeth to stay in the mouth unfilled must be regarded as one of the greatest health problems.

How large a proportion of our population is thus put in jeopardy can be roughly estimated from the following facts: in the first selective draft during the Great War there were 925,873 men rejected as unfit for military duty by reason of physical causes. The second highest of these causes of physical rejection was that of dental defects.

DURING recent years much attention has been given to determining the extent to which children in the public schools are under weight. Ordinarily a child must be ten per cent or more below the weight accepted as normal for its age in order to be put in the undernourished class. The United States Public Health Service recently examined the mouths of 270 undernourished children and found 33 per cent with 1 to 4 cavities, 48 per cent with from 4 to 8, while some children had as many as 9, 10 and 11 cavities.

There are two questions relating to this problem of unhealthy mouths which everyone should consider carefully. One is, *what have we done* to prevent this state of affairs? The other is, *what are we going to do* about it?

Generally speaking, we have done nothing about it. Children are deterred from calling attention to the fact that their teeth need attention because they are afraid it will hurt to have them treated. Parents are deterred from taking their children to the dentist because they fear the expense. The result is that nothing is done until physical suffering compels attention. The cost then is much greater in most cases than it would have been had the treatment been given early. The child suffers far more. And the protection afforded by the belated treatment is slight as compared with that given in the first stages of decay because the body fluids which nourish the tissues have been polluted and poisoned for months or years and not without permanent ill effects.

Doctor E. V. McCollum

MRS. CRAWFORD VISITED

EVERYONE likes Mrs. Crawford. Whether you confide to her your anxieties about your stubborn young daughter, or describe the new dress you expect to have this Fall, or hark back to the glories of your wedding-trip, she listens with a sort of warm calm that encourages you to tell all! And then when you are through she placidly picks up the thread of discussion and before you know it, all sorts of practical, tolerant and happy ideas have taken up their abode in the chambers of your mind.

Of course it's her philosophy that enables her to do it for herself and you. She has an extraordinarily clear vision as to just what the important things of life are; the rest she doesn't worry about. It's not a world catastrophe, in her judgment, if one's daughter does "make up" her face; a really serious trouble would be for that same daughter to have a mother whose lack of patience and understanding was driving the girl from her protecting influence.

So I suppose that the first plank of Mrs. Crawford's creed is Straight Thinking. And the second is to have Ideals on which your soul can thrive and grow. It's all very well to keep your feet on the ground but your spirit must be permitted wings, that it may visit often in the realms of light and loveliness.

Action is her third rule of life. I do not think she ever regards any situation as hopeless. Constant trying unravels all tangles. "Don't let yourself wallow in grief or discouragement," she says. "Look for a way out, and if there isn't one, put up cheerfully with circumstances for the time being."

But so tactfully and modestly is this sound philosophy administered to us that it has taken me years to figure out the exact formula.

—SARAH FIELD SPLINT

Miss Nina Simmonds

Teachers, school nurses and school physicians, observing as they do the great necessity for attention to the dental needs of children, have been increasingly active for some years in establishing dental clinics in the schools. Here the children can have the benefit of treatment at little or no cost. Tooth-brush drills have become common in many schools, even in out-of-the-way places, for the teachers and nurses are playing as heroic a role in human betterment as any group in our society. The magazines and daily papers have done much through their advertisements to call attention to the value of mouth hygiene as a measure for protecting the teeth from decay.

Cleaning the teeth and having decayed teeth filled while the cavities are small are good things to do, but there is something else which we should give attention to, something which has up to now scarcely been appreciated at all as being even a part of the program for saving the teeth.

Why has so much attention been given to cleaning the teeth and to repair and so little to other considerations in preventive dentistry? One answer is to be found in the fact that every decayed tooth and every diseased gum is infected with bacteria, and it appears to many, therefore, that the problem is essentially a bacteriological one.

Another reason which many thinking people give is that former generations ate hard foods and coarse foods, and that disuse of the teeth together with the extensive use of soft cooked foods of a starchy nature has had much to do with the increase in tooth decay in recent times. We are prepared to grant that these practices had something to do with determining the condition of the teeth in the past, but this, we are convinced, is not the true explanation.

For some years now the most advanced thinkers among dentists have become more and more convinced that at the root of the dental problem lies a dietary problem. It has become increasingly evident that the expectant mother and the nursing mother have for many years been living on a type of diet which is inadequate for the promotion of satisfactory growth in the young, or for the maintenance of health in the adult.

IT HAS been shown repeatedly by experiments on the lower animals, such as the rat or the farm pig, that when the diet of the mother during the prenatal period and the nursing period is unsatisfactory in certain respects and does not provide everything it should, or at least not in sufficient amounts, the bones and teeth of the young are adversely affected. Normally these species of animals have teeth of excellent character which seldom decay. The young, however, which grow up on a diet which is not properly constituted, have teeth which are poorly enameled and decay early, just as do the teeth of many of our children nowadays.

Our present day diet is too largely constituted of bread made from bolted wheat flour, cereal products such as degerminated corn meal, polished rice, and meats, sugar and potatoes. This diet is not complete, and will lead to defective growth of the bones and teeth if the mother before the birth of her child and during the nursing period restricts herself too largely to it. In many homes the child, after weaning, is fed too largely on this list of foods, as well.

The remedy lies in combining these foods with certain other foods which have peculiar dietary qualities to supplement them and make good the nutrient principles in which the above foods are, singly or collectively, deficient. The most important of these supplementary foods are milk and those vegetables whose leaves are palatable, as spinach, cabbage, kale, beet tops, brussels sprouts, and so forth. This is the only available type of food which contains sufficient amounts of lime for the proper building of the bones and teeth.

It is also evident that many women before the birth of a baby do not have sufficient amounts of fresh, uncooked foods. No one, in fact, can long be well who eats only cooked, dried, preserved or canned foods. Some fresh fruits and vegetables, as oranges, lemons, raw cabbage, onions, tomatoes, lettuce, celery or raw berries are necessary to good health.

It will be appreciated from what has been said that the time when most can be done to determine the quality of the teeth of the man or woman of the next generation is in infancy and childhood when the teeth are being formed. The diet of the expectant and nursing mother should contain liberal amounts of the protective foods so that there will be an abundance of the dietary essentials for the developing child.

After the teeth are fully "cut" much less can be accomplished, but it seems probable that tooth decay can be to some extent arrested by taking a diet which promotes the general health as far as possible, and which encourages chewing to exercise the teeth. Careful attention to mouth hygiene, and frequent visits to the dentist should be practised by those who have passed the age of growth.

Beware of Fat

DO you know whether you weigh too much or too little? If your weight is just right, congratulate yourself. Probably not one person in ten knows what his proper weight should be nor realizes how important it is to maintain that weight.

What is the right weight? Experts who have studied the subject of weight in its relation to health tell us that the weight tables generally in use are misleading. They give only average weights, which are the composite of the good and the bad. These averages have been assumed to be the correct weights. As a matter of fact, they are not.

Up to the age of 30, it is well to weigh five or ten pounds more than the average weight for your age and height. But from 30 on, the best weight is from 10% to 20% less than the average. At age 50, men and women are at their best when they weigh considerably *below* the average for their height.

The reason is simple: The extra weight in earlier years is needed to give the body plenty of building material and to fortify it against tuberculosis and other infections to which young people are particularly subject. When we are older and food for growth is not needed, there is no longer any advantage in carrying the heavier burden of weight. A much smaller amount of food will replace the body tissues worn out in the everyday business of living. If more is eaten it is stored away as fat.

Stop and think of the six oldest people you know. The chances are they are not fat. Life insurance statistics have proved that as a rule the fat do not live to be really old men and women.

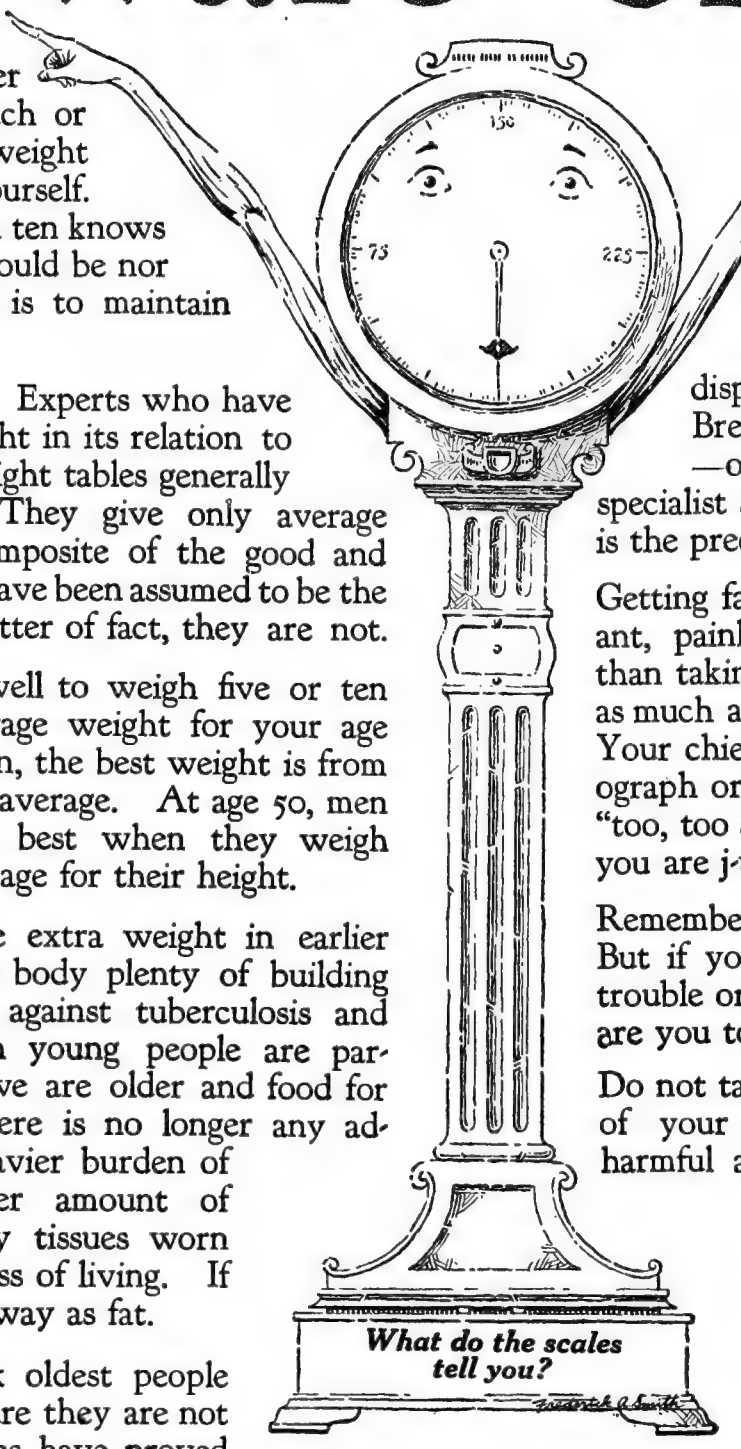
Fat is dangerous—a definite menace to life. And this is why: People who drag masses of flesh around are putting a strain upon their vital organs. High blood pressure, trouble with heart, kidneys or lungs often follow along in the train of excessive weight. The heart has to work extra hard pumping blood to tissues that the body *never was meant to have.* The digestive tract has a remorseless burden put upon it trying to dispose of food that the body does not need. Breathing becomes difficult and there you are—on the toboggan—going down! An eminent specialist says that in at least 40% of the cases—fat is the predisposing cause of diabetes.

Getting fat is an insidious thing and usually a pleasant, painless process—lots more fun putting it on than taking it off. You eat everything you like and as much as you like. You ride when you should walk. Your chief exercise is putting a record on the phonograph or tuning in the radio. Little by little that "too, too solid flesh" appears and before you know it you are j-u-s-t p-l-a-i-n F-A-T!

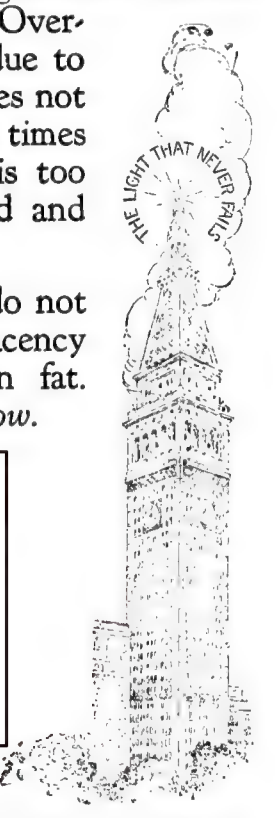
Remember, prevention is the better part of reducing. But if you *are* fat and don't want to have heart trouble or any of the diseases that fat induces—what are you to do about it?

Do not take any "fat reducers" except on the advice of your physician. They are usually viciously harmful and reduce nothing but your pocketbook. Have your doctor find out whether there is anything wrong with you physically. Sometimes glandular disturbances will cause fat. Overweight is not always due to overeating. Exercise does not always reduce. But 90 times out of 100 the trouble is too much and too rich food and too little exercise.

If you are overweight do not let laziness or complacency permit you to remain fat. Begin to reduce *right now.*



One person out of every seven between the ages of 35 and 45 is overweight! *That* is the story the scales are telling day after day. But the scales cannot tell the grim danger of overweight and its serious consequences. And yet most cases of overweight can be controlled—safely.



People past their youth who weigh 20% more than the average have a one-third greater death rate than the average. Those who are 40% overweight have a 50% greater death rate than the average.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company recognizes overweight as so serious an impairment among its policyholders that it has issued a booklet which contains much valuable information for those who wish to reduce their weight.

This is the booklet that tells of the methods we have used in bringing a certain group of our own Metropolitan employees back to normal weight. This simple regime of diet and exercise has been found to be most effective. In several cases as much as 50 pounds have been eliminated—safely and comfortably.

In this booklet will be found a weight table prepared according to the latest study on the subject, as well as a complete program of diet and exercises that will help you to reduce your weight if you are organically sound.

A copy of "Overweight—Cause and Treatment" will be mailed free to anyone who asks for it.

HALEY FISKE, *President.*

Published by

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY ~ NEW YORK

Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year

How MENNEN'S Protects Baby's Delicate Skin

MILLIONS of babies have endured less suffering and enjoyed more comfort because of Mennen Borated Talcum. Millions of mothers have used it and praised it and told their friends to use it... But even today many mothers do not realize that Mennen Borated Talcum is entirely different from any other powder. Many more do not know how modern and scientific it is in combating the three forces that attack a baby's skin.

Science has discovered the foes of infant skin, and the Mennen Laboratories have carefully perfected a defense against each one.

• • •

ANY *moisture* (perspiration, urine and bath water) will inflame a baby's skin. No towel can reach the skin-folds that secrete this moisture. But Mennen Borated Talcum is so highly absorbent that every trace of moisture is removed. Each tiny fleck of Mennen's is like a little drying sponge that harmlessly absorbs poisonous liquids.

Friction is another menace. Skin-folds rub; clothes sometimes bind; bedding often chafes. To overcome these conditions, Mennen Borated Talcum covers baby's skin with a smooth protective film that keeps friction from harming the sensitive tissues.

Infant skin is so delicate and immature that it cannot easily throw off *infections*. So Mennen Borated Talcum comes to the rescue again. Mildly antiseptic ingredients, safe and tested, are compounded in the powder to combat dangerous infections.

• • •

MENNEN BORATED TALCUM is a carefully compounded preparation containing five different ingredients, each one having definite therapeutic value.

One affords cooling comfort; another is a splendid healing agent. One ingredient was chosen for its antiseptic effect, while another helps in defeating friction. The fifth constituent increases the absorbency of Mennen Borated Talcum, and counteracts acidity.

Now you know why Mennen's is so soothing and protective to baby skin—why it should be applied to the roly-poly body after every bath, change of diapers, before each nap, and whenever baby is fretful

THE MENNEN COMPANY
NEWARK, N.J. U.S.A.
The Mennen Company Limited, Montreal, Quebec

MENNEN
BORATED TALCUM

Is your baby disfigured by that dread skin disease, eczema? Dr. Kerley shows that this affection usually can be cured by proper diet

Milk and eggs are the chief offenders in skin troubles

The Child's Delicate Skin

By Charles Gilmore Kerley, M. D.
Author of "Short Talks with Young Mothers"

VARNISHING the body of an animal will cause its death in a very few hours as a result of interference with the skin function of heat elimination. How much more important and delicate an organ then is the skin of the infant or young child. It is not only mechanically protective but in it are located those important organs of excretion—the sweat glands. The skin throws off waste substances, and does much to regulate the temperature of the body through its capacity for heat radiation.

Exposed to injury from without and reaction to abnormal processes within, the skin of the young child, in whom the processes of growth and repair are most active is frequently subject to disorders. Eczema of the scalp and different portions of the body is usually from internal sources. It requires the best efforts of a physician for relief and cure. In infants affected with it, careful observation over a prolonged period is often necessary. The cases for the most part are dependent on an inability to utilize food substances, which are ordinarily perfectly innocent and proper foods for a child of the same age, weight and social condition.

CERTAIN infants will develop eczema if given orange juice or beef juice, while others will be unable to care for a slight amount of fat or sugar without showing skin irritation. This is usually due to what is known as a sensitization to different kinds of protein. Nearly all foods given the child contain protein. Only through the utilization of protein substances may proper growth take place. If protein foods may cause eczema and if they are at the same time absolutely necessary to growth, the situation which confronts us is a difficult one. All meats and eggs and the solids of milk are composed largely of protein substances and most children take them without any manifestation other than that of physical prosperity. Children of rheumatic individuals and those who have asthmatic tendencies may possess a defective protein adjustment and are most susceptible to the protein food skin reactions, which we name eczema.

Successful treatment accordingly calls for a determination of the offending substance and its elimination from the diet. We sometimes see children at the breast, strong and thriving and yet with marked evidences of eczema. The only inconvenience suffered by the child is the discomfort caused by the itching, but its appearance is unprepossessing at best. If a child is weaned perhaps the trouble disappears but not invariably. The child is what we call sensitized to the mother's milk and a baby who is sensitized to its mother's milk is very apt to show a similar reaction to other protein foods. The best we can do is to put up with the disease until after normal weaning, and be thankful that he is otherwise well and thriving. In all such cases soothing applications to relieve the itching may be employed, but don't find fault with the baby's doctor if he does not cure the eczema. It is no use to change doctors; as the baby grows older the trouble will probably clear up.

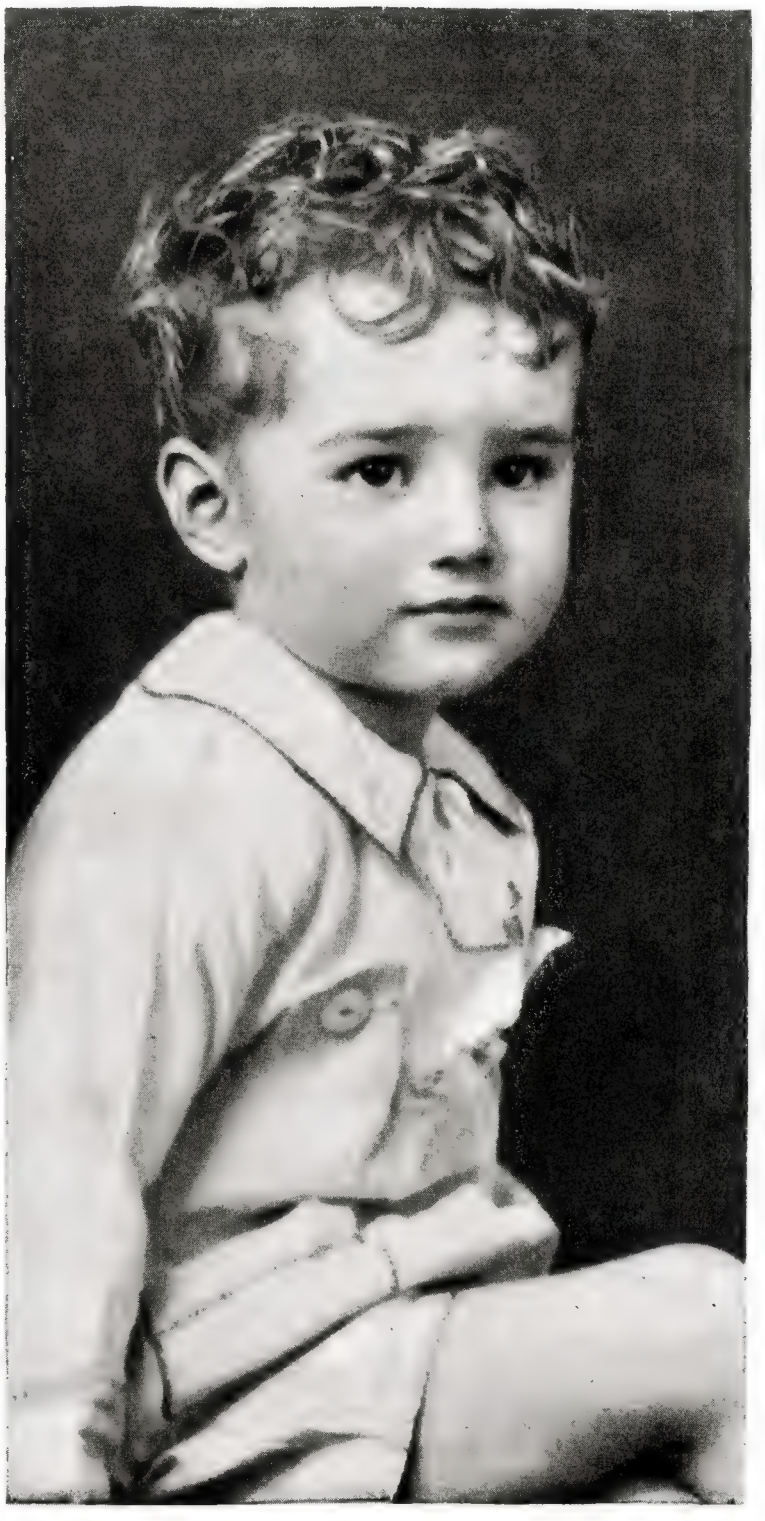
IN the bottle-fed and in runabout children a good deal may be accomplished by treatment through ferreting out the guilty protein. Tests made use of by physicians help out here but there may be guilty proteins which the skin tests will not uncover and the process of successive elimination of this or that food may be required. The two big protein sinners in eczema are the protein of cow's milk and of eggs. In a severe case of eczema which fails to react to the usual skin tests, first I eliminate eggs entirely as an article of diet; they are easily dispensed with.

Milk, however, is another matter. A child that cannot take milk in some form is decidedly handicapped. We endeavor through prolonged heating of skimmed milk to destroy the irritating protein element. Goat's milk may be used and sometimes helps. Regular bowel evacuations are important. Two evacuations a day should be the rule, and if necessary some simple alkaline medication such as milk of magnesia may be added to the daily food allowance.

Eczema may be due to conditions outside the body. Thus woolen clothing, over-strong soaps, irritations from the over-strenuous use of counter irritants such as camphorated oil or mustard plaster occasionally result in eczema. In such cases removal of the cause and soothing local applications will be followed by immediate relief of the condition.

Many of the infectious diseases of the young manifest themselves in skin reactions, thus, in scarlet fever this is a fine red punctate rash; in measles there is the crescent-shaped reddened discrete eruption. In chicken pox, the isolated pearly drops appear on different portions of the skin surfaces. In German measles there is a rash resembling in its appearance the rash of scarlet fever and measles, but quite distinctive to a physician.

Going on three — and going strong



JAY PETER OLWYLER, *son of Mr. and Mrs. John Olwyler, 11 Chester St., Mt. Vernon, N. Y.*

THIS is the second chapter of a continued story—the story of little Jay Peter Olwyler's life. The first chapter was published last year in all leading magazines when Pete was only nine months old, but those short nine months had been eventful ones.

Soon after he was born he became seriously ill with intestinal troubles. No food would agree with him. Finally, after weeks of sickness, his mother put him on Eagle Brand. In a few days he had recovered completely and immediately began to gain as he should. At the age of nine months Pete was as healthy and happy a baby as anyone could wish to see, alert and interested in everything going on around him.

What happened after that? Just look at this latest picture of Pete, taken when he was "going on three." It tells the whole story—a story of continued healthy development.

Once given the right start, Pete's progress was steady and normal, without interruption. His good health bids fair to be permanent, too, for it is built upon a sound foundation laid in early infancy.

• • •

SOME people suffer all through life from the unfair handicap of poor health, started by wrong feeding as babies.

Ordinarily nothing is better for a baby than mother's milk. But if for any reason you are unable to nurse your baby or if his present food does not agree with him, give him Eagle Brand.

Eagle Brand is more nearly like breast milk than any other baby food. It is pure cow's milk and cane sugar, combined by a special process which makes it exceptionally digestible. Even the most delicate baby stomach can assimilate it easily. It also contains the vitamins, so necessary for healthy growth.

Eagle Brand has given thousands of babies a healthy start in life and kept them healthy. It is the standard baby food wherever bottle feeding is necessary. *THE BORDEN COMPANY, 155 Borden Building, 350 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.*

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EVAPORATED MILK
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CONFECTIONERY

Baby's Welfare is an authoritative guide prepared by a physician for young mothers. Send for a free copy.

The Veiled Woman

[*Continued from page 18*]

Mustaffa Madani stared minute after minute, first cynically amused, then fascinated. A yell rose in his contracted throat. His legs and arms began to twitch. He was about to leap into the centre of the *tekké* and join in the dance when Abubekr Sabri, who had been watching him closely, put a hand on his arm and broke the spell. "Come!" he said. Followed by Hassan he led Mustaffa Madani back into the small room. "Thou hast understood?" he asked.

"I have understood—a little," replied Mustaffa Madani, musingly.

"I shall never be able to make a dervish of thee, thou stubborn old mule!" exclaimed the sheykh. "But Gouthia must earn her own living. She must become a teacher."

"Eh—?" Mustaffa Madani's thoughts whirled. He was utterly beyond his depths. "Teach? What—? Whom—?"

"There is a place for Gouthia. But what does she know? She must acquire a foundation of learning before she can teach others. I cannot spare our only woman instructor to teach her, she is busy all day. Therefore a man must teach her."

Mustaffa Madani did not reply at once. A sob shook his massive frame.

"I am helpless," he said at last. "I submit, Sabri effendi——" And, with all the courtesy of his breed: "I am grateful to thee. My gratitude is at thy feet. Thou wilt look for a teacher?"

"I have already found one, Sidi. Hassan, the apple of my eye."

"Thou meanest—" Mustaffa Madani pointed casually, arrogantly, "him—?"

"Yes."

Mustaffa Madani stepped up to Hassan, looked him up and down, his lips curling in a slow, caustic smile. The younger man was embarrassed. He was even, somehow, afraid. The other was so big, and he himself so weak and small. But he did not give in to his nervousness. His resolute eyes met Mustaffa Madani's unbridled eyes with an unflinching, slightly contemplative glance.

"Nor," said Hassan, fear still in his heart, but with brain working coldly, intelligently, "shall I become thy daughter's teacher because of any especial love or respect for thee and thy Shareefian breed. I do it because the sheykh orders it."

Mustaffa Madani's lips curled in a thin, slow smile. Then, suddenly, he burst into laughter, laughter that dropped like a blight. "And," he said, staring at the younger man, "for a moment I was afraid—afraid because a man was to teach my daughter! Thy face cuts off all danger!"

He turned to the sheykh. "When wilt thou send him?" he asked.

Abubekr Sabri was looking at Hassan with a steady glance that begged and caressed and apologized. Hassan, whose livid face was now streaked with red, shrugged his shoulders. "Tomorrow morning at eleven, Sidi," replied the sheykh.

"Again thanks, effendi," said Mustaffa Madani, and he salaamed and left.

GOUTHIA met Hassan the next day. El-Fosiha was sitting on her heels in a corner, watching them with her old, bright eyes.

Gouthia showed him an undisguised hostility and looked at the Arabic books with contempt. For she, too, was of the Shareefs.

Through the meshes of her face veil she looked at her teacher, and the thought came to her that this was the ugliest young man whom she had ever seen. "Thy name is Hassan? I cannot help it, Hassan. I do hate thee."

"At least thou art honest," he replied, opening a book. "Dost thou love poetry?"

"Yes."

"I thought so. Because of thy eyes. Well, let us begin the first lesson with poetry." He passed the book over to her: "Here—"

"I cannot read," she said.

"Very shocking!" was his comment.

"On the contrary," she replied calmly. "I am of the Shareef."

"No excuse for ignorance. Thou must learn to read and write."

"Must—" haughtily—"I?"

"Yes. To be a teacher. Come. It is not difficult." He drew paper, pens, and a long dervish inkstand from his waist shawl, and showed her the Arabic alphabet, slowly, patiently, letter for letter, making her memorize them, correcting her as with clumsy diffidence she tried to copy them.

"Shall I some day be able to read all books?"

"I hope so," he replied. "But the greatest books are not written with the alphabet, nor are they read with the eye. Thou canst not read them without a key."

"What key?"

"The key of thine own soul, Bibi Gouthia."

Again he smiled, and she thought that he had nice eyes, deep and clear. He rose. "At the same time tomorrow, Bibi Gouthia?"

"Please. And—" she stopped.

"Yes—?"

"I hate thee no longer, Hassan."

"I am glad." He bowed.

Thereafter, six times a week, Gouthia sat on her pillow, facing Hassan and imbibing knowledge. She liked him better and better. Beneath his puny body and under his scholarly tranquillity, she sensed a strong soul perfectly sure of itself, and in his deep, resolute eyes she read a great kindliness, an extraordinary power of understanding.

She wondered how Hassan felt about her—Hassan who, had she known, had loved her from the first with a love dearer than the dwelling of kings, a love that made each morning to him a new and glorious miracle because of the single fact of her existence. He knew that his longing could never come true. He, a dervish, once a donkey-boy, the sweepings of the Arab gutters, who was he, he asked himself, that she should give him her love? And suppose she did, there was her father, with his haughty, ironic greeting whenever they met: "Ah—*es-salaam*, Sir Ink-Grinder!"

Spring had come to these streets overnight. It brushed into the alleys with quivering, gauzy pinions. It hovered birdlike over the flat, white roof-tops and gilded the minaret of the Mosque of the Swords. It sharpened the pain of longing in Hassan's heart. And then one day he and Gouthia met quite by accident. Heretofore he had never seen Gouthia alone. El-Fosiha was always in the room. But that afternoon, with spring crying them out into the open, Gouthia and el-Fosiha had gone for a walk to the old Moslem cemetery at the edge of the desert. It was quiet and peaceful here among the tombstones that dreamed of Judgment Day. The caravan trail was deserted. "Ah—" sighed el-Fosiha contentedly and squatted on her heels.

AFTER a while she rose and looked at el-Fosiha who was sleeping peacefully. She did not want to waken her. But she was nervous. She walked away, heedless of leaving the old servant. She dropped her face veil. There was nobody here to see her; and she liked to feel the hot Saharan wind on her cheeks. And then, turning the corner of a huge, wind-flayed chalk rock, she heard the soft whinny of a horse and a moment later saw Hassan sitting in the shade of the rock, his hands idly moving the pages of a book.

Her first impulse, when he looked up, was to draw her veil across her face; her second impulse was to leave it. And be it remembered that never, since her childhood, had any man except her father seen her face below the eyes. Even so, for a reason which she did not analyze, did not have time to analyze, she obeyed her second instinct. She did not draw up her veil. She stared at Hassan proudly, almost challengingly. She stood there, before him, her head erect, eyes level, direct, her body motionless but for the slight flutter of narrow, delicate hands, the heaving of her breast, the quiver of her nostrils. He dropped his eyes, then opened them wide, beheld the sweetness and glory of her face. He let the book slide to the ground. Very slowly, as though drawn by a magnet, he rose.

He was aware of warring impulses within himself. He wanted to rush up to her, to take her in his arms, to carry her away struggling but captured; and at the same time he wanted to throw himself at her feet, to embrace her knees, to implore her humbly—oh, so humbly!—like a slave, to give him her love. There was now not a thought in his brain that she was of the Shareef and he but a dervish; a nobody in race and clan, ugly and small and puny. At this moment he was the man, and she the woman. And then, as if a gigantic, nameless driving-power were pushing him on, he found himself advancing toward her with short, halting steps, his heart beating brokenly against his ribs, a flame cutting through him that left him without cerebral actions or reactions of any sort.

He sensed her close to him; sensed the magic of her beauty, her perfume, her touch with the blurred indistinctness of overwhelming desire. His arms were about her. He spoke no word. Nor did she.

He felt her lips yield to his, and he turned giddy with the joy and mystery of it. His being melted, expanded—extended to include her being. There was no outside world. There was no desert, no sky, no sun. There was only she and he. And there was God.

And all this in the tiny space—as men count time—of a minute, perhaps less; yet it seemed an eternity before he heard his own voice, husky and strange to him—"I love thee—I love thee so . . ."

"And I love thee—" She hesitated; then continued, abandoning her pride: "O my lord!" And kissed him. "Why dost thou love me, Hassan?"

He held her close. All his impetuous Arab blood leaped full-fledged into his words: "I love thee because thou art the budding of leaves in spring—because thou art the stir and the rustle of the warm south wind! I love thee because thy hair is scented like ruddy harvest-time! I love thee because I know the touch of thy hands in my dreams!" He buried his face in the curling hair that hung about her neck. "And thou—why dost thou love me?"

"I love thee because—oh—" she smiled—"just *because*, heart of my heart!"

Suddenly a high, reedy voice interrupted the lovers; drove them apart: "Gouthia! Gouthia!"

"El-Fosiha!" whispered the girl. "She is awake—and looking for me!" She turned to go, pushed Hassan back as he was about to accompany her: "If she should guess that thou and I—Oh, she would tell my father—" And, with the word, she grew pale with fright.

"I shall talk to him tomorrow morning," Hassan said. "I am not afraid!"

She echoed the words with profound conviction: "Not afraid! Of course not! I know!" She kissed him; disappeared around the corner of the chalk rock and ran up to el-Fosiha just as the call sounded again.

Gouthia did not sleep that night. Morning came with elfin lights and rose-red shadows. It came with the teeming of streets and bazaars and, from the minaret of the Mosque of the Swords, with the muezzin's call to the first prayer of the day. It came, at last, with the thud of the knocker on the outer gate, and Gouthia ran to the latticed balcony and looked out. Down below was Hassan.

"Thou art early for the lesson," said el-Fosiha, opening the gate.

"I am not here for the lesson. I would like to speak to thy master."

"I shall ask him. Wait."

She closed the door. Hassan waited on the threshold, and Gouthia whistled softly. He looked up and saw her narrow hand fluttering through the lattice, with a silent message of trust and hope and faith. He smiled. Low and clear, his words drifted to her ears: "I love thee."

A few minutes later el-Fosiha ushered in the visitor to Mustaffa Madani and withdrew. Hassan salaamed deeply. Mustaffa Madani neither offered the other his hand, nor did he ask him to sit down. "And thou wantest—what?"

Hassan felt nervous. He caught himself blushing, hated himself for it. He tried to speak out with manly bearing—and could not.

"I—" he stammered—"I am here—oh—on a personal matter—"

"There can be nothing personal between thee and me," was the chilly retort, "unless—" with bitter self-irony—"thou art one of the many to whom I owe money. If thou art, help thyself to my house, my beard, and the mice in the bin. But—" pointing at the door—"leave me alone!"

"Forgive me, Sidi. But I shall not leave this room until thou hast heard me."

Mustaffa Madani thrust out his chin warningly. Nothing infuriated him so much as to find obstinacy like his own in others. Then, as he towered over Hassan, the sight of the young dervish, so puny in his pathetic stubbornness, caused his mirth to rise in uncontrollable waves. His lips began to twitch. Finally he laughed loudly and frankly.

"Very well," he exclaimed. "Tell me, Sir Ink-Grinder!"

"Sidi! I have the honor to ask of thee the hand and body of thy daughter Gouthia in honorable marriage."

Mustaffa Madani looked up. He wrinkled his forehead. He was honestly puzzled; honestly doubted his ears. "Thou—ah—?" he asked. "I—I heard aright?"

Hassan's lips drew into a thin line. "Yes, Sidi," he said simply. Mustaffa Madani did not speak. The veins on his temples stood out like ropes. His brain seemed dry, and the world grown crimson. His great, hairy hands opened and shut convulsively. His whole, massive frame hungered for a concrete and brutal realization of the hate that was twisting his soul. He advanced slowly while the other stood his ground, continuing to speak in that same clear voice:

"I am not of the lineage. I know it. I am a nobody by race, a penniless dervish, once a donkey-boy; but I love thy daughter. I shall make her happy. I love her, and she loves me—"

Hassan's last words released the catch in Mustaffa Madani's brain. "Allah!" the single cry came from his lips. His fist struck Hassan squarely between the eyes. Hassan went down, and Mustaffa Madani bent, picked him up, stood him upon his feet, knocked him down; once more pulled him up to strike him as if it were some hideous game. Then his left hand gripped the young, lean throat, squeezing it as a vice, while his right hand rained blow after blow upon the defenseless face.

It was brutal, horrible—this strong-thewed, lawless man of the Shareefs, this hard-riding giant who had lived most of his life in the open, battering the weak little student to pieces. Yet Hassan, half-conscious, fought back. His ludicrous little fists went like flails, bruising their knuckles on Mustaffa Madani's steely frame. His body wriggled and twisted as he tried to free himself from the dreadful grip that was squeezing out his life. Nor was it altogether the instinct of self-preservation that made him fight with frenzy. There was in his dazed brain the singular conviction that, somehow, though he had never a chance to win this battle, he was fighting for his love, for Gouthia.

FINALLY, the Shareef dragged the young dervish to the door, through the hall, down the stairs and flung him into the street. He kicked the unconscious form while men and women ran up from all sides, from the bazaar, the houses, the Mosque of the Swords, excited, shouting, protesting, clamoring. Someone rushed into the mosque and returned with the *mullah*, the priest. The latter laid ineffectual hands upon Mustaffa Madani's arms. "Sidi, Sidi!" he said. "Thou wilt stain thy hands with a brother-Moslem's life blood! I beseech thee!"

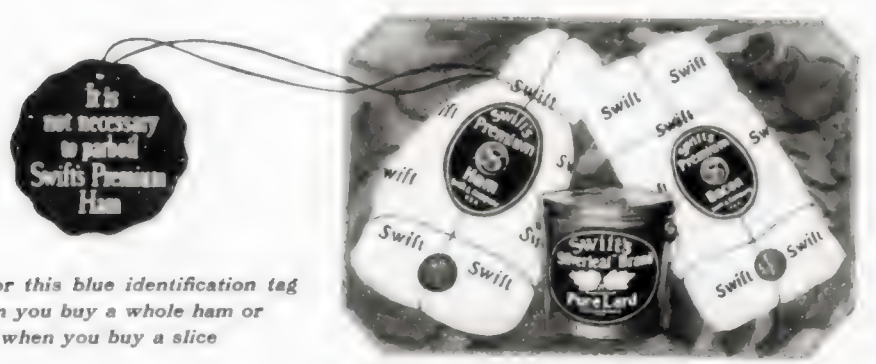
The other paid no attention. He bent; struck; struck again. One of the crowd tackled the Shareef around his stout, oak-like legs, trying to pull him away from his victim.

"Help, help, Moslems!" he begged. And others took heart, joined in, dragged Mustaffa Madani away, while more people ran up, with excited questions and answers. Mustaffa Madani spoke through clenched teeth: "Let me go! By Allah! Let me go!" He struggled desperately, trying to break away, to return to the attack. But a dozen hands held him.

Gouthia ran to the balcony. She looked through the lattice; and a few moments later she was downstairs, unveiled, followed by el-Fosiha. She pushed through the crowd and threw herself across the dusty, bleeding, moaning mass. "O my beloved!" she cried. [*Turn to page 72*]

The art of entertaining in the summer season becomes extremely simple when one considers how many ways there are, and easy ways, to employ the goodness of Premium Bacon.

Swift's Premium Hams and Bacon


It is not necessary to parboil Swift's Premium Ham
Swift's Premium Ham
Swift's Premium Bacon
Swift's Premium Bacon
Pure Lard

Look for this blue identification tag when you buy a whole ham or when you buy a slice

Toasted Premium Sandwich

Toast bread on one side and cover with strips of cheese. On this place sliced tomato and over the top place strips of Premium Bacon. Broil until the bacon is crisp

Swift & Company

Miss Olive Allen's choicest recipes

Selected from hundreds gathered in a world-search for delicious dishes

MISS OLIVE S. ALLEN, a real home cook of many years' experience, has recently been gathering and testing hundreds of recipes. These recipes have come from all over the world; from famous foreign chefs, from old-fashioned home cooks; from luxurious hotels; from cosy little inns, even from hunters and trappers. We first asked Miss Allen to select from these many hundreds the best two hundred. Then we asked her to select from these two hundred her favorite eight. These eight are printed below. Each one makes a perfectly delicious dish. Each is practical for use in the average home.

We suggest that you save and add them to the collection of your own favorite recipes.

Cheese Soufflé

2 tablespoonfuls flour
¼ teaspoonful salt
¼ teaspoonful mustard
Dash of red pepper
4 tablespoonfuls melted Crisco
1 cupful milk
½ cupful grated American cheese
½ cupful bread crumbs
3 eggs

Blend flour, salt, mustard and pepper with the Crisco, add slowly to the milk and let it boil up, stirring constantly. Have ready the cheese and bread crumbs grated. Add to the mixture, take from the fire and add the beaten yolks of the eggs. Let cool, then fold in the beaten whites of the eggs. Turn into a Criscoed baking dish and bake to a light brown. Serve immediately.

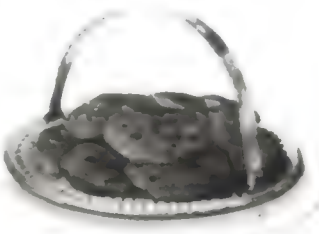
Lemon Meringue Pie

1 cupful sugar
1 lemon
2 tablespoonfuls (rounded) corn starch
2 eggs
1 cupful boiling water

Add the grated rind and juice of the lemon to the sugar. Beat the yolks of the eggs until light and then add the corn starch, which has been dissolved in a little cold water. Mix this thoroughly with the lemon and sugar. Put in a double boiler and add the boiling water. Cook until it thickens, stirring all the time.

Pastry—1½ cupfuls flour
½ cupful Crisco
½ teaspoonful salt
4 to 6 tablespoonfuls ice water

Roll out and cover an inverted pie tin. Prick well with a fork to prevent bubbles. When cool after baking, add the filling and cover with the meringue made by beating the whites of 2 eggs until stiff and dry and adding 4 tablespoonfuls granulated sugar. Return to the oven until brown

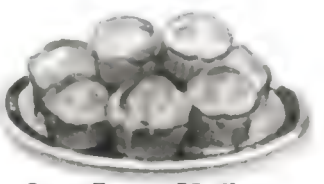


Delicious Cream Cookies

1 cupful Crisco
2 cupfuls brown sugar
4 eggs
⅔ cupful cream
4½ cupfuls flour
4 teaspoonfuls baking powder
1 teaspoonful salt
1 cupful nut meats
1½ cupful chopped raisins
1 teaspoonful lemon extract
1 teaspoonful vanilla extract

Cream the Crisco, add the sugar and cream again. Beat the eggs, add and beat for two minutes. Add the cream and when well mixed add the nut meats, raisins, flavoring and salt. Lastly add the baking powder and flour which have been sifted together.

Drop from the end of the spoon in a Criscoed baking pan and bake in a moderate oven. Before putting into the oven, I usually put a half pecan nut meat in the center.



Sour Cream Muffins

1 cupful sour cream
1 tablespoonful melted Crisco
2 tablespoonfuls sugar
1 well beaten egg
¼ teaspoonful soda
1 tablespoonful cold water
1½ cupfuls flour
1 teaspoonful baking powder
¼ teaspoonful salt

Mix the cream, Crisco, sugar, salt together thoroughly, adding a well beaten egg. Add the soda, dissolved in the cold water, and the last thing the flour and baking powder, sifted together. Drop in muffin tins.

Bake in a quick oven (425°), fifteen to twenty minutes.

Miss Allen's Graham Cracker Cake

½ cupful Crisco
1 cupful granulated sugar
3 eggs
1 scant cupful milk
23 graham crackers
2 teaspoonfuls baking powder
1 cupful chopped nuts
½ teaspoonful salt

Cream Crisco and sugar together, beat the yolks of eggs till light and add to this. Then add the milk. Roll the crackers fine. Mix baking powder with cracker crumbs, add this to the other mixture together with salt and chopped nuts. Last add the beaten whites of the eggs. Bake in two layers. For an extra large three layer cake, double the recipe.

Filling—2 tablespoonfuls Crisco
3 tablespoonfuls powdered sugar
Yolk of 1 egg

Beat the egg light and cream the Crisco and sugar. Mix with the egg, and flavor with vanilla.

Quick Bran Nut Bread

1 tablespoonful Crisco
1 egg
1¾ cupfuls sweet milk
½ teaspoonful salt
½ cupful chopped walnut meats
¾ cupful molasses
1 teaspoonful baking soda
½ cupful boiling water
3 cupfuls flour
2 cupfuls bran

Mix together the flour, bran and salt. Add the Crisco to the molasses and mix thoroughly. Then add the egg well beaten. Then the milk and chopped nuts. Dissolve the soda in boiling water and add to this mixture. Then add the flour and bran.

Bake from one and a half to two hours in a moderate oven (325°). Makes one loaf.

Rich Doughnuts

1 cupful sugar
5 tablespoonfuls Crisco
3 eggs
4 tablespoonfuls baking powder
1½ teaspoonfuls salt
1 cupful milk
1 teaspoonful grated nutmeg
Flour to make soft dough

From 4½ to 5 cupfuls flour sifted before measuring. Cream Crisco, add sugar gradually, add eggs well beaten. Sift dry ingredients and add alternately to egg mixture. Roll out as soft as can be handled. Cut with cutter and fry in hot Crisco. Heat Crisco until crumb of bread becomes golden brown in sixty seconds. Sufficient for sixty doughnuts.

Huckleberry Roly Poly

(Any seasonable fruit may be substituted for huckleberries, or use canned fruit)

2½ cupfuls flour
4 level teaspoonfuls baking powder
1 teaspoonful salt
2 level tablespoonfuls Crisco
¼ cupful sugar
1 cupful sweet milk
1 egg

Sift together flour, baking powder and salt. Cream together Crisco and sugar. Add the milk slowly. Then stir in dry ingredients. Lastly add the egg, well beaten, and mix in thoroughly. Roll to a thickness of about one-half inch. Spread surface with Crisco, then cover with huckleberries. Roll up, handling it lightly. Place it in the center of a baking pan which has been greased with Crisco. Spread Crisco over the top and sides of the roll. Bake in a hot oven about three quarters of an hour and as soon as it browns on top reduce the heat to moderate, and finish baking.

Serve with hot sauce or hard sauce as preferred.

Notice these advantages:

In using Crisco with Miss Allen's recipes notice the many ways in which it adds to the delight of eating and the pleasure of preparing foods. In frying notice how free from smoke and odor Crisco is. And remember that by straining Crisco after frying you can use it again and again. You can fry fish, and then onions and then potatoes in Crisco and the potatoes will not even hint of the fish or onions. Remember, too, that Crisco *alone* serves every shortening purpose. It makes deliciously tender cakes which stay fresh longer. It makes beautifully flaky and tender pie crust. And Crisco fried foods are deliciously crisp and brown outside and tender and digestible inside.

CRISCO: A vegetable shortening made of the pure sweet oils of growing plants.
for FRYING *for* SHORTENING *for* CAKE-MAKING

FREE! *"Miss Olive Allen's Tested Recipes"*

This little cook-book contains the 200 recipes Miss Allen selected from many hundreds gathered from all parts of the world. To secure this book free, simply fill in your name and address and mail coupon to Section L-8, Dept. of Home Economics, The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati, O.

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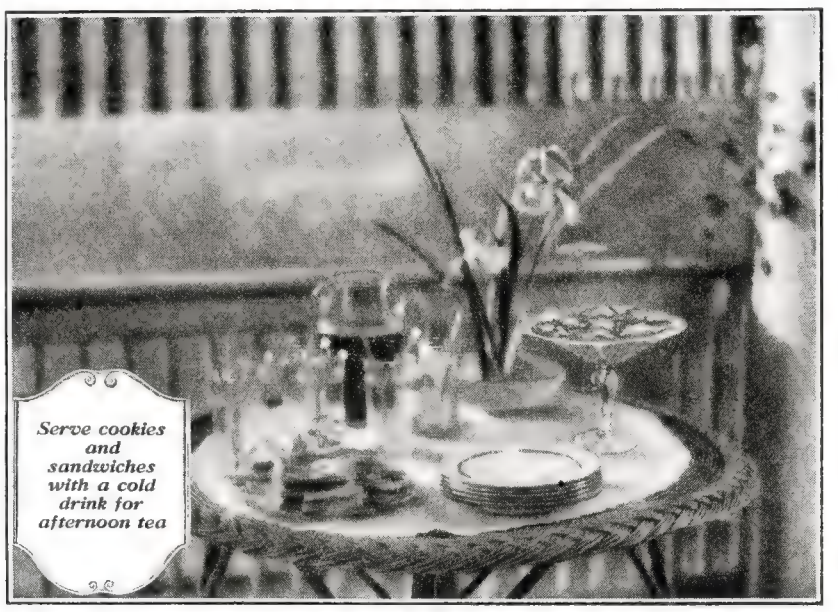


Serve Them Ice-Cold!

By Lilian M. Gunn

Department of Foods and Cookery, Teachers College, Columbia University

ON A long, hot summer day there is nothing so refreshing as the tinkle of cracked ice against the side of a tall glass of cool beverage.

The very *thought* of it is inviting and your reputation as a hostess will blossom as the bay tree if you keep on hand the "makings" of these delightful beverages.

There are many things you can have which will add to the ease of serving them. First of all, there is an ice-chipper which saves both time and ice. A corkscrew and bottle-opener should hang on a convenient hook.

For serving you will want tall glasses and perhaps a glass pitcher. Hollow glass spoons with colored bowls are inexpensive and add to the daintiness of service besides being useful as sippers and to stir the drink. And if you are the happy possessor of a tea-wagon, you will find it useful when you serve on the porch or lawn.

Always keep a bottle of sugar sirup in the refrigerator for sweetening beverages as it will blend instantly with the water and fruit juice and save the constant stirring which is necessary to dissolve sugar. Make this sirup by stirring together 2 cups of sugar and 1 cup of water until the sugar is dissolved. Boil gently without stirring for five minutes. Skim, cool and put away in a bottle for future use.

Save all the juices left from preserving or canning as these make delicious beverages, and try to keep on hand several bottles of commercial fruit juice, besides grape juice and ginger-ale. These are good to use by themselves or in combination with other juices.

Never be without lemons which are added to almost every summer beverage, and oranges which can be used often both for juice and grated peel.

Cocoa, tea and coffee can be iced to make delicious summer drinks, and when left over from meals they can be used for this purpose. A combination of cocoa and coffee has a most agreeable and unusual flavor. The prepared coffees which dissolve instantly in water are very convenient to use.

If the beverage is to be served as punch at a dance or other social function a block of ice should be placed in the bowl, which may be effectively decorated with slices of fruit, a bunch of mint or a cluster of grapes. Slices of fruit should float in the punch.

When you want to serve an easily prepared, delightfully refreshing beverage try one of the following.

GINGER NECTAR

To each glass of ice-cold ginger-ale add slowly 2 tablespoons of thick cream and 1 teaspoon finely cut preserved ginger. Mix well.

ORANGE PUNCH

1 quart of cold tea — Juice of 3 oranges
Juice of 2 lemons — 1 pint of ginger-ale

Mix the ingredients well, add very little sugar sirup (to taste), serve with cracked ice.

CATAWBA COOLNESS

1 quart catawba grape juice — Juice of 1 lemon
1 pineapple (juice and grated pulp) or 1 can grated pineapple

Mix, add sugar sirup if needed, and serve with cracked ice.

GRANDMOTHER'S LEMONADE

Juice and grated rind of six lemons
2 quarts of water — 2 cups of sugar sirup

Mix, add more sirup if necessary. Serve with cracked ice.

CURRANT COMBINATION

1 quart currant juice — Juice of 1 lemon
1 cup raspberry juice — Sirup to taste

Mix well, chill, and serve with cracked ice.

LOGANBERRY CUP

1 quart loganberry juice — Juice of 2 lemons
1 pint water — Sirup to taste
1 pint ginger-ale

Mix well, sweeten to taste, chill and serve with cracked ice.

GRAPE ALE

1 quart grape juice — 1 quart ginger-ale
½ cup maraschino cherries, cut fine — Sirup to taste

Mix, chill and serve with cracked ice.

HAWAIIAN TEA

2 quarts cold tea — 1 cup maraschino cherries (fruit and juice)
Juice of 6 lemons — 2½ cups sugar sirup
1 can shredded pineapple

Mix, chill, and serve with cracked ice.

MINTADE

2 cups water — 1 bunch of mint (cut very fine)
Juice of 6 lemons
2 quarts ginger-ale
Sirup to taste

Add lemon juice and mint to water and let stand one hour. Strain, chill, add ginger-ale and sugar sirup to taste. Serve with cracked ice.

LEMON NOVELTY

1 quart of water — Juice of 6 lemons
1 cup sugar sirup — Few gratings of nutmeg

Mix and chill. Serve in tall glasses, putting 2 tablespoons of lemon or orange ice on top of each glass just before serving.

ICED TEA VARIATIONS

Serve with slices of lemon, orange, pineapple, strawberry or other acid fruits.

Serve with cloves or cinnamon.

Infuse with a tiny piece of vanilla bean in the pot.

Add a few gratings of nutmeg.

Serve with chopped mint or grated cucumber.

Add ¼ the quantity of rhubarb juice.

[*Turn to page 44*]

Remember— Your teeth get no vacation!

So guard them by the "Wash—Don't Scour" method

It's the same old grind, grind, grind, every day in the year, so far as your teeth are concerned. You may rest or play at the lakes, the woods or the shore, but your teeth must keep right on doing their daily work—and doing it well.

Modern Dental science proves that good teeth mean good health—that care of your teeth is an investment that pays lifelong dividends both in beauty and in health.

But use a safe, common sense dentifrice

Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream, because it contains no grit, "washes" teeth and polishes them gently and safely —keeps them thoroughly clean. It brings out all the natural beauty of tooth enamel without the slightest danger of scratching it, or wearing it away.

Colgate's is a common sense dentifrice, based on soap and precipitated chalk — the two substances which authorities approve. No "cure-all" claims* are made for Colgate's. Its only function is to keep teeth clean. A Dentist, not a dentifrice, corrects and cures unhealthy mouth conditions.

*In the book "Good Teeth" (Keep Well Series No. 13) on page 14, the United States Public Health Service says, ... "No medicine has ever been suggested which will cure pyorrhea, and the sooner this fact is recognized by both dentist and patient the better for all concerned".

A large tube costs only 25c—for Colgate's is priced as sensibly as it is manufactured.

COLGATE & CO.
Established 1806

Truth in advertising implies honesty in manufacture

COLGATE & CO.
Dept. 569
199 Fulton St., New York City

Please send me, free, a trial size of Ribbon Dental Cream.

Name _____

Address _____

F.W.WOOLWORTH CO. 5 AND 10¢ STORE

For long, lively service buy fresh *Elastic*

"THERE!—that's off my mind for months to come."

Such is your satisfaction when you have run Vitex Elastic through your clothing, your lingerie, your kiddies' clothing. For Vitex Elastic reaches you strong and new, with months of life ahead of it.

Time and air are enemies of elastic life. But Vitex Elastic coming direct to you over the Woolworth counter—with no stop at middleman or jobber—reaches you as fresh as it is possible to buy elastic, ready for the longest service elastic is able to give.

And Vitex Elastic is not only fresh—it is smart in appearance and substantially made of smooth yarns and pure Para rubber. Yet you pay no more for this *fresh* elastic than you would for just the ordinary kind!

In buying elastic, there are just two facts to remember; one, that stretching is not a true test of freshness; two, that there *is* one certain guide to smart, serviceable elastic—the Vitex label. This label, an unfailing guarantee of economy, is found at Woolworth Stores exclusively.

VITEX Plain Elastic

VITEX Plain Elastic can be used for innumerable household and personal needs. There is braided elastic, preferred for lingerie and children's things—elastic with plenty of "give" for use where long stretch is essential. Or woven elastic with a firm steady pull that promises neatness—for such things as belting and garters.

VITEX Shirred Ribbon Elastic

Use VITEX Shirred Ribbon Elastic for fancy garters, for baby carriage straps, for a host of other dainty articles. All Vitex Shirred Ribbon Elastic is covered with fine quality satin ribbon—in plain colors, two-tone, figured or striped—in the smartest and most popular shades.

VITEX Elastic

VITEX Elastic is sold exclusively at
F. W. WOOLWORTH CO. *Stores*

Devil's Dust

[*Continued from page 20*]

woman should be ashamed of having spied.

MADGE'S last letter from Florence increased Daphne's discontent. For that matter, Anne Vier had already succeeded in doing so. A timely word dropped about Peter's and Nancy's cup of coffee at Kismajon's had caused Daphne to assume an air of studied innocence when Peter remarked that the log cabin was most unattractive—"one could imagine all sorts of intrigues fomented there."

"I never remember Nancy's being so easily chilled," Daphne murmured pensively, "perhaps she has a new sort of heart trouble!"

She wondered how long before Nancy would come. Being the night for Peter's club banquet, she was safe in having asked her for dinner, sending in the car. She must be certain Nancy did not meet Peter on the way.

When Peter looked in to say goodbye, Daphne said pleasantly, to his amazement: "Don't think of me as being lonesome this evening. Nancy is coming for dinner. I may coax her to stay overnight."

She smiled, as he lingered at the door. "Nancy?" he repeated, "coming here tonight?"

"You can't break your dinner engagement," Daphne was still smiling. "Never mind—I dare say you'll see enough of her as it is . . . no more heliotrope, Anne, I loathe synthetic scents. Can you never remember?" Peter suffered himself to be banished, to drive to the club with a head filled with conflicting, and for the most part, useless thoughts. When he rose to make his after dinner speech on a plan proposed for world peace, incidentally donating a thousand dollars towards the new gymnasium, he was thinking of Daphne and Nancy and their evening together—Nancy's pale, determined face as she discussed, likely as not, bleaching creams and the latest novels and Daphne's fat and frantic self as she would ply Nancy with questions or commands. . . .

Had he known—they both were silent, everything had been said. Nancy was driving back to Dolthan, her head leaning listlessly against the car cushions, her eyes staring ahead, seeing nothing real and everything unreal, her ears still tingling with the echo of Daphne's venomous thrusts.

"I am not interested in knowing if your idea of gratitude is making love to Peter," she burst forth, after dinner and as soon as they were alone. "Wait, don't postpone your admission by silly fibs. I want you to realize I am too well informed on the subject to have to submit to lies," she breathed deeply, as if with an effort, waiting Nancy's reply.

"I understand," Nancy said with such sincerity that Daphne was silenced. "We have talked it all out. You have nothing to fear from me. Peter is determined to be above suspicion."

"What does this mean?"

"Can't you see—are you so dense?" Nancy was indignant as well as defiant.

"I know," blurted out Daphne, despite her resolutions, "that you have loved him for years—that you finally told him so—and made violent, indecent love to him—at a roadside cabin. What do you think I ought to do to you?" demanded Daphne, as if she were in charge of a helpless, infamous culprit.

"Do what Peter has promised to do—let me alone."

"Oh, so he is to let you alone! Are you actually willing?"

"I insisted on it," Nancy said, "either I must be wholly his or no more to him—than you are! It does not matter whether it is right or wrong of me to love Peter. It is not for us to analyze how such things come to pass. But we do know he has not been able to love you for many years and that you have never truly loved him. I can hardly be accused of alienating affections—isn't that what they call it?"

Daphne did not seem to hear. She ended the conversation—which was to have ended by a dignified dismissal on Daphne's part—by having to summon Anne Vier, who slipped into the room to take her mistress away. Nancy rang for the car and went back to Dolthan feeling rather heartless, decidedly unnerved and altogether hopeless.

PETER came to her office during the noon hour of the next day. But she met his inquiry of, "What happened—tell me what she said?" with the bitter comment: "What does it matter? It is all words, words, words—ifs and buts and perhaps—and never doing things. That is what being 'well bred' is liable to amount to."

"So she knows," he said slowly. "Well—I'm not sorry! It ends your having to come and go at her bidding—that was hardly fair. I don't think I could have stood seeing you at Hidden House and knowing all you felt.

"I'll not see you again?" Peter could not resist saying, as he left the room.

"Hardly, I'm quite rushed," she answered. "We'll finish talking some other time." But both knew it to be for all time, as far as Nancy was concerned.

IT ANNOYED Peter when the servants became conscious of a "row." Invariably, he fled—just as the servants had agreed or even wagered he would! Returning, therefore, a month after Daphne's arraignment of Nancy, Peter found her in an appealing and novel frame of mind.

"I want to have a long talk, the sort of talk we should have had years ago," Daphne said so readily, Peter should have known that, mentally, she had written, edited, memorized and rehearsed all that she was to tell him.

"It is not too late to have it now," but his gentleness was disarming.

"For so many years that I refuse to count them, we have not been friends," Daphne began, drawing a deep breath, a trifle nervous lest she "forget" any of the speech, conscious there was no one to prompt her. "It is mostly my fault. There is no use going over the details; it would be as poor taste as to re-tell the scandals of great people, would it not?" she held out a carefully manicured hand, not over-laden with rings for a wonder.

"Then today, let us go on with what is possible—not what we wish were possible. I cannot bear this estrangement—even if it has been my fault. I'm trying desperately to come back to normal—another six weeks and I will be there! I've been all sorts of a great fool—the flirtations, idle life, the spiritualistic craze—and always the drug," her head drooped. "You've been so good to me—so patient."

Peter stroked her hand. "Don't blame yourself too vigorously," he began, "we will only get into an even greater muddle."

"I won't, I won't," she was like a naughty child, promising to reform. "Surely we must understand about the future—our future, Peter. If I have so hampered your work, at least I've not embellished my own. My life, too, is empty. You were very right—we should have had children," this was the great crux of the situation. Daphne had been correct when she estimated it would stir Peter to action.

"You have finally come to realize—after all this time?" he asked, but so hopelessly she wondered if her climax had been well timed or not.

"Let us adopt a child," she added, watching him closely in the dim light. "That shall be our mutual bond. It must be a newborn child, if I am to decide. Let it come to us as nearly as if our own had come in the wasted years."

"If this is your earnest wish, it shall be mine," he wondered if the words sounded as forced as his emotion. "But are you very sure? To adopt a child—"

"Two, if you like. I want my arms filled, my heart occupied. We cannot be friends unless we find a mutual contact . . . . don't you see how it can work out, how you will have [*Turn to page 40*]

Getting up meals is a basic industry like mining or working in the steel mills. But Mother can't strike—or doesn't! She keeps right on in the kitchen

Ideas will help her. Something good, which you home cooks have discovered with your kitchen apron on, will shine out in this colyum—and please its conductor, too!

Ideas With a Kick

F. G. O.'s Colyum

"YES WE HAVE NO BANANAS." Some say that Eve should have looked the serpent in the eye back there in the Garden of Eden days, and let him hear this popular American slogan.

For though we've been led all these years to believe the forbidden fruit was an apple, no less an authority than the National Geographic Society now declares that it must have been a banana.

TODAY D. I. M. OF BONDUEL, WISCONSIN, assures us in good faith that she adds the pulp of half a banana to powdered sugar icing, and "the result is truly amazing."

Also Mrs. A. M. S. of Minneapolis puts sliced bananas in lemon pie and that's good, she says.

WELL, HERE'S OUR BRIEF for bananas. Yes, they have no bones like fish. Yes, they have no shells like nuts. Yes, they have no pits like cherries. Yes, they come all sanitary-wrapped from nature's laboratory.

WE LIKE BAKED BANANAS as a garnish for steak. We've been told too that you can beat them up (raw) with egg-white and use the result for whipped cream.

WHIPPED CREAM? HEAR THIS TALE to the extravagant but canny end:

"I'm not going to whip the cream now," said E. E. J. of Hoquiam, Washington, to her friend, whom she'd invited to luncheon. "It will be an hour before we sit down to eat." (Letting her know the worst immediately!)

"Huh," said f. invited to l., "cut up marshmallows and put in it, whip them all up in it. Set it away on ice for an hour and when dessert time rolls around, you'll have the stiffest and sweetest flavored cream you ever saw.

QUESTION YOUR WAITRESS. Make friends with her. It may pay. E. D. Y. asked hers in a tea room in Los Angeles one day, what it was about that mayonnaise dressing on the fruit salad that was so different.

"Why, it has a spoonful of apple butter in it," the pretty would-be movie star answered.

HO-HUM! CONDUCTING A FOOD COLYUM is hungry work. Here we sit looking over contribs, all containing delicious schemes for "interior decoration."

And mind you we've had nothing to eat so far today but what is technically known as a "light-weight breakfast"—an orange and a cup of coffee.

How we can carry on until lunch time is not clear. Judging by the names, though, we think we'd rather have the "light-weight breakfast" than the "breakfast nonchalant."

HAVE YOU PERCHANCE AN UPSTAGE YOUNG CONVALESCENT in your home who needs to have something slipped over on him?

Serve him some of Mrs. W. A. G.'s cocoa. She beats an egg-white stiff, adds the yolk and beats again. Then she stirs a cup of hot cocoa into this mixture.

If you wish, you may add a little vanilla. Mrs. W. A. G. doesn't insist on that point.

A POWERFUL PIECE COMES from N. R. G. of Glenside, Pennsylvania, who considers stew to be quite the "ant's necktie" in food.

At least she is determined to give it every chance in the world by cutting the potatoes into little balls with her vegetable scoop, the carrots into strips, and the turnips into tiny shamrocks. She serves her "ragôut" on her best silver platter, sprinkling it with chopped parsley and letting rich brown gravy surround it.

As a quaint little old tin-smith in our town advertises:

"It's because we love our business
We make these many shows
We put it out in fancy dress
It looks well in these clothes."

N. R. G. ALSO CUTS CUCUMBERS into long strips, and serves them to be eaten "free-hand"—dipped into salt and consumed like celery.

MAYBE YOU'VE NOT YET MASTERED a clever detail which is known to the sophisticated A. F. M. of Mittineague, Massachusetts. When she cooks a roast she boils onions on a corner of the range to serve with the roast.

Then, when it comes time to make the gravy, she uses the water strained from the onions.

HOME-MADE SUNDAES—do you get any kick out of that idea? We have often used jelly on plain ice-cream, also we'd have you understand—stuffed dates and peach and strawberry preserves.

Now comes Mrs. S. R. of Montclair, New Jersey, with her text, which reads:

"Put a good ball of vanilla ice-cream on a slice of canned pineapple. Over it pour a sauce made of canned apricots put through a purée sieve and sweetened. Sprinkle some finely chopped salted almonds over the top of the sundae."

You know the formula: Send your idea to F. G. O., Care of McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City. If F. G. O. can use it, you get a check for two dollars!

A growing frequency of blackheads and blemishes—
A slight coarsening of texture—
An oiliness that demands every day more and more powder—

Evidence of what daily life is draining from your skin

NO MATTER how clear or lovely your complexion may be, it needs constant and proper care to offset the ravaging effect of harsh dry winds, of dust and soot, and the general conditions of modern life. A skin unprotected against these elements, or subjected to indiscriminate treatment sooner or later gives evidence of the fact—blackheads, oiliness, sallowness and a coarsening of the texture result.

To preserve a good complexion

and keep the skin healthy thousands of women have adopted the daily use of Resinol Soap. First, because it gives perfect cleansing—searching the depths of each tiny pore without removing the natural oil so necessary to keep the skin soft and smooth. It quickens the circulation in the thousands of tiny blood vessels that nourish the skin and it builds a real resistance to germ development.

Get a cake of Resinol Soap from your druggist today and give it the whole responsibility of keeping your skin clear, smooth and lovely.

Should blemishes appear

apply a touch of Resinol Ointment, after bathing with Resinol Soap, and smooth it in very gently with the fingers. If possible leave it on overnight. Then in the morning wash off again with Resinol Soap.

Within a week you will begin to notice the difference in your skin—a finer, softer texture—a ruddier glow—a clearing of the ugly little blemishes.

Resinol Ointment also for more serious affections

Not only is Resinol Ointment used by women everywhere for clearing away minor skin blemishes—but its soothing, healing properties have for years been successful in relieving more stubborn skin affections. Rashes and eczema—often itching, unpleasant and embarrassing—will in many cases vanish in a few days. Resinol is absolutely harmless. It will not irritate even the delicate texture of an infant's skin.

RESINOL
SOAP *and* OINTMENT

FREE TRIAL OFFER
Send this coupon or a postal card today

Dept. 2-H, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.

Please send me, without charge, a trial size cake of Resinol Soap and a sample of Resinol Ointment—enough for several days' ordinary use.

Name .....
Street .....
City .....State .....

Nucoa
The Wholesome Spread for Bread

Wholesome means "tending to promote health, beneficial, vigorous". Therefore Nucoa is *wholesome* in *every* sense of the word.

Snowy Cocoanut

Made of the nourishing, easily digested fat from the snow-white meat of the cocoanut, Nucoa helps to promote health—is beneficial. And Nucoa is so high in energy value it tends to make you *vigorous*—is so rich in vitamins it promotes growth.

Delicious

In making Nucoa the rich cocoanut fat is blended with pure Pasteurized milk. So Nucoa has the true, sweet-as-clover flavor. Therefore Nucoa is Delicious.

Saving

Nucoa is about half the price of the usual Spread—a saving in price—a gain in Quality. And Nucoa, unlike other spreads, is always uniform in quality —always fresh and sweet.

Today's Recipe

Just try Nucoa melting into sweet corn on the cob, fluffy mashed potatoes, and light, hot biscuits.

Finest Table Quality about half the price-

THE BEST FOODS, Inc.
New York Chicago San Francisco

The efficient homemaker needs a desk and equipment for her own use

The Business End of Homemaking

Here Are Ideas and Devices Which Successfully Have Saved Other Women Time and Money and Work

By Lucy A. Studley
Assistant Professor, Home Management Section, University of Minnesota

MORE and more, women are coming to realize that homemaking is a business, and that in order to run a home successfully the maker of that home must be businesslike. Just as you cannot do good work in a kitchen which lacks the necessary utensils and conveniences, so you cannot be efficient in the business management of your home without some place in it which corresponds to an office, and equipment with which to work properly.

This place may be only a desk, which at once becomes the center of the business administration of your home. And if this desk can be nothing more than a kitchen table painted, with drawer space in it, and a painted kitchen chair before it, you should have one. Then, if the attic is the only place you can put it, clear out a corner there for your "office." Insist on its being exclusively yours, and while you are at work there, refuse to be interrupted for any reason.

Though you can get along without a typewriter, you will find it a help in keeping neat and business-like records, in writing business letters and so on. File boxes or cases are indispensable, for there must be a place for things and everything in its place if you are to be an efficient home executive.

These three lists tell you of business equipment which other women have found helpful in the efficient management of their homes.

LIST I

In this list you will find the least expensive articles. Many you can buy for almost nothing. Others will cost you only thought.

CALENDAR

DRAWER, conveniently located (for holding writing materials and household record books)

WRITING MATERIALS (stationery, pencils, pens, fountain pen, eraser, paste, thumb tacks, ruler, scissors, clips, rubber bands, labels, stamps, carbon paper, and so forth)

LARGE DESK BLOTTER AND PAD

INK WELL AND PEN TRAY

SPINDLE, for purchase slips (a pointed metal holder, upon which papers are held)

PENCIL SHARPENER

MEMORANDUM PADS (for daily notes)

WASTE BASKET

FOLDERS, for classifying and filing correspondence

CARD FILE (for helpful notes and records; such as sizes of garments, addresses of business firms, food recipes or proportions, inventories or food supplies, clothing, household equipment and furnishings, any special records for financial obligations; personal records for members of family, such as data of vaccinations and prescriptions for glasses, lists of birthdays and special anniversaries, and so forth)

JOURNAL (for daily record of expenditures)

SUMMARY ACCOUNT BOOK (for budget and classified record of daily expenditure summarized)

WORK SCHEDULES (for daily, weekly, and seasonal home activities, as cleaning, gardening, and so forth)

MEALS PLANNED AT LEAST ONE DAY IN ADVANCE (a longer unit of 4 days or 7 days is better; the unit of time adjusted to the family)

GOVERNMENT BULLETINS (from the Superintendent of Documents)

LIST II

In this list are articles which, while they cost more than those in the first, are perhaps correspondingly more useful.

BILL OR LETTER FILE (for paid bills and business correspondence)

TELEPHONE (preferably a desk phone)

TELEPHONE PAD (for telephone numbers most often used)

TELEPHONE EXTENSION (so telephone can be used on both first and second floors)

PARCEL POST SCALE (for weighing packages)

CARD FILE (better quality than in List 1)

DESK LIGHT (with adjustable bulb and shade)

DESK CLOCK

TIN CASH BOX (with lock)

PENCIL SHARPENER (which can be attached to the side of desk)

LIST III

This list contains the most expensive business equipment you'll need, but it is very necessary and its cost need not be prohibitive.

DESK (conveniently located and of such a type as to afford suitable storage space inside and working space on top)

DESK CHAIR

TYPEWRITER (portable or stationary)

TYPEWRITER TABLE (unless typewriter can be accommodated in or on desk)

ADJUSTABLE TYPEWRITER CHAIR

SMALL SAFE (for safe storage of financial papers and records or inventories of household equipment and furnishings and so forth)

FILE CASE (of metal or wood, with drawers)

BOOK CASE

CHECKING ACCOUNT (for convenience in payment of bills)

Gone!
that in-the-dishpan Look

Nobody would choose kitchen soap *for toilet soap* ~yet you use kitchen soap for an hour and a half every day in the dishpan · ·

YOU'D never admit that you are over-particular about your toilet soap but of course you wouldn't use kitchen soap to wash your hands! Nobody would.

Yet you wash your dishes with kitchen soap—you put your hands in the suds of coarse strong soap *and keep them there an hour and a half every day!* Much longer than you spend washing your hands in the good toilet soap you buy!

No wonder dishwashing came to be a bugbear. Your nice soft hands all red and scratchy!

You don't have to put up with this coarsening of your hands any longer. Just use Lux for washing your dishes. It has the same soothing effect on your skin as fine toilet soap.

* * *

THE outer skin of your hands is almost as sensitive to harsh soap as a fine fabric. Nature has her own way of keeping it soft and smooth with natural oils hidden just under the surface.

These beautifying oils dry out in strong suds of kitchen soap. Your hands sting and then turn rough and red. They just cry out that they've been three times a day in the dishpan.

The pure gentle Lux suds are as easy on your hands as fine toilet soap

With Lux you can get rid of that in-the-dishpan look. There are no harsh ingredients in Lux to dry out the natural beautifying oils of your hands—it keeps them soft and smooth.

JUST ONE TEASPOONFUL

A teaspoonful to the dishpan is all you need. You can get enough suds from one teaspoonful of Lux to do all the breakfast or the lunch dishes; the dinner dishes may take two. You can buy Lux in the regular size or in the big new package.

IMPORTANT USES FOR LUX

In addition to the well-known uses recommended by great fabric manufacturers—silks—woolens—fine cottons and linens—try Lux for

Family Laundry	Porcelain
Dishes	Rugs
Linoleum	Automobiles
Paint	Shampoo

LEVER BROS. CO., CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Eat and keep cool says HAWAII

Take a leaf from the book of tropical Hawaii's experience.

Solve the hot-weather cookery problem as Hawaii's housewives long ago learned to solve it: By serving cooling fruit-foods instead of heavy, heating dishes. Let Hawaiian Pineapple point the way!

Fortunately Hawaiian Pineapple, wonder fruit of the tropics, is now readily available for every-day, year-round uses—canned in two convenient, economical forms, *Sliced* and *Crushed*—each particularly suitable for certain types of uses.

Both *Sliced* and *Crushed* are identical in quality and flavor – the same full-ripened fruit from the same model Hawaiian Plantations – packed in its own luscious, golden juice.

Keep both kinds on hand—and serve them often! You will generally find it cheaper to order by the dozen—a half-dozen cans of each kind.

And Try These Favorite Recipes:

SPECIAL PINEAPPLE SALAD: Arrange a slice of Hawaiian Pineapple on a crisp leaf of lettuce for each service. Shape cream cheese into small balls and dust each one with paprika. Place on the pineapple slice allowing three for each serving. Heap the center of the pineapple with mayonnaise.

PINEAPPLE RICE: Boil 1 cup of rice until tender. Drain and while hot add 1 cup of well-drained Crushed Hawaiian Pineapple and ½ cup of sifted powdered sugar. Pack in a well greased mold and chill. Turn out on serving plate and garnish with whipped cream and sprinkle with finely chopped blanched and browned almonds.

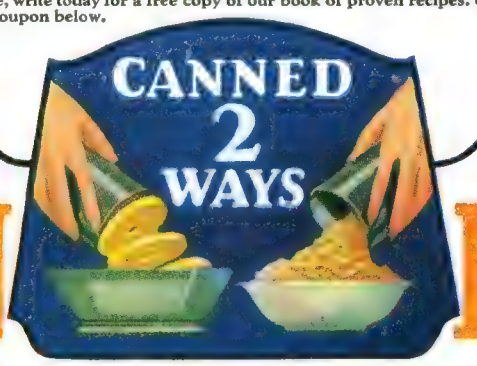
ORANGE CUP: Cut 3 large oranges in halves; remove pulp. Cut edges into saw teeth. Peel and dice 1 large banana. Mix banana, orange pulp and 1 cup Crushed Hawaiian Pineapple. Heap in orange cups.

PRIZE PINEAPPLE PIE: Heat 1½ cups milk. Mix ½ cup sugar, ⅛ teaspoon salt and 2 tablespoons cornstarch and slowly add hot milk. Cook in double boiler until thick and cornstarch is thoroughly cooked, or about 40 minutes. Pour onto 2 egg yolks, return to double boiler and cook until the eggs thicken or about 3 minutes. Cool and add 1 cup well-drained Crushed Hawaiian Pineapple and ½ teaspoon vanilla. Pour into a baked crust and cover with a meringue made of 2 stiffly beaten egg whites and 2 tablespoons powdered sugar. Brown quickly in a hot oven.

PINEAPPLE ICE: Mix 1½ cups sugar and 1 cup hot water. Boil until the sirup spins a thread when a little is dropped from the tip of the spoon. Add 1 cup cold water, ¼ cup lemon juice and 2 cups Crushed Hawaiian Pineapple. Freeze until of mushy consistency and serve.

You Ought to Have This Free Book

For many other delightful ways to serve Crushed Hawaiian Pineapple, write today for a free copy of our book of proven recipes. Use the coupon below.



HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE

Sliced

—For serving right from the can and for quick desserts and salads.

Crushed

—For sundaes, ices, pies, cake filling, salads and hundreds of made-up dishes.

Department 102, Association of Hawaiian Pineapple Canners,
451 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.
Please send me, free of charge, a copy of your recipe book.

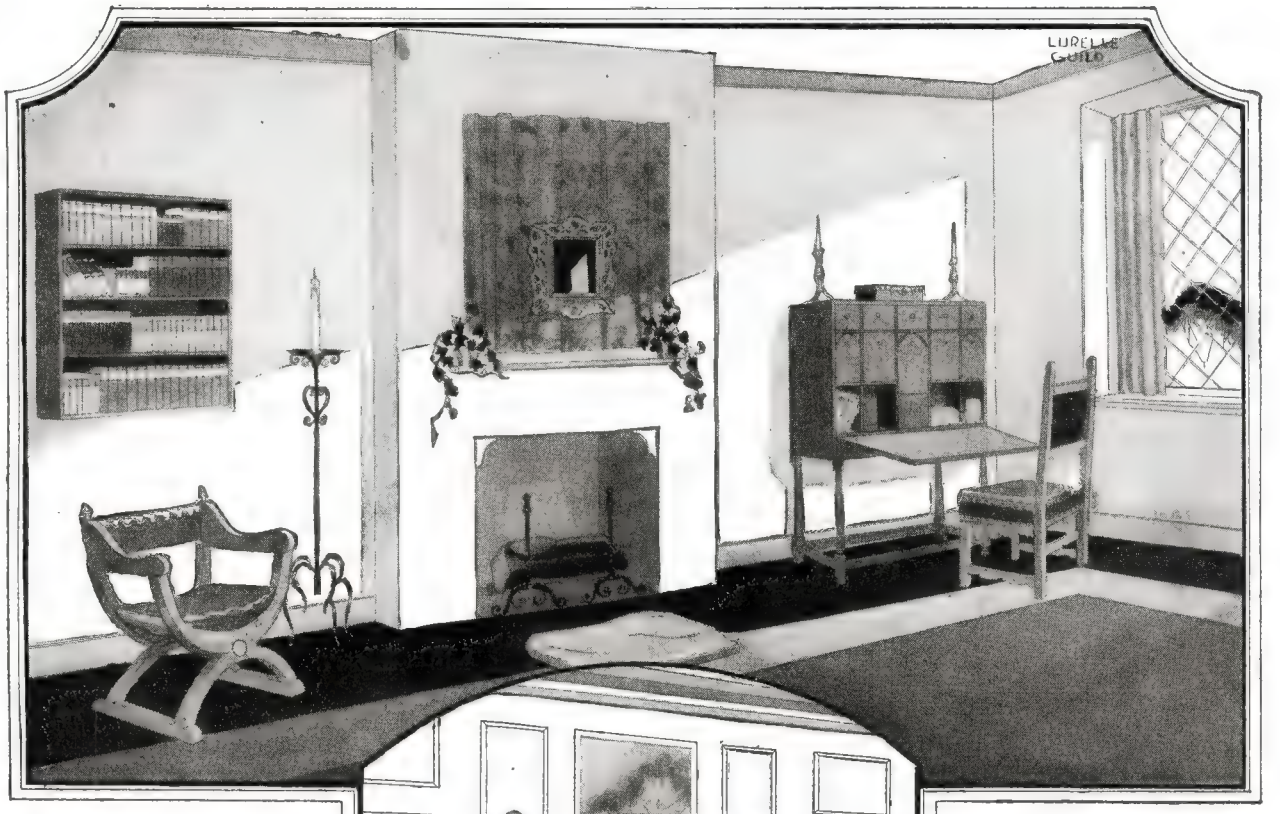
Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

Be Your Own Interior Decorator

By Helen Gaston Fish



An appreciation of the proper light and dark arrangement is essential for effective decorating

Use large pieces of furniture as a center and group small pieces as shown here at the left

WE HEAR much these days on the subject of better housing. Everything has been stressed but the environment *within* the house. I firmly believe that when the furnishings of a home have been well selected, then assembled in an arrangement that expresses good composition, held together in good color harmony, much has been accomplished toward turning the house into a real home.

The proper choosing of furnishings immediately eliminates much that is more than unnecessary. In a home that is overcrowded, everything is choked at the start and becomes further choked with litter. The overcrowding results from the fact that the average homemaker has never been trained to select furnishings created on art standards. She constantly buys, shifts, throws out and replaces, with no real standard of selection or arrangement. Buying on impulse, in the hope that the purchase will "fit somewhere" does not help to create a home. The homemaker realizes this after a try-out but too late to return the misfit to the shop. She buys something more to offset the first useless purchase—and so it goes!

IS IT possible for persons not interested in art and not trained as artists, to acquire sufficient knowledge effectively to aid them in buying wisely for the home and arranging it beautifully and properly? Not only is it possible but it is the homemaker's duty. Articles of fine art furnishings are articles of permanent value, and their purchase is true economy in the end.

Good taste never necessarily means excessive expenditure. Many a home that reflects prosperity almost violently shows a pitiable lack of the ability to select and assemble with that taste which is often so graciously expressed in humble surroundings by those who know how to create atmosphere. How can the difficulties be overcome? With a knowledge and appreciation of the principles of art — fine proportions, good spacing, proper dark and light arrangement, and real color harmony—the homemaker creates an environment every home should have, and at the same time expresses herself, her individuality. There are a few fundamental laws that always govern in decorating problems, which I shall try to state directly and explicitly, believing that in simple truths simply expressed we reach the point more quickly.

In furnishing any house, large or small, I should emphasize three great points: Simplicity, Unity, Quality.

Study simple, honest construction in furniture as well as in building. Dare to be simple and you will grow in power. Eliminate all non-essentials. Learn the eloquence expressed by large, open areas, both in wall and floor spaces.

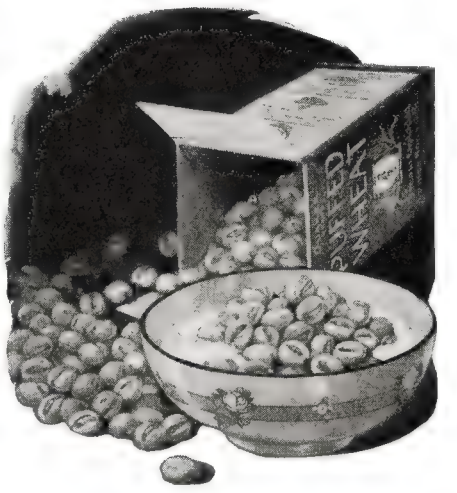
LINES cutting wall spaces, such as moldings, must be considered with due respect in placing the large pieces of furniture. We all know how discouraging it is to try to fit large pieces in too small spaces. When the bookcases, secretary, highboy and cupboards have been installed with regard to balance and proper space filling they will appear to have grown in their places, and we have a good start toward harmony. Many vertical lines, resulting from tall bits of furniture, panelling, or stripes in wall paper or fabrics, and to add apparent height whereas corresponding horizontal lines have the effect of bringing down ceilings that are too high.

In grouping the smaller bits of furnishings, unity is next considered. Make the large pieces the basis and group near them the small pieces, well chosen for line and proportion. Do not scatter small pieces about the room. Although attractive in themselves, too many small pieces create an effect of confusion. There must be a center of interest in every room. In a living-room the fire-place usually holds this interest, and to [*Turn to page 44*]

DOES the homemaker need the services of a professional decorator in decorating her new home or redecorating her old one? Or can she learn a few general principles of artistic decoration and apply them to her own problems and adapt them to her own preferences? These questions form the basis for discussion in this article by Helen Gaston Fish, who is collaborating with Marcia Mead, McCall's Consulting Architect.

Mrs. Fish has realized forcibly the need of meeting this problem in the amazing response to the series of lectures, "Study Hours for Home-Makers" which she has been conducting at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York. As lecturer, also, in the course, at Teacher's College, Columbia University, "Buying for Home Furnishing," her words have added weight and authority.

Grains *of deliciousness*



with the food value of whole wheat

HERE is a dish, light as the morning and richly appetizing, to bring enchantment to the breakfast table.

Crisp and toasty grains of wheat, steam exploded to eight times their natural size with every food cell broken to make digestion easy. Vigor food with the lure of a confection.

The flavor is like nut-meats. And the food value that of *whole wheat* with the vital elements, the minerals and bran that active adults and growing children need.

You serve with milk or cream, or in bowls of half and half, and as a special allurement, with fresh or cooked fruit.

Just for the joy of it—try Quaker Puffed Wheat today.

Puffed Rice, also

Grains of rice, steam exploded like the wheat, an ideal breakfast dish—and at bedtime, too.

Professor Anderson's Invention

Quaker Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice are the famous invention of Professor Anderson, formerly of Columbia University. Food shot from guns, grain foods thoroughly cooked.

Quaker Puffed Wheat

Quaker Puffed Rice

No Dingy Film

See how teeth shine without it

COMBAT the film on your teeth for ten days—the film that clouds their luster. This offers the way to do it. Then see the new beauty you gain.

This simple test has won millions to this new way of teeth cleaning. Half the world over careful people now use this method. Leading dentists everywhere now advise it.

See and feel for yourself the delightful results. Ask for this test today.

Why teeth discolor

Your teeth are coated with a viscous film. You can feel it with your tongue. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays.

That film absorbs stains, making the teeth look dingy. It is also the basis of tartar. It is that film-coat that discolors, not your teeth.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Thus most tooth troubles are now traced to that film. Despite the tooth brush, those troubles have been constantly increasing. For the old brushing methods have failed to end film.

Now a new method

When you visit your dentist he removes the film and tartar. But in months between it may do ceaseless damage.

So dental science has for years sought a daily film combatant. It has now been found. Able authorities have proved its efficiency. Now millions of people daily employ it, largely by dental advice.

The method is embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. It is now in use half the world over. And to careful people of every race it is bringing a new dental era.

What Pepsodent does

Pepsodent attacks the film in two effective ways. Then it leaves teeth highly polished, so film less easily adheres.

But there are other requirements and Pepsodent meets them all.

It multiplies the salivary flow—Nature's great tooth-protecting agent. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That to digest starch deposits that cling. It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva, to neutralize the acids which cause tooth decay.

Twice a day Pepsodent brings all these natural forces to fight the enemies of teeth. The results you see and feel will surprise you.

Men who smoke see conspicuous results, for the stains disappear with the film. Women see them also, for any film-coat is more or less discolored.

Children obtain most important results, for their teeth are markedly subject to these film attacks.

Protect the Enamel

Pepsodent disintegrates the film, then removes it with an agent far softer than enamel. Never use a film combatant which contains harsh grit.

PAT. OFF.
Pepsodent
REG. U. S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

What you will see

Send this coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth become whiter as film-coats disappear.

What you see and feel will convince you. No old way of tooth brushing has ever brought such results.

—CUT OUT THE COUPON NOW

Canadian Office and Laboratories:
191 George St., Toronto, Canada

1626

10-DAY TUBE FREE

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY
Dept. 82, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Mail 10-day tube of Pepsodent to

_____

_____

Only one tube to a family

Helping Father

[*Continued from page 2*]

persistently stressed mental effort, mental development. It is divided into many ramifications, and those who are particularly interested in religion, or politics, or poetry, or history, or literature, may culture themselves along certain lines, or they may absorb the broader culture of the whole club. It was literary day at Ebell and three women, whose names I would be proud to give if I recalled them, stood up before that club and each of them reviewed the work of a poet. One discussed Edward Arlington Robinson; one Kipling; and one Walter de la Mare. Each of them opened with a general talk on poetry and an intimate discussion of the poet and the peculiar kind of poetry the man she was discussing wrote. And in proving what kind of poetry it was that each of these three poets wrote, none of these three women introduced less than a dozen of the poems of the author she was discussing, and not one of them used either a note or reference. Offhand and from memory they made these discussions and recited from a dozen up of poems of greater or less length by each of these authors.

Now what I would like to see would be the spectacle of the husband of any one of these women, provided they are married, performing the same intellectual feat. The fact of the matter is that the men of America today are losing out intellectually as fast as it possibly can be done at the hands of their wives and daughters. While the men are earning the money and paying the bills, the families are living in luxury, developing their tastes and their minds. I do not know when I have met a man who was superior to his wife in appearance or intellect. In my younger days, it was the regular thing for the wife to be a tired, overworked drudge, the bearer of many children, the weaver and the seamstress and the washwoman, the cook and the general manager of the whole family, dowdy in appearance, stunted in intellect. At that time it was the men who had cultured their minds; who had polished them against the minds of other men who were in a condition to stand up and make speeches and put up a fine appearance. At this minute I am staring straight ahead of me trying with all my might to think of one man I know and am accustomed to meeting educationally, professionally, and socially today, who is superior to his wife in appearance, in education, in tact and in self-assurance.

I do not say that the women have so quickly mastered politics and business that they are equals of men along these lines, but I do say that through their work in churches, in schools, in clubs, women have acquired poise and tact and taken on such culture that they make half the men I meet accompanying them seem dumb and awkward, not fit mates; and there are very many women who are seeking divorces outright or are talking about "incompatibility," and the beginning of their cause of complaint lies in the fact that while the men were earning the money, the women have been developing their beauty, cultivating their brains, and acquiring tact and poise that make them want to discard the mechanical, old-fashioned man to whom they are married and link their fortunes for the rest of the way with men who can speak a grammatical brand of English, who know how to conduct themselves on social occasions, who can stand up and make a reasonably dignified and appealing speech upon any subject they are called upon to tackle.

I have not heard very many people discussing this angle of life in our country today, but it is my business to have one ear to the ground in human nature as well as natural science, and I do at the present minute "view with alarm" the difference in looks, poise, mentality, almost any feature you can mention pertaining to women, that can be acquired as the women are acquiring the thing that today makes them beautiful in person and brilliant in mentality in a degree far surpassing the men they have married. One generation more in which women may familiarize themselves with business and politics as they have with travel, books, and social customs; one generation more of men shut up in offices and factories and stores, and the wives and mothers will be so far ahead of the men they must marry that there will be no way to help the men rise to the women's level and continue doing the work of the world.

I recall very distinctly that when I was a child it was my father who did the travelling and read the books and made the speeches and came in contact with the world. It was mother who bore the babies, and wove the linen and spun the yarn and ran the sewing machine, who managed the household affairs and frequently assisted the cook; but there was never a night in my father's home when Father did not put in two or three hours of time in passing on to Mother and to us children every blessed thing he had learned since he talked to us last. If something important was going on in politics, we learned all about it. If a big business deal was going over, it was explained to us. If an international political situation arose, we knew the why and the wherefore. There never was a night in his life when my father laid his head on his pillow that he had any information in it that he had not passed on to Mother and to us children.

Exactly the converse pertains today. If the family ever does get together, father keeps his business affairs a dead secret. To most women business is trying and uninteresting. So it is to a good many men, but they have to keep everlastingly at it to pay the bills. It is here that the women have not played the game fairly. They have not been loving and they have not been kind. They have not taken the pride in the man that they have married and made the father of their children that my father took in my mother when he would not allow himself to appear with her in public and enter into discussion of any subject upon which she was not informed so that she could lift up her voice and say what she thought and felt with dignity and assurance. It is quite true that she made the linen shirts and darned the socks and embroidered underclothing and ruffled dresses by hand, but while she did it she was getting her education on every subject that stood any chance of discussion in our social circle.

Today women know a million things about social customs, about art, about literature, about almost every ramification of life except the earning of dollars and cents, things that men know nothing about and are absolutely lost if a discussion on these subjects begins in their presence. The man who has spent the day milling over his business is in no way prepared to shine at night beside the woman who has spent her day in one of these great literary and economic and social clubs with which our land is rapidly being filled. Men find, when they come in contact with these women, that they have been specializing. One man can talk surgery and one can talk religion and one can talk stocks and bonds, and one can talk mines. But the man who can meet and hold his own with the modern clubwoman after a grilling day of specialized business is the man I am looking for, and at the present minute I have not been able, in a five or six year search, to find him. It is a wonderful thing that beauty parlors and clubs and automobiles and money are doing for the women personally, but again I "view with alarm" the results of this very thing on the marriage tie, on the children and in the home. There are in Los Angeles and its surrounding suburbs today literally thousands of little establishments called "beauty" parlors, and to them flock millions of women and these women are having their hair washed and singed and treated and marcelled, and facial massages, and manicures. The aggregate amount once [*Turn to page 48*]

First Aids for the Busy Mother

Service Booklets That Ease Her Summer Tasks

AUGUST! the trying days, scorched grass and drooping leaves when mother's cheer and happiness convert the sweltering days into sweet memories. Mother's secret is that in keeping herself in the best physical condition with proper food and rest, she radiates so much comfort and happiness that the rest of the family forget the burning heat.

Mother! the majesty and tenderness of our love for her are carried all through life by the recollections of her ministrations and happiness.

KEEPING BABY WELL

Every mother will find a real friend in the booklet, THE FRIENDLY MOTHER, approved by Franklin A. Dorman, M. D., which explains how easy it is to keep comfortable and happy during the prenatal period to insure her baby's health and well-being when he is born. THE FRIENDLY BABY, approved by Charles G. Kerley, M. D., anticipates every emergency. Its simple directions for the care of the child fill the mother's heart with gratitude through the ruddy health and infectious laughter they bring the baby.

FOOD

Just as essential is the well-being of the other members of the family. And just as easily obtained. For MASTER RECIPES by F. G. O. is full of tempting dishes—prepared by a magic trick of recipe-making—to which even the most jaded appetites gratefully respond. TIME-SAVING COOKERY by Sarah Field Splint and SOME REASONS WHY IN COOKERY by May Van Arsdale present the easiest and simplest ways of saving energy, so vital in the hot weather. Food is a vastly important factor to health in summer. The meals, specially planned in Dr. E. V. McCollum's leaflet, MENUS FOR TWO WEEKS (sent without charge except a two-cent stamp for posting the leaflet) will show the mother what to prepare and serve so as to include the "protective foods"—milk and leaves—in the daily dietary.

THE GRACIOUS HOME

The home should be the most inviting spot to be found, charming and cool. The suggestions in THE MODERN HOME by Lillian Purdy Goldsborough are so wonderfully complete that summer housekeeping becomes a pleasure. The draperies, furnishings and tasteful arrangement explained and pictured in THE HOUSE OF GOOD TASTE, by Ruby Ross Goodnow, help make it a dream-come-true.

THE GARDEN BEAUTIFUL

The mother should give her home its beautiful finishing touch with a fascinating garden. Dorothy Giles' DOWN THE GARDEN PATH gives complete information.

THE POPULAR HOSTESS

PARTIES ALL THE YEAR and MORE PARTIES, both by Claudia M. Fitzgerald, describe the most delightful entertainments and games for all occasions. Edna Sibley Tipton shows simple and correct table service in ENTERTAINING WITHOUT A MAID. WHAT TO SERVE AT PARTIES, by Lilian M. Gunn, gives helpful suggestions.

GOOD LOOKS AND MANNERS

Though beautiful hair and dainty complexion and well-cared-for nails are hard to achieve during the hot summer weather, they need not be if one knows the methods of Fifth Avenue's famous beauty shops, as given in THE LITTLE BOOK OF GOOD LOOKS, approved by Dr. Fred Wise. Lazy days tend to relax manners. A BOOK OF MANNERS guides us to a natural winning charm. August weddings are particularly trying. Whether formal or informal, you need the help and capable suggestions given in THE BRIDE'S OWN BOOK.

THE ever-present problem of the summer entertainment is what to serve that is dainty and refreshingly cool—and easy to prepare!

Lilian M. Gunn gives helpful suggestions not only for summer but for every season, in her booklet, "What To Serve At Parties."

This booklet will be sent this month without charge. Send a two-cent stamp to the Service Editor, for posting it.

THE INCOME

SPENDING THE FAMILY INCOME is for the wife who recognizes that her responsibility in spending the family income is as great as her husband's responsibility in earning it.

BUILDING

A GROUP OF LITTLE HOMES compiled by Robert C. Wiseman, and showing small houses designed by distinguished architects, provides valuable plans and ideas for a real start towards that cozy home of your own.

Even if you do not find the house of your dreams you are sure to find suggestions which will help you to evolve your own plans. And in case you need further assistance, there is another feature of the service McCall's renders its readers, quite apart from the booklet service. McCall's offers an opportunity to those interested in building to avail themselves of the working-aid of America's most noted architects.

The architects' blue prints and building specifications for all the houses of McCall's recent series on small house building, which began with the issue of April, 1923, and ended June, 1924, have been purchased by McCall's and will be sent to you for $15. Such working plans usually cost hundreds of dollars—about one-tenth of the building cost of a house.

To buy plans for any of the houses in the series, send money to the Service Editor, McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.

These booklets cost ten cents each—or, any twelve for one dollar. Address the Service Editor, McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.

Feet Are Shaped For Life In Baby Shoes

ONLY in Simplex Flexies have Nature's three cardinal commands been obeyed—yet Flexies first win you by their dainty good looks and moderate cost.

Simplex Flexies are designed to combination measurements, assuring your child the perfect ankle and instep fit positively necessary to develop Nature's way. The foot rests squarely on the ground, supported at the heel, the base of the great toe and the base of the little toe. Rocking sidewise, which bows the pliant little legs in or out, is impossible with Flexies, yet they are so pliable you can double them backward with the fingers.

This flexibility comes from two things—the special sole itself and the fact that no nails or staples are used in Flexies, nor are they made inside-out in the easy, usual way, and afterward turned. That's what makes wrinkles—and Flexies are glove-smooth inside, preventing child foot agony and future foot troubles.

SIMPLEX SHOE MANUFACTURING COMPANY
MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN
Creators of Daintier Footwear for Young feet from 1 to 21

Simplex Flexies
KEEP YOUNG FEET YOUNG

Recommended by Child Specialists
Ask your dealer to show you these famous shoes or write for Simplex Flexies booklets—"The Care of Baby's Feet" and a delightful fairy story for the youngsters, "The Tale of Brownie Lightfoot."

The Doctor's Baby

More than twenty years ago a certain Doctor saw the risk of disease germs in a narrow-necked nursing bottle. It was then he planned the Hygeia Nursing Bottle, with its straight up and down sides and wide mouth.

The Hygeia can be washed as easily and as quickly as a drinking-glass. There are no germ-harboring curves to waste time over with a brush.

The improved patented Hygeia Nursing Bottle has a breast that stretches easily over the top of the bottle, yet is kept from collapsing by a circular outside rib.

So soft and flexible is the rubber of which the Hygeia breast is made, that baby takes to it naturally, and weaning is made easy. Sold by drug stores everywhere.

Hygeia
NURSING-BOTTLE

Made in two sizes by
The Hygeia
Nursing Bottle Co., Inc.
Buffalo, N. Y.

Colman's DOUBLE SUPERFINE Mustard

Dainty Salads for Summer Days

FRUITS, so plentiful in Summer, make delicious and refreshing salads. But they are never wholly satisfying unless the salad dressing is tasty.

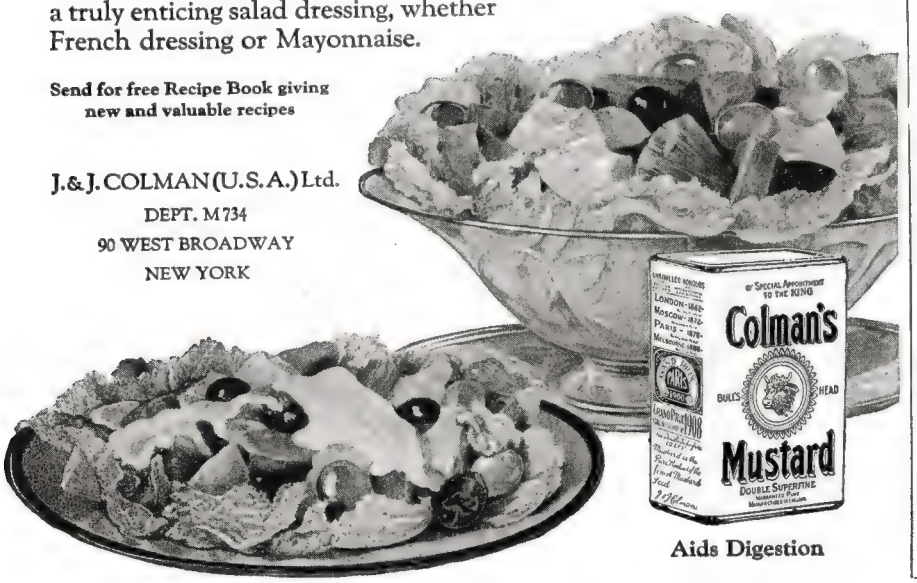
Salad dressings instantly respond to the piquancy of Colman's mustard—its tang and individuality of flavor. It is a most essential ingredient in making a truly enticing salad dressing, whether French dressing or Mayonnaise.

BULL'S HEAD

The Trade Mark of the World's Best Mustard.

Send for free Recipe Book giving new and valuable recipes

J. & J. COLMAN (U.S.A.) Ltd.
DEPT. M734
90 WEST BROADWAY
NEW YORK



Aids Digestion

Devil's Dust

[*Continued from page 32*]

someone to work for and I will have a great incentive to remain—normal?"

"Daphne," he cried out, trying to believe in her like the tender fool Nancy accused him of—and loved him for—being!

She told herself she had won him back. But the cry was one of renunciation, the name he spoke, a mere sound with which to disguise his emotion. Adopt a child! Daphne a foster mother—turning frivolous dressing rooms into night nurseries, buying small clothes . . . at the twelfth hour, she had realized his great hunger, she was trying to be fair. He could not fail her.

"Have you any idea where this child of ours is to be found?" he spoke with a certain lightness to cover the conflict of feelings.

"As soon as I am quite—myself, that must be accomplished before all else, let us look for it together. There is some child waiting to come to us—it is kismet. Oh, I shall try so hard to be everything I should have been years ago—for your sake as well as my own."

Perhaps Daphne had a moment or so of anxiety about the future. Peter had been so horribly sincere and believed every syllable, ridiculous goose. Sometimes horribly sincere persons were very terrible if they became disillusioned. Adopt a child? That had been her *piece de resistance*. If she actually proposed this, she knew Peter would forgive her almost anything, it had been the only thing she had kept in reserve. So she went up to Anne Vier with the feminine satisfaction that Peter was thinking only of her—while poor dear Nancy was thinking only of Peter. It was enough for one day to know she had put this bit of devil's dust in its proper place.

A week later came Peter's awakening. To Peter and Daphne, Victor wrote his sad-glad secret. . . . There was to be a child but physicians had been vehement in warning it might cost Madge's life. If Madge died and the child lived would Daphne and Peter promise to care for it? He, Victor, could not! For him, it would be a living death, the presence of the child which should have cost its mother her wonderful life!

"Daphne," Peter's voice was weak with emotion, as if he longed for yet dreaded her reply, "do you see how our child may come to us—Madge's child?" With his joy was the accompanying thought that Madge's child could come to them only if Madge had surrendered her life. "Poor Victor, this has hit him hard. We must both write and promise all he asks—"

"Madge's child?" Daphne repeated. "You fancy I would mother the child of that peasant—and my stupid sister? You think that would be my choice? Hardly! Speak for yourself but allow me the same privilege." She began walking up and down before her writing desk, then round and round in restless, meaningless circles. Watching her, realizing the shallowness of her well worded promises, her wifely treachery, Peter realized, as never before, how hideous Daphne had become, body and soul. He must think no longer of Daphne, since such thoughts were his only thoughts of her. He must begin to realize life for himself.

"I want you to understand definitely," Peter said in a rapid, businesslike manner, "so there may be no mistakes. Is this another great hoax? Or did you never intend to adopt a child—was it that you were only bent on banishing Nancy from my life?"

Daphne did not answer. It was Peter's turn to talk in rapid, businesslike fashion. "If so—it was bound to fail. By the very fact of Nancy's sincerity, false tactics could not endure. By some means or another, they would have been wrecked. It happened to be Nancy's old friend, Victor, who was the instrument—"

"You mean you love that—that woman?" Daphne called out shrilly.

"That has nothing to do with you or your concerns," Peter told her. "You are a great cheat. You have been given every chance to prove what you proposed and promised. From now on, do as you like—I shall never try to stay you. I am no longer interested. You have given me a strange feeling of personal liberty, the justification of whatever I may see fit to do." He left the room.

YOU are mine," Peter kept repeating, "you are going to be everything to me—and soon. Aren't you, Nancy? Then let me hear you say it."

"Everything," was her steady promise.

Their lips met in a kiss. They were at Nancy's apartment. Celia was with Gemma these days. In her new languor, with Barney's insatiable appetite for good meals, Gemma had discovered Celia to be more than welcome—she was decidedly useful.

"We are betrothed," Nancy said gently, "the same as engaged lovers—only three kisses, Peter, please—there is such a wonderful joy about being bespoken to each other. The secret joy keeps on throbbing inside us while we go about making petty, practical plans . . . . Peter, dear, are you *quite* sure?"

"Sure?" he repeated, coming back to take her in his arms. "If you do not change and I do not die, nothing else can delay or stop our future together."

"I shall resign," she said swiftly, "tell silly fibs about a leave of absence. Or shall I tell them the truth? Yes, I must tell those who need to be told—Barney and Celia. We shall not be called runaways and sneaks. We are doing what it is right to do. If you don't mind, I'd rather your sister and Hilary—and Daphne knew. Just as Madge and Victor will. I'd feel more shining inside—wouldn't you?"

FEVERISHLY packing, planning, stopping to say snatches of joyous, pagan prayers, Nancy scarcely realized that Celia's telephone message meant that Gemma was a mother. Nancy left the telephone with a new sense of carelessness. What did it matter that Barney and Gemma had a son? What did anything matter save that she was going to belong to Peter Cabot? She tried to write an advertisement for the letting of the apartment. It was the second of April and there was a false hint of spring in the air. Crocuses peeked in colorful clusters at a corner of the apartment house lawn. Nancy wrapped herself in her warm, rose-colored cape and went to walk. She had no objective, she wanted to walk on and on, thinking only of Peter and this first glamour of love—forgetting everyone else.

A business acquaintance saw her turning towards the river highway which led to Brighton. Meaning kindly, the man invited her to drive with him. He supposed she was going to Hidden House and there had been some delay or mistake as to the motor's being sent in. It was easier to accept his invitation than explain—when one had nothing practical to explain. On they rode, the swashbuckling breeze turning traitor and becoming herald of the snow. They were passing the ponderous, unchanged mansions whose gardens sloped to the river. At one, Leslie Cabot was seen vanishing within the heavy front door. Soon came a stretch of frozen country which separated Dolthan and Brighton—Nancy's thoughts became frozen, too, a sense of oppression was hers as she was being driven towards Hidden House! She must make him stop and let her out. Peter must not meet her accidentally, she could not have endured facing Daphne.

Finally, she made some lame excuse about getting out at the drug store—she thanked him so much for having brought her this far. Turning, she fled down a side street as if pursued. She must be alone and regain her poise. Looking up, Nancy found herself on the side hill of the old Brighton graveyard. Here was peace! The mottled ground, now white with the stubborn snow, now brown with muddy earth, seemed cut into untidy squares like a grim and colossal game board— [*Turn to page 43*]

HEINZ PIER
at Atlantic City

This great pier, extending far into the ocean, invites Atlantic City visitors (they number ten millions a year) to rest and enjoy the ocean breezes; to inspect its interesting exhibits of art objects and curiosities of educational and artistic value from all parts of the world; to make use of the writing and reading rooms with files of daily papers; to see the moving pictures and listen to the lectures on the evolution of food making and to learn more about the 57 Varieties by putting them to the test of taste.

To all or any of this, all are welcome.

WHY WE *ADVERTISE* THE "57"

HEINZ Pier at Atlantic City is an advertisement. It is an advertisement of the Heinz business, a business of making foods—the 57 Varieties. The Heinz Kitchens at Pittsburgh which are thrown open daily to thousands of visitors is an advertisement. So are the presentations in magazines, and newspapers, and on street car cards. Our business is built upon the confidence that people have come to feel in the name "Heinz". Every statement that bears the name "Heinz" or the "57", and every can, bottle and jar that bears these familiar emblems is entrusted with the Heinz reputation—for purity, wholesomeness and good taste. That is why the "advertising" of Heinz 57 Varieties may be accepted by everyone as a safe guide to good things to eat.

57

H · J · HEINZ · COMPANY, *Pittsburgh, Pa.*

Gold Medal Flour

LOOK FOR THE LABEL

DIFFERENT FLOURS often cost the same, look alike and act entirely different.

But you do not have to take them home and try them out in your oven. Flours go by name.

Gold Medal is the best known flour name in the world. "Eventually, Why not now?"—the familiar label is on every sack. No one can miss it. But if you do not use it in buying flour, you are apt to get something else.

To millions of housewives and fifteen thousand bakers "something else" won't do. Gold Medal Flour has stood the test of unvarying quality for nearly sixty years. It is always the same and always good. You can depend upon it for unvarying baking results.

Expert wheat selection, skillful blending and milling, exacting tests in the Gold Medal laboratories and bake ovens assure constant quality.

Gold Medal Recipe

Send for Gold Medal Recipe No. 2051-B. It will make the best fruit rolls you ever tasted.

Betty Crocker Home Service Division

WASHBURN CROSBY CO.

Minneapolis, Minn.

WASHBURN'S

Eventually

GOLD MEDAL FLOUR

Why Not Now?

WASHBURN CROSBY CO. WASHBURN'S TRADE MARK Gold MEDAL FOODS

WASHBURN'S GOLD MEDAL FLOUR

Eat more wheat

smooth mounds filling the spaces.

As she rounded a path, she stood still. In front of her, hacking at the frosty ground of his mother's grave, was Hilary Morse! Coatless, hatless, a strange look on his drawn face, he wielded a pickaxe with unceasing fury. Beside the grave was spread a full length cape of spotless, matched ermine. It had been carefully arranged. At the sight of Nancy in her warm, rose cape, he gave a frightened cry. Without speaking to her, he turned back the ermine cape and she saw it was lined with rose-colored satin, identical in color with her cape. She shivered.

"Oh, he said almost jocularly, as if the discovery were a great relief, "I thought you had put on her cape—wrong side out—you see, I know, mother must be cold. I have thought about it for a long time. It has been the one thing to prevent my writing the book about father. How could I—when mother was cold neglected? Well, she shall be wrapped in the garment of a queen—and I shall tell the truth about him in my book."

Nancy took the pick away. Holding him by the hand as if he were a lost child, she stooped to gather up the cape. Then she led him from the churchyard. "You have forgotten," she soothed, "that she does not lie there any more—"

"Thank you, Nancy," he chattered "you always helped her."

As she took the madman away, it came to her in a flash that what she and Peter planned was almost inconsequential by comparison. Duty was paramount. Nancy had given birth to her conscience, even as Peter had struggled to discard his. She was no longer an invader of his hill country, a reckless river-woman acting politely but under restraint. She belonged! She must tell Peter on Friday that their plans could come to nothing!

ON Sunday morning, Barney told Gemma of Hilary's insanity. He was almost ludicrous in his anxiety lest it prove a shock. Rallying with surprising poise, Gemma clamored for details. Presently, she was told also that Madge's child had been stillborn. The effect was almost stimulating. Gemma's last fears were removed. Hilary and Nancy could never marry and now, never would Victor have a child to share honors with young Barney! The field was clear. With Barney so adoring and tender and Celia taking the brunt of responsibility, Gemma almost sighed for new worlds to conquer It was with impatience that she waited for Nancy's first visit later in the morning.

Nancy suppressed a smile, as she told Gemma how charming she looked—what a splendidly shaped head had young McGuire. But Gemma had been right in wondering if Nancy might not be monosyllabic when it came to answering questions. "It is unwise for you to dwell on such things," she told Gemma with a kindly authority against which Gemma could not proceed, as she might have browbeaten Celia. "Spend your time deciding whether it is to be the church, army or navy for your son."

Barney came in and gazed at Gemma reverently. Gemma was well aware of his homage, she meant it should yield her more than mere looks. "Like a madonna," he whispered, as Gemma held her waking son in her arms, her pale, blue draperies fluttering artistically as she tucked a satin quilt about his colicky torso.

The reverie was broken by the wails of McGuire junior, upon which his adoring slave-aunt bore him off and Gemma was free to preen her blue draperies and hint for information.

"I expect Peter Cabot to call for me,' Nancy interrupted in the midst of the interrogation. "So Barney need not bother to drive me home."

In the domestic hubbub the strangeness of his calling was ignored. No one really cared, Nancy told herself with candid consolation.

"The strain of the last few days has been terrific, dearest," Peter said when they were outside. "I'm selfish enough to wish someone else had found him . . . still, you found Eva . . ."

"And history does have a way of repeating itself," she finished. "Don't drive to the apartment but out Hardscrabble

Devil's Dust

[*Continued from page 40*]

Road. Then stop—I've something to tell you."

"You think we are going to sit like rustic lovers out Hardscrabble Road, while we plan—there are a dozen things to decide, things practical as well as poetical?" but he turned his car obediently.

"Please, Peter, right here—yes, it is far enough out—draw over by those trees Hardly anyone comes along at this hour. Don't interrupt me until I have finished."

When he saw her expression, he disobeyed immediately and began with a sort of rough tenderness: "If you've any absurd, righteous notions that our love is wrong, please drop them now." He took her wrists in his slender yet steel-like fingers, gripping them until she winced. "I cannot give you up," he warned, "for I came to my conclusion after I had kept you waiting far too long."

She shook her head. "No use, Peter, fine words and lovers' selfish pleas cannot alter facts. We must do the decent thing. You know the old theory about shoddy wool—devil's dust—being ground into next to nothing before it can be re-woven? You know they called me that and I think I rather gloried in the title. Well, since the day you came to me and we planned our own future, I have entered the loom, so to speak. I am no longer devil's dust. I must take my place in the cosmic pattern—it sounds so stilted—yet I dare not speak freely," she added softly.

"And what has this to do with our love and our ultimate marriage?" he asked rather indifferently.

Her smile was a little pathetic, a little grim. "Our ultimate marriage? That would be the most wonderful thing in the world. But until such a time, we must not go on with—plans."

"What has decided you?" he asked, suspicion making his voice thick, "you, who were so sure! So sure you called me an evasive prude—I deserved it and more. I refuse to give you up—I can't give you up. I need you."

"Ah," she interrupted breathlessly, "that is what you have all said—from the first. That you need me. Barney, Hilary and now you, you who come of the stock that has dominated and colored the national pattern. You need me—an alloy—devil's dust. But—you've no right to me. Barney and Hilary had—according to our old enemy, Madame Grundy. Yet you, American blueblood, would transgress your national pattern. Your well bred sophistry and stifled savagery would unite to keep me—devil's dust. That is what our future would amount to, Peter—unless we were married!"

"No," he began to protest but she refused to listen.

"You know that I can stand by a decision," she warned, "even when it is to go away. You must give me up—until you have the right to do otherwise Perhaps it is a stupid right, but your kind have decreed it to be the law! I have come to see this clearly—since I found Hilary."

"When you are rested and sure of yourself," he said simply, with a great effort at self-control, "we will go on with our plans. I understand the shock, the terror. Perhaps I love you even more for your fears. You seem dearer to me, you were almost a super-Nancy with your courage and defiance! Oh, my child, you do not fancy I take this declaration as final—when we care so much—when it is bound to come right?"

She drew a deep breath, tenderly impatient at his wilful lack of understanding. "When everything is right," she said, "come to me—I shall always be waiting. Until then, I refuse even to see you."

"Nancy, be sure of yourself," he pleaded, "as sure as I am that I love you."

"I am quite sure. I shall always be waiting. Please take me to the crossroad."

IT HAD not been hard to tell Barney she must go away and avoid questions, go as quietly and as quickly as possible. "Prove you are still my friend—the sort of friend that seldom exists. Don't ask me why when I say I cannot stay here any longer. I want to become a mere atom in a big city. I want to eat at cafeterias and live at a woman's club and depend on theaters and concerts for companionship. Help me find a place and forget myself—you know what sort of work I can do."

She was dreading his protest and curiosity. Instead, he closed the office door and, tiptoeing back, laid a kindly, thick fingered hand on her arm. "You are pale, Nance," was his first comment. "You've worry lines—there," a thick finger touched her forehead. "You're true blue, Nancy—I'll match you against any one. I won't ask for your reasons—I've my own ideas."

"Do you think you can find something for me?" Nancy urged.

"You can go to New York tomorrow," he proposed, rallying to the occasion. "There are 'errands' you can do for the firm—and better than the road men, too. Wait there until you find what you want. I'll write the letters that will bring you the offers. Your salary is yours until the first—and vacation pay, too. Don't say, 'no'—I'm telling you how things are going to be . . . I'll get you with Lowden's or Cramer's—both firms wanted you. Pack and go. And remember, I'm for you, hook, line and sinker." Unconscious of his flippancy, Barney's face and voice were solemn.

PETER'S life as regarded Hidden House was one of increasing indifference, just as his interest in the mills was of increasing absorption. He had surprised everyone by going to work there, and he found the fascination of his new tasks growing upon him.

He was buying stock—all he could get—but he could never gain control as Barney held a majority of the shares. Aside from this new interest, there was nothing to rouse him until Madge and Victor returned home for the Christmas holidays.

In the white net and blue ribbons of sweet sixteen, Madge Van Sant Strozzi sat in a low chair, Victor beside her. Looking at her, Peter realized that she seemed becomingly, even suitably dressed and that love had done as much for Madge as success and life abroad had done for Victor. Madge was congratulating him on his new office of vice president at the mills. What charm there was in her blue eyes! Small wonder men flocked to her evenings, as Victor proudly described. Daphne could stand it no longer. In her extreme orange-colored dinner gown, her green satin boots with showy orange tassels, she resembled an over-dressed character doll. She knew she looked ten years older than her sister—and that everyone else knew it, too. She wanted power, the ability to dominate—devastate.

"And did you see Nancy in New York?" she asked. "Did she tell you she had to leave Dolthan? That she tried to elope with nice old Peter, who lost his nerve and came home to his wife and fireside—she did, she did, now, didn't she—well, it is the truth, at all events. None of you have asked a single question about my feelings—"

Peter's steel-like fingers closed over her arm. "You are not yourself," he whispered, "let us go and find Anne—"

He thought she had taken an extra dose of the stuff. For once innocent, Daphne was maddened at the thought. "I am quite myself, you must understand. But I will not endure conspiracies, disloyalties. I don't want Anne Vier—get out of the room," as the woman suddenly appeared, "get away, I say—I want no one's help—"

Things blurred. She knew Peter had taken her up the stairs. Anne followed. Daphne was in her room, the pink shaded lights seemed dancing all about like mammoth fireflies at dusk. "Get her quiet," she heard Peter telling Anne. "Shall I call a doctor?"

"Don't you dare. I have not taken any—wait—you are all wrong—it was something very different that made me—get away, you harpy!" the sound of Daphne's doubled fist on Anne Vier's face made Peter start forward in alarm.

Anne rubbed a reddish mark on her cheek. "She has broken open the cabinet and helped herself," [*Turn to page 46*]

"What a difference French's Mustard makes!"

THE next time you serve a made-over meal, see how your husband will relish it if you provide FRENCH'S MUSTARD. For this rich, creamy mustard imparts to the plainest of foods a most appetizing flavor.

You'll be amazed how it improves every-day dishes—cold cuts, cooked meats or hash—also bacon and eggs, and the breakfast sausage! It likewise adds relish to salads, sauces and savories. What is more, its use *in cooking* will help you give zest to your menus. You merely add it as you would any other spice or seasoning.

FRENCH'S MUSTARD is distinctly *different* and is the favorite of skilled housewives and famous chefs throughout the country. This is because it is made of selected ingredients, and blended with the skill of 88 years of mustard-making experience.

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New ideas for improving salads, sauces, sandwich fillings, and many tempting yet easily made hot and cold dishes, are given in the FRENCH'S MUSTARD Recipe Booklet—"*Made Dishes, Salads and Savories.*" Women who take pride in their cooking value it highly. Your copy will be sent to you for only four cents in stamps. Write for it today.

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If you desire dry Mustard Flour for medicinal purposes, or if you prefer to mix Mustard Flour for your table condiment, we recommend FRENCH'S D.S.F. MUSTARD—packed only in cans—of the finest quality, pungency and flavor—always reliable.

Your Freckles ruin your appearance

Be free this summer from their embarrassment! Don't have freckles all over your nose again. If you do—goodby to good looks!

Stillman's Freckle Cream is guaranteed to make freckles fade or your money refunded. It has a double action. Freckles are dissolved away by this snowy, fragrant cream. Your skin is whitened, refined and softened at the same time.

Guaranteed to fade every freckle

You simply apply Stillman's at night like any ordinary cold cream. While you sleep its magical action takes place. Gradually the freckles fade from sight, and your complexion grows clear and milk white, beautiful as a baby's skin.

Freckles are caused by sunlight—which beats down as fiercely in America as in Italy or Africa. Unless you do something, your skin will constantly grow worse. The longer you wait, the harder it will be to make them fade. So start now!

Write for "Beauty Parlor Secrets"

Women send for Stillman's Freckle Cream from the four corners of the earth. It is the most widely used preparation in the world for this purpose. All druggists carry it in 50c and $1 sizes.

Send for "Beauty Parlor Secrets" and let us tell you what your particular type needs to look best. Crammed with make-up hints, skin and hair treatments. If you buy $3 worth Stillman toilet articles in 1924 we will present you with beautiful, large size bottle perfume, free. You need our many preparations daily in your home. Get our booklet.

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Stillman's Freckle cream

double action **Makes Freckles Fade Whitens the Skin**

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Please send me free copy of "Beauty Parlor Secrets."

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Ends Woman's Greatest Annoyance

OH, the relief provided by old reliable NONSPI! Think of it—that annoying armpit moisture (ruinous to expensive gowns) harmlessly and healthfully ended; that embarrassing odor positively prevented. Let NONSPI protect your feminine charm and *guard* your personal daintiness.

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NONSPI is a pure antiseptic liquid recommended by physicians; used by nurses and a million other appreciative women. Unscented and free of artificial coloring—a time-tried remedy for an unhealthful condition. At all first-class toilet and drug dealers or by mail on receipt of 50 cents (postpaid).

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If you wish first to make a personal test, send us 4c for testing sample and booklet telling what medical authorities say about armpit perspiration.

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WILL PROTECT YOU

THE NONSPI COMPANY, 2630 WALNUT STREET, KANSAS CITY, MO.

Serve Them Ice-Cold!

[*Continued from page 31*]

ORANGE WATER FOR BEVERAGES

Cover the skins of oranges with water and let them stand for 4 hours. Strain. This may be used in punch or other beverages to give a delightful flavor.

PUNCH FOR 75 PEOPLE

To 3 quarts of water, add 7 pounds sugar and stir until dissolved. Boil gently for 10 minutes. When cool add the juice of 20 oranges; the juice of 24 lemons; the juice and grated or chopped pulp of 1 pineapple (or 1 can grated pineapple); 2 quarts of cold tea; 1 quart of water in which 2 bunches of chopped mint have been brought to boiling point and strained; 1 cup of water in which 1 tablespoon cloves have simmered 20 minutes and strained; and lastly 1 quart carbonated water and 1 quart ginger-ale. Serve in a punch bowl with ice, slices of fruit and maraschino cherries.

The following are suggested as delicious with cold drinks.

HERMITS

6 tablespoons butter
2/3 cup sugar
1 egg
2 tablespoons milk
1¾ cups flour
2½ teaspoons baking-powder
1 teaspoon cinnamon
½ teaspoon clove
½ teaspoon nutmeg
½ teaspoon allspice
¼ teaspoon salt
1 cup chopped raisins

Cream butter and sugar together, add beaten egg and milk. Mix well. Mix and sift flour, baking-powder, salt and spices, and add slowly to the first mixture. Add raisins and mix well. Drop by teaspoonfuls on a greased pan and bake in a hot oven (400 degrees Fahrenheit) from 10 to 12 minutes.

CREAM COOKIES

1/3 cup butter
1 cup sugar
2 eggs
1/3 cup cream
1 teaspoon vanilla
2½ cups flour
3 teaspoons baking-powder
½ teaspoon salt

Cream butter, add sugar and mix thoroughly together. Add well-beaten eggs, cream and vanilla. Mix and sift flour, baking-powder and salt and add to the first mixture. Chill them thoroughly.

Roll out thin on a floured board. Cut with a plain or fancy cooky cutter. Bake in greased pan in a hot oven (400 degrees Fahrenheit) about 10 minutes. If desired, sprinkle top with finely chopped nuts, before baking.

MARGUERITES

12 salty crackers
12 marshmallows
1/3 cup coconut

Spread crackers thinly with butter, sprinkle with coconut. Put a marshmallow in the center of each cracker. Bake in a hot oven (400 degrees Fahrenheit) about 8 minutes or until a delicate brown.

SNAPPY SANDWICHES

¼ cup butter
1 cup grated cheese
1 tablespoon vinegar
½ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon mustard
⅛ teaspoon paprika
Lettuce
Mayonnaise
Bread

Cream butter, cheese, vinegar, salt, mustard and paprika together into a smooth paste. Shred lettuce and moisten with a little mayonnaise. Spread thin slices of bread with the cheese mixture, and put two together with the lettuce between.

Cut sandwiches in triangles.

OPEN SANDWICHES

3 hard-cooked eggs
½ pound chopped ham
3 tablespoons chopped green pepper
Mayonnaise
12 finger rolls

Chop eggs, add ham and green pepper. Moisten with mayonnaise. Split rolls and spread both halves with mixture.

Use standard measuring cups and spoons. Make all measurements level.

Be Your Own Decorator

[*Continued from page 37*]

it all else in the room is subordinate.

Of course, to all of us the most absorbing subject is that of color. Almost every woman has some colorful possession which may serve as a basis for a color scheme. In the absence of a good color treasure to start with, we should have to seek something. Recently I saw a little colorful hook-rug lying innocently enough on the threshold of the living-room in a small house. I looked about in the living-room, back at the dining-room, out to the sun-parlor, then passing down the hall to the library and to the bedrooms beyond. I had discovered the secret of the unity. The entire scheme of the house had been painstakingly, consistently and charmingly worked up from that little gray, green, tan, rose and black rug.

In another instance, after months of shopping, we came to a successful conclusion. The house was finished and the client delighted; the dining-room was especially lovely. The occasion was celebrated with a luncheon. I think I turned pale when I viewed that table. The particular set of dishes that faced me then I had never before seen. No one had mentioned such a set; it had been in storage biding the time and place for its advent. The dishes were all right of themselves but never could they be made to go in that room. To me it was tragic, for it could have been so easily and happily avoided. And they were heirlooms, to be used on state occasions. As a matter of fact, this is a very common mistake. Rather than make it, it is far better to walk the streets with a saucer from your favorite set in your pocket, and match your dining-room scheme to it.

Homes may be very gay in color, very subdued or subtle, according to the taste of the owner. There is no fashion controlling interiors. They should express *you*. To go into the question of color technically, without the color at hand, I fear would be too confusing and unsatisfactory. Just a few hints, however, toward arriving at a successful, harmonious whole: A color scheme should be consistent throughout upstairs and down; floors, whether light or dark according to scheme chosen, *must* stay down under foot; walls *must* remain flat; walls are walls and should be treated as such. One should not have an uneasy feeling of frailty in structure; curtains ending in a frill at the top often give the uncomfortable sense that the ceiling is resting on the frill. Architectural features should remain such; the decorator's work lies inside these limits, and she does only that which will add to and not detract from the architectural plan. In fabrics, windows, lampshades and so on, the treatment should be free from all fussiness; this is particularly true in the more formal portion of the house.

The house in good taste is of such color as not to overpower individuals and costumes moving in the interior. You may like a colorful interior but remember that the size of color spots may make or ruin it. Plan all to proper scale, furniture in scale for rooms, scale of pattern in colors on the furniture and in hangings. Opposing colors give startling effect but may be brought into harmony by a transitional color, by the size of color spots, difference of intensity, and good dark and light effects in the pattern.

Interiors are colorful back-grounds for individuals moving about in those interiors. I do not think that they should ever overpower the activities or personalities in the home.

With care taken in the choice of furnishings, as to good line and fine proportion, beauty in simplicity, unity in arrangement, appreciation of balance and color harmonies and a fine expression in tone relation and quality throughout, we can come to a finish and a satisfaction that if the result does not reflect a great outlay it has dignity, quality, individuality, and, moreover, a certain something we can feel only when we enter a real home.

Made Safe for Summer

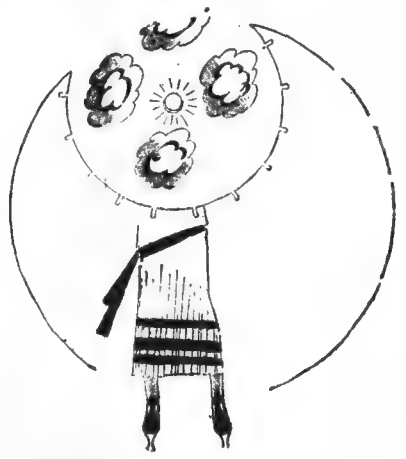
Yes—You can Keep that Complexion Unharmed!

Directions by Virginia Kirkus

Author of Everywoman's Guide to Health and Personal Beauty

Mother, may I go out to swim? Why not, indeed, when you can have a waterproof complexion—and in your hair a permanent wave that all the waves in all the seas can't wash away? You put on the newest miracle—a cream, delicate as silk, that powders the skin and at the same time acts as a cream. Ocean and inland lake or stream can do their worst—but your complexion stays radiant

To bob or not to bob, that is the question! But think of the comfort and coolness of short locks, not to mention the freedom from hairpins—on a hairpin curve like this! That same miraculous cream comes into play again. Sun and wind cannot mar, with freckles or burn or tan, the perfection of the skin of her who motors, carefree because of its comforting protection



Don't hide your light under a bushel—but remember that a wide, fetching hat or a gay parasol will keep away disfiguring sunburn and freckles, and save that complexion. The perfect lady who scorns all flappers, never fails to twirl a dainty parasol on beach or boardwalk. She takes no chances

Thirty love! The championship's in sight for the vigorous racketer who knows enough to protect her skin with a careful treatment of the right cream and powder before she begins. The permanent wave under a tennis bandeau is as sporting on the courts as when worn with a bathing suit—and the locks of the girl who owns one, curl as daintily when the match is over

Cartoons by John Held, Junior

IT'S actually true! There is a new waterproof cream that will do everything you've always wanted a cream to do—especially in Summer. It will give your skin a smooth finish with a fine coating of powder impervious even to water, and will protect your skin when you are motoring or golfing or gardening or tennising or going in for any sport or outdoor activity. The news of it will be revealed in full if you send the Service Editor a two-cent stamp for posting the secret to you. There are other creams you must not fail to use, many other secrets of good looks—so for instructions on the care of the hands, the figure, the hair, the complexion, send for A Little Book of Good Looks, price ten cents. Address the Service Editor, McCall's Magazine, 236 W. 37th St., New York City.

For Your Vacation, Have Your Hair Permanently Curled

Mothers, Wives, School-Girls, Famous Screen Stars and Society Women All Praise the Nestle "LANOIL" Home Outfit

A single treatment in your own home gives you the curl and wave you need to last for many months

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A pleasant afternoon, with the Nestle LANOIL Home Outfit on free trial, gives results. The Outfit lasts a lifetime and with additional supplies will wave family and friends as well.

IF you are troubled with straight hair, you cannot do better than to turn from the make-shift curling lotions, nightly crimpers or hot irons you have been using, to the wonderful Nestle "LANOIL" Home Outfit for ***Permanent*** Waving.

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For this dainty Outfit *alone* can give you perfect freedom from hair troubles, in addition to the most charming curls and waves you can imagine—curls and waves that will stay with you ALWAYS, whether you go bathing, motoring, walking or dancing, through the hottest and dampest summer weather.

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The Home Outfit is easy and safe to operate. Children of twelve have been known to wave their mothers' hair successfully. Well over 200,000 of these Outfits are in frequent use all over the world. The main essentials of a wave are to moisten a strand of your straight hair with LANOIL, then wind it on the patented Nestle Curler, and slip the little heater over it. Then, seven minutes gentle heat, and this strand is naturally wavy. Shampoo or wet it as much as you like, the curl in it will stay, and act exactly as naturally curly hair would stay and act. It is unbelievable perhaps, but absolutely true.

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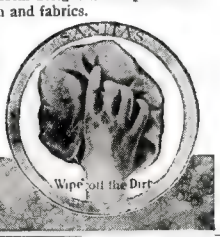

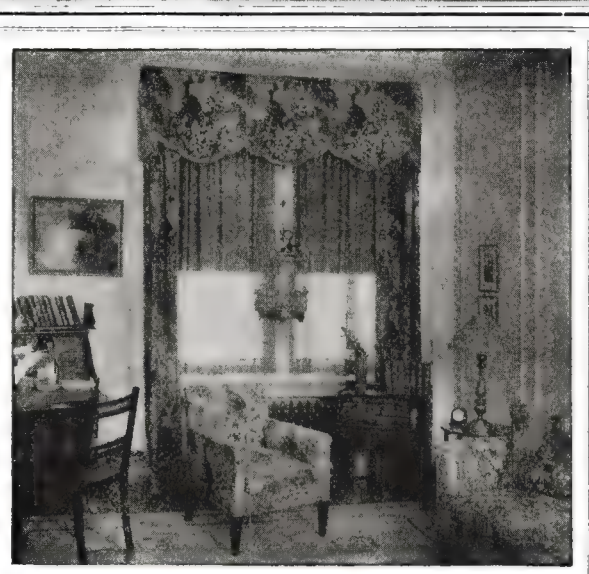

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Ask your dealer for Bluebird Rods. He carries them or will gladly get them for you.

"Rods that make Curtains Prettier"

Devil's Dust

[*Continued from page 45*]

"No, I did not—do you hear? I—did—not," she beat the air with her large, helpless fists. "It is something else—something—"

"Unless you lie still, I shall tie you," Peter ordered.

"I am sorry," she began loudly, "but you are wrong about the drug. My nerves suddenly snapped—oh, Peter, do go and tell them so." Turning on her side, to even Anne's amazement, she reached for her prayer book and began to whisper its penitent, concise phrases.

NEW YEAR'S afternoon, Peter returned from his round of necessary calls to find a stir of excitement in Hidden House. No one was willing to announce the reason. His man took off his things in his usual deft manner, the butler handed him a telegram or so and when he asked the housekeeper if Mrs. Cabot were still in her room, he was answered with the housekeeper's usual British condescension. But he knew something was amiss.

He might as well go up to Daphne and get through the ceremony of saying Happy New Year—why delay the inevitable? On the stairs, Peter was halted by a small, black figure stealing down, a travelling bag in one hand. It was Anne Vier, dressed for a journey. Her sallow face lighted up with sardonic delight as she saw Peter.

"Happy New Year," he said quickly, "going to have a vacation—at last?"

"Yes, Mr. Cabot," answered Anne in her quick, hissing whisper, "a long vacation—Madame has dismissed me."

"What was the immediate trouble?" he asked, forcing himself to be courteous.

"What is that to you?" Anne retorted. "I can tell you now that you have been a weak fool as well as a coward—all these years. That she never loved you, not even long ago when you were first engaged and she pretended to care. She married you only to escape the world's discovery of her unhappiness. Another man would have found her out and been justly angry. My mistress loved but one man—and he a divorced, rascally New York clubman, fifteen years her senior—her father would not hear of the marriage. Besides, Jim Blake needed a rich wife—and he did not want to marry your fair Daphne. He merely amused himself.

"When he told her he was to be married, she was mad with disappointment. She came to me for help. I gave her chloral: only to soothe and quiet. Little by little, the habit grew—it was too late to change it. I could not stop her—I dared not leave her lest someone else discover what had happened. The day she married you," the Frenchwoman's sneer was as triumphant as it was insolent, "she was drugged, numbed—so she could forget Jim Blake. But you never knew, you funny, white-blooded boy." Anne swept down the remaining steps, her black skirts rustled as a snake wriggling through dead leaves.

"Even then?" Peter cried out, "and I—I thought—oh, those wasted years!"

TO DAPHNE, Peter made no apologies for visiting Madge and Victor a few weeks later. But he left Sevenoaks as early as possible. He had found himself bored with the Strozzi's happiness. As he neared home, he saw the Hidden House limousine lumbering ahead; it turned in at the servants' entrance with sudden, guilty speed. Using the service wagon was permissible, even expected. He overlooked an occasional borrowing of his own roadster by the chauffeur who was newly engaged to a parlor maid on a neighboring estate. But to take the big French car—and on such a night—this must not be overlooked.

He slowed down, to give the chauffeur time to feel secure from the danger of detection. Peter wondered why the man had returned so early—half past ten. A few minutes more and Peter made a noisy approach into the garage through the main entrance. As he expected, only the night light burned. Daphne's electric cab, the service wagon, and the great limousine were parked in place! But snow was melting on the tires of the latter and its warmish hood confirmed his suspicions.

Peter placed his roadster in its stall and rang for the chauffeur. From his quarters above, the man appeared dressed in his livery. "Where were you with the car?" began Peter without ado.

"On an errand with Mrs. Cabot."

"Where did she go?"

"I hope you will say I only answered your questions. She did not want it known. She came down in a sort of fury and told me to drive her to—Kismajon's—and around at the back entrance. She went into his place and stayed for over fifteen minutes. She gave me this—and said not to mention where we had been." The man held out a bill.

Peter pushed his hand away. "Thank you, Gregory," he said. "I ask you not to mention it either."

For over an hour, Peter sat at his desk writing to Nancy, writing the letter which Barney *must* send. He told her of the wasted, tricked years—even to this last humiliating discovery—that Kismajon supplied his wife with drugs! Nancy must let him come to her without delay. There was no reason why they should not be everything to each other. He locked the letter in his desk against possible discovery before morning, and went to the door of Daphne's room. The blaze of light streaming through the transom told him she was awake. It would be a frail consolation to tell her what he had discovered, yet it would satisfy his remnant of a conscience.

She did not answer his knock—but the very stillness of her room was ominous. The door was unlocked. Even the side lamps were burning, shining down like stage spotlights to focus attention on Daphne's tragic self. She was lying in a mass of satin and ribbon cushions which cluttered her chaise lounge; her dress was a flimsy thing—petals of mauve chiffon with a tight, silvery bodice, one of the petals torn—odd, that he should notice such a detail as he came towards her. Her slippers—silly, brocaded wisps—were dangling from her feet. Her thick, white arms were over her head in a strained position. An empty box, folded papers strewn about it, lay beside her. She must have died suddenly for she was quite cold. Strangest of all, her face had lost its ugly, discontented expression; it was almost dignified in its new calm. Without her watch dog to measure her dose, Daphne, crazed for the drug, had miscalculated. Peter drew a cover over her. He rang for the servants and telephoned the doctor and Madge. Methodically, he burned his letter to Nancy.

I WANT Nancy's address," Peter told Barney, a week after the funeral and the first day of his return to the mills.

Barney looked up with distrust. "If any harm comes to her, you'll dance for it!" he warned. "Nancy was my girl first—there," he added grudgingly, flinging down a card, "you'll find her—and she'll welcome you! I wish I were in your shoes, Cabot!"

An hour later, Peter was on his way to New York. Five hours later, a taxi slowed beside the office entrance to a textile sales plant. Two minutes later, the elevator had dumped him out at the mercy of a bobbed haired office girl who looked at him with distrust. "Ask her to see me, if only for a moment," he urged. "It is important."

The girl had condescended to take his message. Peter's dizziness made the other persons in the general office look trembling and indistinct.

"Step this way. She will see you—"

Peter stumbled against the plate glass door. It yielded before his weight. He was in a large office room. Standing in the middle of the floor was Nancy, a dominating note in the modern hubbub. She seemed older. Her blue dress with its neckfrill of white emphasized the pale face. There was the same flat coil of black hair and her eyes were young-blue as she waited for him to speak.

"I have the right to come," he said, moving toward her. [*Turn to page 48*]

To make cream sauces creamy

For creaming vegetables or for making cream sauces *creamy*, there is nothing quite like Carnation Milk, with its richness, smoothness, and unvarying quality. What satisfying results it insures—every time! Carnation cream sauces never seem to curdle. The red and white Carnation label always guarantees you a trustworthy supply of pure fresh milk, evaporated to double richness and kept safe by sterilization.

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Cool Thoughts for Hot Days

I have learned to simplify summer menus in a way which seems to satisfy the family appetites while conserving my own comfort. We say good-bye to soup with the first hot month, and move the salad up a notch or two, serving it as the first course. Nothing is quite so appetizing on a hot day as to come to the table to find a crisp, cold, delightful salad awaiting one. Often it is just lettuce with a few chopped green peppers and a well-mixed French dressing; sometimes it is lettuce and cucumber, or a tomato stuffed with chopped celery and served with mayonnaise on a lettuce leaf. It is always simple, always very cold, and is followed by the main course, while some summer fruit serves for dessert. If I wish to serve a pudding, a Washington cream pie, or other more or less substantial dessert, we start with a fruit course, follow with a salad served with hot cheese rounds, and end with the special dessert. The cheese furnishes the protein the meal needs, and is hearty. I grind a pound of cheese through the meat grinder, add four to six raw eggs unbeaten, a couple of tablespoonfuls of Carnation, mix well, salt to taste, and heap very thick on small rounds of white bread, sprinkling with paprika and putting under the broiler just long enough for them to puff up and begin to color slightly. These must be served as soon as done. This meal is the favorite summer one in our home.

Carnation White Sauce No. 1

2 tbsp. butter, ½ tsp. salt, 2 tbsp. flour, ⅔ cup water, ⅓ cup Carnation. Melt butter until it stops bubbling, stir in flour and mix thoroughly. Add milk and water, stirring until thick and smooth. Add seasoning.

Carnation White Sauce No. 2

4 tbsp. butter, 4 tbsp. flour, ⅔ cup water, ⅓ cup Carnation, ½ tsp. salt. Melt butter until it stops bubbling, stir in flour and mix thoroughly. Add milk and water, stirring until thick and smooth. Add seasoning.

Creamed Asparagus

2 bunches of asparagus, 2 cups White Sauce No. 1. Cook asparagus in salted water until tender. Add white sauce after draining off surplus water. This serves six people.

Tomato Salad

6 tomatoes, 1 cup salad dressing, red pepper, 1 head lettuce. Select tomatoes of good shape and color. Cut three thin slices off top of each tomato and place on salad plate. Cover center of slices and top of tomato with mayonnaise, garnished with red pepper. Serve on lettuce. If desired, fill center of tomato with equal parts of pineapple and celery mixed with mayonnaise. Serve on individual salad plates. This recipe serves six people, one tomato for each person.

No-Egg Mayonnaise Dressing

½ tsp. salt, 2 tbsp. Carnation Milk, ½ cup oil, ⅛ tsp. paprika, 1 tbsp. lemon juice or vinegar. Put salt and paprika in a bowl; add Carnation Milk and mix thoroughly; add oil slowly, stirring constantly. Then add the lemon juice or vinegar. This recipe makes ⅔ cup salad dressing.

Mary Blake

Domestic Science Dept.
Carnation Milk Products Company

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Helping Father

[*Continued from page 38*]

or twice a week for each of them, including the tips to the operators, would leave only rags and fringes of a five dollar bill, while this goes on year in and year out without ceasing. I will venture that the average woman would be utterly appalled if she were confronted in the sum total by what she has spent on beauty parlors in one year, while there has not anything been done for her that is not a personal service she could very well render herself, if she chose. Beauty parlors are simply a way of spending a man's money; a way in which a wife or daughter gets all the benefit, while none accrues to him personally, unless he is willing to pay the price for the privilege of giving his women luxury and seeing them groomed as they are. But at that, I never yet have had any experience at any beauty parlor where I came forth looking nearly as well as I could make myself look if I chose to take the time and exert myself to produce the results, while there is no comparison in comfort. Hair washed too frequently loses life and lustre. Half the beauty parlors rinse the scalp so insufficiently that in three days' time or less it burns like fire and there is no comfort in life until the head is washed again. I have no doubt but that many annoying and incurable scalp troubles originate in too frequent washing of the hair.

The amount of money that women have in their possession to spend on clothes and personal gratification today is to me a thing to marvel at. There is, of course, the old answer that thousands of good men embezzle the funds and betray business associates and end in disgrace in the penitentiary in their efforts to pay the bills. When a woman becomes so good looking and so well informed that she is positively ashamed to appear in public with the man she married thirty or forty years ago; when she grows white around the gills if he essays a speech for fear he will make a crushing grammatical blunder or show ignorance of art or literature, or ask "what the devil is a vitamine anyway?", the situation is just too bad. The balance is tipping too far in the wrong direction. What needs to pertain is the old study hour in the home at night where women who have had a day of leisure pay back to men for the money they have spent and the fun they have had at their clubs and social affairs by imparting to the men what they have learned that will enable men to come more nearly to maintaining an equal footing.

It is true, also, that while the women are going to the extreme extent that many of them are going in beautifying their bodies and in culturing their brains, they are not making a very comforatble home for father because they are not at home enough of the time to really know what is happening there. A great many of them are leaving their children to the care of servants and governesses and tutors until the children scarcely realize that they have a mother. They do not get the benefit of the culture she is acquiring for herself to any very great degree, they see so little of her. They are more apt to form their opinions and base their judgement on what nurse says, or governess or tutor teaches them, and if they have a father a great many children scarcely know the strange person. Certainly they do not know how to get into loving physical and mental contact with him. I can go about among the homes where I meet my friends and select with almost unerring accuracy the men who need help. Many of them need it badly. I am in deep earnest. They need it pathetically. Men are not the fine physical specimens they were forty years ago, and neither are they the fine mental specimens they were at that time. They are not making bigger speeches in Congress; they are not preaching greater sermons in the pulpits; they are not writing better books or transacting business as honestly and fairly, while as to physical and moral courage most of them have gone completely white-livered. So long as one evilly disposed high school boy can go about brandishing a gun and ordering two or three men to "stick up their hands," and so long as the men obey, so long crime will flourish. Whenever men reach the place where they have had enough and arm themselves, and when they are attacked, defend themselves, banditry will be as unusual as it was forty years ago. It is quite true that most bandits will shoot; but if it were equally true that their victims would shoot, also, that would end matters speedily. I should love to see Daniel Boone and Davy Crockett, and John Brown, Kit Carson and men of their day who faced highway robbers and ambushed Indians, standing like sheep to be relieved of their watches and money. There is no help father needs today as he needs the help of a gun and legal protection while he uses it to get back his physical courage. There is always the worn contention that he might be shot. I would far rather see my man shot than see him afraid, a coward. I can see nowhere men today who compare in appearance or in brain power or courage to the men of yesterday.

On the other hand, the women of today, in beauty and mental development, have the women of forty years ago not figuratively but literally backed off the map. The one thing that women lack, as I said before, is business acumen and political education. These things they must have a few more years in which to acquire, and if they go as far ahead of men in these two things as they have in almost every other feature concerned with daily life, then we are going to have a topsy-turvy situation. We come perilously close to having it right now And it is not fair, and it is not right.

Every woman who reads these lines and knows in her soul that she is guilty, has a remedy. She can begin from this hour on a systematic course of helping father. She can help him to get his physical appearance on par with hers. She can stay at home from a few social functions and make herself and her children a few of their clothes and leave the money that would be spent on ready-made things to help father to get together a few suits in which he will look somewhere nearly on par with the wife and daughters and sons of the family. She can go through her home, and if she be an honest woman, she can see a hundred ways in which she can cut down household expenses very materially.

There come under my immediate observation boys and girls grown almost to maturity who are absolutely unconcerned as to how they are fed and how they are clothed. The "old man" always has met the bills; he may go on meeting them. It never would occur to son to get out of bed at six o'clock in the morning and go down and take the hose from the hands of the Jap gardener and sprinkle the lawn and trim the roses and sweep the sidewalk; to run the automobile out and wash it; to take reasonable care of the clothing he is wearing; to think just a little bit what is happening to father while he earns the money that constitutes the boy's allowance.

There are hundreds of thousands of pretty girls sleeping on until the last minute because they are desperately sleepy from the dissipation of the previous night—girls who are engaged in trying to conduct a love affair and a social life and an education at one fell swoop. The old custom of keeping girls at home and training them to become housewives and to sew and to embroider while they are in school seems to be obsolete. Everywhere I see children of fourteen and fifteen years of age who are trying to carry a preparatory course or high school work and at the same time they expect almost every night to go to a picture show or a party or a dance with a boy escort. It is no wonder the young things are evil tempered and nervous and anemic. It is no wonder they are unduly developed in an emotional way. It is no wonder they fail in their grades and fall the victims of equally indolent and badly reared boys in petting parties and cheap dance halls.

There is no one subject in the world in which I am more intensely interested than I am in the subject of women. So long as women are the mothers of the race what happens to them is absolutely vital to the race. I know that since the beginning of time one generation "views with alarm" what is going to happen in the coming generation. It has gotten to be a chestnut of the stalest sort; but I know, also, that if a present generation had not at times "viewed with alarm" what was happening in its day and taken most stringent steps of a preventive nature, inevitably the blackest kind of a disaster would have overwhelmed our land. Any intelligent reader has only to think a few minutes to recognize that this is the truth; and readers have only to think intelligently a few minutes to recognize that what I have here set down is the truth, and I sincerely hope that if wives and daughters and sons are going to live up to the culture and the opportunities that the fathers have been giving them for the past twenty years, they will make it a point to indulge in a fine large dose of reciprocity and begin paying back today. It is up to each wife who reads these lines to look herself squarely in the face and without lies and evasion decide whether she has done what she should in the line of helping her husband to be her physical, her mental and her social equal. It is up to each son and daughter to decide whether they are flesh and blood parasites sucking the very life from father, or whether they will get on the job themselves and help the "old man" to so fashion his life that he can walk abroad equal in good looks, in dress, and mentality with the remainder of the family.

Devil's Dust

[*Continued from page 46*]

"Daphne is dead—an overdose of the drug. Now you must come home."

Nancy swayed—a moment more and she had crumpled to the floor. For the second time in her life, Nancy had fainted.

BARNEY McGUIRE made what he felt to be a generous offer for the purchase of Hidden House and was piqued when the offer was refused. Why should Peter and Nancy not consider his wishes in the matter? Why had they given the estate for a girls' school—when they knew that the McGuires longed to own it? Barney often wondered also why Peter and Nancy Cabot had built a simple, brown shingle lodge on a hill crest? Why, instead of a marble mantel such as his new home, the Gables, possessed, did they have a gray stone fireplace? And he wondered, too, at the legend carved in wood above it:

"In the urgent solitudes, lies the
spur to larger moods;
"In the friendship of the trees,
dwell all sweet serenities."

No one ever tried to answer Barney's wonderings. There would have been little use. He wondered why Nancy became no gay and fashionable matron but a serious, somewhat plainly dressed Mrs. Peter Cabot, efficient mother of two sons and a daughter. He wondered why Peter did not retire, but kept adding to business cares, developing his powers as an important figure in industry. Barney neither understood nor approved. He felt that he alone had achieved his day dream—with all of its tinsel and gilded splendor. Possibly Madge and Victor had achieved theirs, too—but he pitied the others for having fallen short of the goal.

He realized, more or less, that Leslie's dream was thwarted and Hilary's had turned into a nightmare. But he could never realize that Nancy and Peter, having achieved their day dream, harmonious union of blue blood and devil's dust, alloy and gold moulded into one, had gone far beyond him. They were sharing their dream with the needy world!

[*The End*]

The World I Live In

[*Continued from page 14*]

of the time, and some of the people all of the time." The actress, of course, is dealing with illusions but they must be honest, whole-souled illusions. People who like me, like me because I am palpably, perhaps even monotonously, myself and couldn't be anybody else if I tried.

I have put aside Boswell's Life of Johnson with its unkind remark about women, for our guests have arrived and it is time to be going in to dinner. The evening is about to pass like all our other evenings. I am quite sure they would strike most people as very dull and monotonous, but we like them. And I like to think that our few guests usually feel at home. There is at least no constraint placed upon them. If anyone should care to eat his soup standing up, no one would think the worse of him for this eccentricity. We have in fact one facetious caller who insists upon putting "setting-up exercises" on the phonograph during dinner and trying to eat according to rhythm. But there is no embargo on serious conversation or complete silence if one prefers it. There is always a great deal of nonsensical behavior on the part of my irrepressible husband, whom not even twelve hours of hard work and two hours of hard exercise can subdue. The more serious the company is, the more likely he is at any moment to rise to his feet and pretend that we are a middle western congress of plumbers whom he is addressing on the subject of the close relationship between the art of plumbing and making motion pictures. Then we have a news reel or two, or perhaps a new picture on the screen which we let down at one end of our living room. This, I suppose, would seem to be a strange diversion for people who are busy all day with the making of motion pictures, but we like to see what other people are doing. I have never seen a picture so bad that I could not learn something from it. We usually go to bed about eleven, after an evening of complete relaxation.

There is only one thing that disturbs the serenity of our evenings at home and this has happened so often that it has ceased to be exciting except to visitors. I have seen, as one says, strong men grow pale and the most self-possessed woman falter in the midst of a sentence when the phenomenon is repeated. Our house apparently possesses a ghost. I am not fooling. Two or three times a week there is the same mysterious and unexplained sound, apparently issuing from the attic,—footfalls, not loud but regular, the sound of padded or soft-slippered feet, sentenced to some continual vigil. Now and then there is a pause as if the owner of the footsteps (if you can say that) had come upon some object demanding inspection. Then again the same measured march of tired feet, as regular as the ticking of a clock. A dozen times Douglas has dashed upstairs to find this ghostly interloper but there is never anyone there. The last time we asked someone to stay over night with us, he suddenly changed his mind during dinner and discovered the most urgent reasons for being at home.

But tonight they cause little annoyance because all of our guests are used to them. Personally I have grown rather attached to this ghost, just as I am to my wire-haired dog "Zorro" and my large cage full of canaries and all the other domestic things that turn a house into a home. We have rather a gay little assembly tonight. At my left Douglas always sits, not wanting to be separated from me, a sentiment which a woman appreciates when she has been married for over four years. On my right there is the Duke of ————. The other guests are the Duchess of ————, Edward Knobloch the playwright, and Charlie Chaplin, the greatest of all comic spirits. They are all simple genuine people whom I like and admire. I have left blank the names of our two titled guests, for I have not consulted them, and they may have been under the impression that they were dining privately and not for publication.

Most people cannot understand why I don't go out more and bask pleasantly in the light of public curiosity when people crane their necks and say "Why there goes Mary Pickford." As a matter of fact sometimes they say that and sometimes I hear them say, "Well, she certainly looks better on the screen than she looks off." And that isn't the way to find happiness. I am sure of that. It is very easy to explain why I prefer the privacy of my home. It is not at all that I am lacking in vanity or a desire for adulation. I think I must have this in its most violent form, but it is professional rather than personal. Every woman must have a mirror in which to study her own reflection. I do not mean a physical looking glass. I mean the mirror of other people's appraisal. She must have constant evidence that she is charming and interesting, or at least that she is needed and appreciated. To be happy, she wants constant reminders that she is causing a favorable impression on someone, and preferably, I think in most cases, on as many as possible. My work at the studio and all my contacts with the business and artistic sides of motion picture production, offer me a mirror so large that my vanity must be colossal.

I feel myself tottering on the verge of that old, old question about careers and domesticity for women, whether one interferes with the other and if so what we are going to do about it. Personally, I have never found any conflict between the two. If I had to choose between dropping my career and everything it means to me, and giving up the domestic happiness I find with my husband and my mother, I would not hesitate a single moment. My work means a tremendous lot to me, but I would drop it without a tear. But I have never found any necessity for such a sacrifice. If having some strong interest and purpose in life outside her home makes a woman lead a dual life, it is a kind of duality which is not only pleasant and refreshing but almost necessary I think. Each activity heightens the pleasure in the other. I believe that almost every normal woman finds her greatest happiness in the simple domestic pleasures—but they are after all only a welcome anchorage. Every woman must now and then feel tide and wind beckoning her to other waters, even if necessity chains her body to its mooring and it is only her mind that sails off into strange adventures. I think it is mostly a fictitious problem. I have to choose between a life of social dissipation and my career as an actress, because one inteferes with the other, but I do not have to choose between domesticity and my work, because they are quite compatible. Taken in the right doses, they make as good a recipe for happiness as any.

But I am giving too little attention to my distinguished guests, although they are chatting gaily and getting along quite well without my help. Mr. Chaplin is always either intensely serious or utterly ridiculous and he flops from one mood to the other so rapidly that it takes a mental gymnast to follow him. At present I hope he means to be funny, for he is asking me if I am not worried by the fact that some obscure actress who is unknown outside of Hollywood is making serious inroads into my popularity. I can never become very hilarious over this sort of jibe, because I am never sure that there isn't a little something in it. The Duke of ———— is telling some anecdotes about the Prince of Wales. Douglas is telling Edward Knobloch that if he is ever troubled with indigestion, he can cure himself easily by laughing at himself every morning before breakfast and by making a cheerful noise like a man who is bursting with health.

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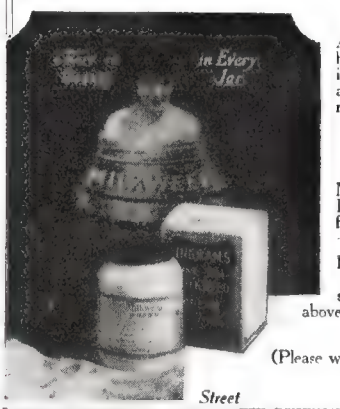

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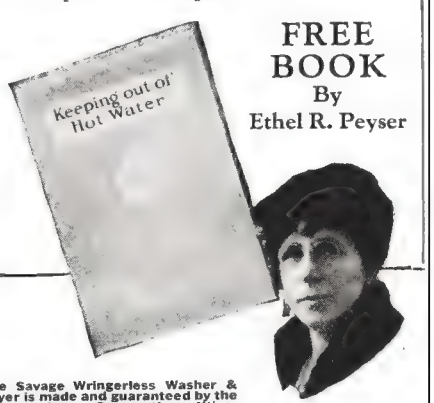

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[*Continued from page 11*]

One of the guests, a fat, oily man, with a saturnine face, who, she knew, was Otto Paul, the theatrical producer, sprang from his chair and intercepted her.

"It is Miss Jeannette Wyngold, is it not?" he said, speaking with a foreign burr which seemed to add to the oily softness of his voice. "And you have found a post here, I am told?"

"For a time," said Jeannette.

"Ah!" said Paul, beaming upon her. "Very good! When that time is up, come to me, Miss Wyngold, and I will make you a business proposition which you will find very attractive, very. The Caravan Theatre will always find me, and I shall be charmed to see you at any time. You must go now? Then I will say—*au revoir!*"

She found herself alone in the corridor and shuddering as if she had been made to drink some nauseating draught. "Horrible man!" she murmured.

ON the following evening, by the last post, Jeannette received a note from Buck. He had gotten a job in London, he said, and wanted to see her. He would wait for her at the church two blocks away; he would wait there every evening until she found it convenient to come.

On the following evening she had decided to reward Buck's patient vigil by at least a glimpse of herself as she went to post a letter to Lady Varleigh. When the hour arrived a heavy rain had set in.

Nearing the pillar-box that stood under a lamp immediately facing the church, she slackened her pace. Whatever the weather, Buck must not think she was in a hurry to meet him. It would be bad enough if he imagined that she had come at all for that purpose.

She reached the post, and dropped her letter into it. Then she glanced round. Buck was nowhere to be seen! She was conscious of a sudden tightness at her heart. Having waited for her in vain yesterday, did he dare to take it for granted that she would not come to-day? And then there came a voice at her side. He touched her arm.

"Jeannette! You shouldn't have come out—in this!"

"I came—to post a letter."

But foolishly he persisted, rushing headlong to his own destruction. "Still it was decent of you to come out in the rain for me!"

He spoke with absolute simplicity, and she felt a pang at her heart. She did not want to be cruel to him that night, yet she had no choice. She dared not be kind.

"Buck," she said, "before you say any more, I have got to tell you something. I can't meet you again. It wouldn't be treating you fairly if I did. You will have to set to work and forget me. Do you understand? This thing has gone too far, and it must come to an end."

"What thing?" said Buck.

"You know what I mean," she said. "You are wasting yourself, spoiling your whole life for the sake of a dream. You must wake up." A tinge of impatience crept into her speech, making it vehement. "Go to South Africa as you suggested weeks ago! Go anywhere rather than hang about here!"

"It's too late now for that South African scheme," said Buck patiently. "And I'm not hanging about, you know. I'm at work."

"Well, you must go elsewhere for work," Jeannette insisted. "Or else I must. One of us must go."

"Why?" said Buck.

She tried to answer but suddenly tears welled up beyond control, and ran down her face. She turned sharply away from him. But he was with her in a second, his hand within her arm notwithstanding her blind attempt to dislodge it.

"Don't fret!" he said. "Please don't fret! I won't get in your way any more. I won't come again. There! Now you will leave off being unhappy, won't you? Promise!"

He smiled at her, and his smile was disarming. What could she say to him? His stupidity completely baffled her.

She felt too tired to battle further. "What did you want to see me about?"

"Oh, only to make sure you were all right," he said, "being properly treated and so on. And to warn you—just to warn you— not to be drawn into any friendship with that K. C. fellow. He is rather a rapid traveller, I believe."

"I don't know what you mean," said Jeannette.

"You wouldn't," said Buck. "But take it from me! Don't have too much to do with him! Lady Kingswold is an unhappy woman, and she has some cause to h[illegible]

"[illegible]at's what you mean," said Jeann[illegible] with some sharpness, "she has no cause whatever." She turned with decision and began to walk back. He tramped beside her along the wet pavement. Both were silent. When they reached the tall house on the further side of the square, the flaring lights of an approaching car shone upon them. It slid to a standstill simultaneously with their arrival.

"Good night!" said Buck. "Thank you for coming out to meet me." His hand clasped hers in the old friendly way. The car-door opened behind him, but he did not turn his head.

"Good night!" said Jeannette.

She was aware of Sir Jervis descending and felt unaccountably nervous.

As Buck turned away into the darkness, she realized that Sir Jervis was standing in the rain waiting for her to precede him up the steps. She resented the feeling of being caught in an indiscreet action which his manner seemed to convey, and as she entered the house she gave him a brisk nod and prepared to pass on.

But to her surprise he detained her. "Miss Wyngold, you must be wet through. Have you a good fire upstairs?"

"I hope so," said Jeannette.

"Is Dorothea there?" he asked.

"No. I believe she is in the drawing-room."

A servant came up, silent-footed, and helped Sir Jervis to remove his coat.

"Good night!" said Jeannette, and left him.

She passed lightly up the three flights that led to the schoolroom. She found it empty as she had anticipated, but a bright fire burned there and drew her to the hearth. She went to it without waiting to take off her mackintosh, and stooped to warm her hands.

She straightened herself sharply at a sound at the door, and saw Sir Jervis enter with a slight frown of annoyance. She did not want Sir Jervis just then. She wanted to be alone. But he came forward with obvious purpose, and she saw that there was no dismissing him.

"You haven't taken off your wet things yet," he said, and with a half-humorous shake of the head began to unbutton her mackintosh.

"Please don't trouble!" said Jeannette.

"My dear child," he rejoined, "don't you know that I regard you as my especial charge? I am not going to have you laid up with a chill if I can help it.' She stood still while he slipped the streaming garment from her shoulders.

"Sit down!" he said gently. "You are tired. Why did you go out in this bad weather to meet that young Wetherby?"

"I don't know," she said again.

"You shouldn't have gone," said Sir Jervis.

He was on his knees on the hearth. He poked the fire to a blaze and turned to her.

"Now for those wet shoes!" he said. and began to loosen one of them with the words.

She bent forward quickly to prevent him. "Oh, please don't!" she said. "My feet are quite all right." But he gently insisted.

She watched him draw off her shoes and set them on the fender to dry, too tired and too dispirited to remonstrate further. He stood up and pulled a chair to her side. "Miss Wyngold," he said, as he sat down, "I am going to take the privilege of an old friend—in spite of the fact that our acquaintance is not of very long duration."

"Oh, I know what you are going to say," said Jeannette. "But you needn't. I am not going to meet Buck again, and I have told him so."

He passed the assurance by. "You are young. You have your life before you. You must not act in a hurry. I need scarcely say that you will always be a welcome guest in my house."

"I don't regard myself as a guest," said Jeannette.

He reached out a hand, and laid it with a paternal touch upon her arm. "Jeannette, you are the most welcome visitor I have received in the past twenty years. It is only when someone like you comes by that one feels the healing touch. I can forget everything when I am with you."

His hand was still on her arm. There was something insistent in its pressure, though his voice conveyed so little. "You surely cannot misunderstand. When I see you tired, lonely, sad, how can I do otherwise than long to comfort you?"

Embarrassed she leaned forward and poked at the fire vigorously. Suddenly she heard him utter a low exclamation. She glanced round sharply. He was looking at her with an expression which completely baffled her.

"Child!" he said, and stooped towards her.

The next instant she understood. The strange jewel which Lady Varleigh had given her on that tragic day, her birthday, had fallen from its habitual hiding-place and was hanging from her neck. He took it into his hand, still looking at her with an intensity that startled her.

"So it has passed to you!" He bent closer to her. "Child how can I help loving you? You are as my own!"

The words burst from him. They were like the breaking of a spell. Jeannette got up quickly with a sharp sense of tragedy, and as she did so the door opened with an abruptness that was almost violent. She turned to see Lady Kingswold, white of face and with livid lips, standing on the threshold. Sir Jervis was on his feet in a second.

Lady Kingswold advanced. She was trembling from head to foot.

"You needn't try to deceive me," she said to her husband in frozen accents. "I heard what you said just now." She regarded him for a moment with fixed scorn, then turned upon Jeannette a look of indescribable malignity. "Where did you get that jewel?" she said, and pointed a shaking finger at the deep red stone that hung quivering with opalescent radiance at the end of its slender chain.

"There is no need to ask that," interposed Sir Jervis very quietly. "You know quite well that it could only have come from me."

"Yes. I know," said Lady Kingswold. She went close to Jeannette, and there was something terrible in her movement; it was like the creeping of a panther. Jeannette awaited her, quite upright, wholly unflinching.

"What have you to say?" demanded Lady Kingswold. "How do you account for that stone being in your possession?"

"I?" said Jeannette, and raised her head with great pride. "I have no need to account for it. It was given me for luck."

"For—luck!" Swift as a panther's spring came the blow, and Jeannette staggered, so utterly unexpected was it. She felt the chain at her neck dragged to a cruel tension, then it snapped with a sting like a whip, and she was free. She went backwards gasping, her hands over her face.

A voice—Dorothea's—shrieked in the background, and another—Lady Kingswold's—answered it with a wild burst of laughter. Jeannette looked up, to see Sir Jervis, white as death, come to her. His eyes were terrible, his look compelled.

"Go!" he said. "Go quickly!"

She had no choice. She turned and went. As she did so, she saw that Lady Kingswold was bent over the fire, like a witch over her cauldron, and was stirring something deeply into it. She knew what it was, but she did not linger. Lady Varleigh's most precious possession was beyond all desecration now.

[*Continued in September* McCALL'S]

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3. Thin slices of whole-wheat bread with Beech-Nut Peanut Butter.
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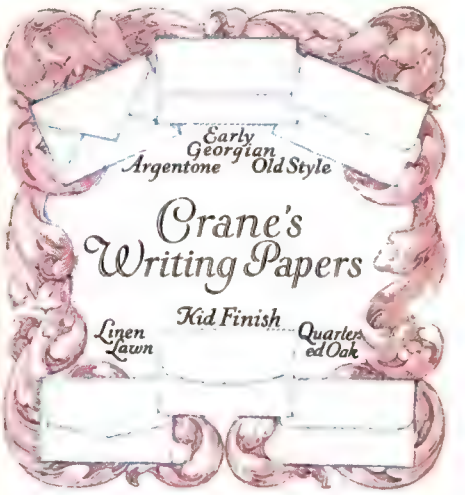

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The Girl in Golden Rags

[*Continued from page 7*]

She came into the house for noon dinner one day in May, looking particularly shabby and unwashed.

Something—some slight unsteadiness in her mother's voice, attracted Jacqueline's attention.

"Is anything the matter?" she asked, turning around from the basin of soapy water.

"Nothing. Dinner's ready."

They ate in silence for a while. When the soup was finished there was fried mush, and the first asparagus of the season. Jacqueline savoured it daintily, held it aloft, let it droop and melt into her pink mouth.

"That is not the way to eat it," said Anne.

"That is why it is so good," retorted Jacqueline.

"Dangerous logic, Jackie."

"I didn't mean it," said the girl, laughing. "I wouldn't do a wrong thing just because I liked to do it. Besides, I never have wanted to do anything wrong. Not *very* wrong—"

"Very well. But I want you always to tell me anything that you are in doubt about."

"Pat McCann said that Tanya Larisch and I could have his boat this afternoon—"

"Walk four miles in a bathing suit?"

"It won't hurt me—"

Very slowly, and as if tired, Anne went down stairs and out to the barn, where she backed old Jim out of his stall and harnessed him to the decrepit buckboard. The problem of this woman-child of hers was weighing heavily and more heavily on her; the eternal problems of food and clothing; of the future always thick with darkness; of her own strength to endure—all these had become steadily increasing burdens which were crushing Anne's heart and mind.

Either some money must be made and laid aside, and that quickly, or the child would have to remain at home for sheer lack of apparel.

After Jacqueline, in her middy-blouse, and with her bathing suit in her lap, had driven away along the alder-bordered road, Anne found a large pine shingle, used for siding, mixed a little red wagon-paint, and upon the shingle she printed:

Boarders Taken
Fresh Milk and Eggs
A. Ardres

This she nailed to a solitary fir-balsam tree which stood dejectedly by the roadside, where the garden gate had been.

IT WAS in May that Anne Ardres nailed up the shingle offering board and lodging at the Ardres Farm. During the long, hot summer there had been no inquiries.

One day, early in October, Welch Verril, of the Verril farm—a thin, shabby, sharp-faced little man of forty, drove up to the Ardres gate and called out to Jacqueline:

"Hey, Jack, where's your Ma?"

Jacqueline, who was sawing kindling, smiled upon Verril in her friendly fashion:

"Mother is in the barn; she'll be back in a minute. How are Connie and Betty?"

Verril, a widower, rested one ragged elbow on his knee and his chin on his thin palm. "I can't keep track o' them no more," he said dully. "Connie, she's turned sixteen and she runs all over the county wild-like. Betty, she's most ten but she's into everything. You can't do nothin' without a woman."

Anne, advancing briskly across the grass, heard their voices and halted. Then she came forward slowly.

"How d'do," grunted Verril, reddening.

"Good morning," said Anne drily, recollecting that Verril's last visit was to propose marriage.

"I jest stopped a minute as I was passin'," he said. "I got more cows n' I can feed. 'N caafs, too. 'N' thinks I, mebbe M'ss Ardres might like a heifer caaf. . . ."

"I'd like one," said Anne, "but I haven't got the money."

"Waal—I gotta build me a garridge. I can take it out in pine logs. I seen what I want down to your east wood-lot."

"You'll have to take them on the stump, Mr. Verril."

He nodded, absently. Then he turned and looked at Anne out of sharp, sunken little eyes. "I dunno how I'm to git along," he said in his thin voice. "Seem's if 't'ain't no use for one man to try—what with farm work, 'n' chores, 'n' children, 'n' hard times, 'n' no woman to help out—"

"You better hire one," said Anne coolly.

"That kind ain't no reel help," he retorted with a dogged stare. "Widder-women an' widder-men oughta git hitched up. What *you* think?" Anne calmly shook her head, but inwardly she was furious that Jacqueline should hear.

"Waal," said Verril, "I guess I'll be gettin' on. You send Jack over an' she can pick her out a heifer-caaf. 'N' I'll cut what's right down to your east wood-lot. G'mornin'."

He drove on, southward. Jacqueline resumed the buck-saw; Anne looked at her, still pink with annoyance.

"Jackie—"

"What, Mother?"

"Never marry a man who drinks or who had rather hunt than plow."

Jacqueline dropped the buck-saw, turned to Anne, and clasped her passionately in both arms.

THE highway to Drifting Bridge is monotonous except in October and then, sometimes, it is dangerous. It runs for four miles between barriers of alders as dense, level-topped, and symmetrical as clipped hedges. Therein lies a certain hazard; for woodcock breed there, and frost-driven flights from the far North stop there on their journey South. And in the open season, occasionally, a hail of shot tears through the alders, and across the highway, because men lose all sense of direction and become utterly bewildered by the unbroken miles of thicket on either side of the highway.

Now, in the morning sunshine of a cloudless October day, the road along which Jacqueline drove old Jim, hitched to the box wagon, was all flanked by masses of azure and gold—myriads of asters, from palest shades of lavender to royal purple—and towering thickets of wild sunflowers.

As Jacqueline crossed the covered bridge, in the semi-dusk of the ancient roofed structure, she saw Ross Chase and his great, bony, red setter slowly coming toward her. Old Jim's huge hoofs resounded thunderously under the roof. Jacqueline nodded to the tall, gaunt man who looked up at her out of eyes so light in color that they seemed nearly white. Often the girl had shuddered, not knowing why, when she looked into this man's face—the strangest and most silently ominous face she ever had gazed upon. Ross halted Jim with a gesture. His gun lay across the hollow of his left arm.

"Howdy," he said in a colorless voice.

"Good morning, Mr. Chase."

He said: "I seen some city hunters down the road a piece. How much will Welch give your Ma to keep folks off?"

"Two dollars and seventy-five cents—"

"Take three and call it a trade."

"I must ask Mother—"

He gave her a slow stare: "Seen Humphrey yet?"

"No." Bill Humphrey was a game protector.

"You needn't tell him I'm aimin' to hunt them alders o' yourn."

"I'll have to say so if he asks."

"Yeh will? Hunh."

"I'm not going to lie for three dollars."

"How much, then?"

"I won't lie anyway."

"Hunh. Not f'r a hundred; hey?"

"No."

"N'r a thousan'?"

"No."

"Well, if you see Humphrey or any other protector, yeh can hide, can't yeh?"

"I don't know."

"Ain't it worth three dollars to keep out o' sight?"

"I don't know. I'll ask Mother."

"Well, I'll be over before long. I'll have three dollars in my pocket. Mebbe a leetle more. Hunh? Yaas, mebbe three 'n' a spare shillin'. F'r luck. Hunh? Tell your ma."

Jacqueline was driving now, with a prudent and lively eye on the barriers of alders.

About twenty minutes later two shots rang out very near; and a man clad in brown shooting garments strode hastily out of the thicket and into the road. He caught sight of the advancing wagon, held up a warning hand, turned sharply to face the alders again.

"Mark! Right over you; P. J.!" cried a voice from the alders. Overhead came speeding a big woodcock, just clear of the tops, and winging rapidly eastward. And, bang! went the man's gun. Old Jim pricked up his freckled ears without otherwise stirring. Jacqueline saw the woodcock collapse in mid-air, plunge sideways and downward and hit the road. A cloud of tiny feathers and down still hung above the bushes.

The man in the road took it, reloaded, waited, still facing the alders. After a moment two dogs broke through the leafy barrier; then two men followed, both carrying guns.

"It's so thick in there you can't see," said the younger of the two men. "We fired at the twitter. Did you knock either of them, Mr. Connor?"

"Both," said the man in the road, briefly. Then he motioned Jacqueline to drive forward.

"Much obliged, little lass," he said. "I didn't know we were so near the road. We'll strike in deeper." And, as Jacqueline's wagon came abreast of him: "Are you acquainted in these parts?" he inquired in his hearty voice, and laid a detaining hand on Jim.

"Yes, I am," said Jacqueline.

"Well, then, if we go through the alders east, where do we come out?"

"I don't know. It's all bushes in there up to the mountains."

"Do you hear that, Roger?" he demanded, turning toward the two other men. "All thicket, the little lass says. It's a compass we'll be wanting in there. You sometimes carry one, West—"

"I haven't any now," replied the youngest of the trio—a youth of twenty-two or three. He wore no cap on his thick, yellowish hair. His gray eyes met Jacqueline's with indifference. Yet she noticed that he flushed a little. The man addressed as Roger came forward, now, wading hip-deep through the scratchy mess of tangled weed and brier and wild-flowers.

"Perhaps you can tell us," he said to Jacqueline, "whether we're trespassing on this land. Who owns this property, anyway?"

"My mother," she replied demurely.

"Lord save us!" exclaimed Connor, "—here, little lady-lass—take your birds"—and he began to pull the balls of brown feathers from his shooting coat pocket. Jacqueline was laughing now, without restraint.

"I don't want them," she protested, refusing with a gesture the offered birds. "I wouldn't be so mean—"

"Well, then, let me pay you for them—" He checked himself; then: "Let us pay you for a full day's sport in your alders! Come, now, name your figure? And think of the lolly-pops you can buy!"

Her short skirts and her rounded cheeks of a child were deceiving them. She realized that. She said: "Our house is only a little way ahead. Why don't you stop and ask my mother about the shooting?"

"That's an idea, too," agreed Connor heartily. "It's a fine covert, this. Certainly your mother should charge us a day's rent for a day's sport. Drive on, pretty lass, and we'll follow."

"There's room for you all in the wagon," said Jacqueline politely, but her friendly eyes turned again to the boy with blond hair.

"All right!" cried Connor, "—come on, West! Two men, two calves, and a kind little lady!" And, as they climbed into the wagon: "What may your Mother's name be—and yours?"

"My Mother is [*Turn to page 54*]

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The Girl in Golden Rags

[*Continued from page 53*]

Mrs. Anne Ardres, and I am Jacqueline. I'm not as young as you think."

"Well, then, *Miss* Jacqueline, this other gentleman is Mr. Roger Aylward; and the handsome young gentleman is Mr. J. West Halton; and I'm plain P. J. Connor—which means Patrick and Joseph, if you don't mind me telling you—"

"How much land is yours then, little lass?" Connor asked as the wagon bounced over the ruts of the road.

"I think there are twenty thousand acres—"

"*Yours!*"

"Mother's."

Jacqueline, letting Jim go his own gait, turned around and said to Mr. Connor: "It sounds like a big farm, but really it isn't. We have about seventy acres in grass and fallow pastures, and only thirty under cultivation. All the rest is in woods and alders, and that pond you noticed. It's worth nothing."

Amid its cluster of old maples and elms, the decrepit Ardres Farm buildings stood out against a deep blue sky. All around lay rolling fields of standing corn and stacked buckwheat; and stretches of stubble and grass, bordered in the bluish distance by the inevitable palisades of alders. The wagon continued on as far as the barn. Here Jacqueline jumped to the ground and turned to her passengers, always with friendly interest:

"Mother will be cooking dinner," she explained. "If you open that side door on the porch you'll see her, and she'll talk to you about the shooting."

The blond boy, carrying his gun, dropped from the tail of the wagon to the grass. He gave Jacqueline an involuntary but perplexed glance, then seemed much occupied with the two dogs that were leaping around him. Mr. Connor got out with his gun; Mr. Aylward followed.

"Thank you for the lift and your pleasant company, my golden-brown lass," said Connor; "—West, you help the little lady with the horse. Come on, Roger, and maybe we'll rent a day's shooting."

"Or a week's," suggested Aylward, under his breath, as they started across the grass toward the house.

Anne opened the door. Her sleeves were rolled, her shirt-waist wide at the tanned throat. Over a skirt of faded blue cotton she wore a clean apron. Her mass of ruddy blond hair was twisted into a shining knot. Her pleasant eyes were very blue in the sunshine that slanted across the kitchen.

Connor took off his shooting cap; so did Aylward.

There was a moment's silence—not awkward—but something had checked Mr. Connor's easy loquacity.

"Won't you come in?" said Anne. It was part of the local ritual.

"Could we stand here and say a word to you and not interrupt your cooking?"

Anne said, "Certainly," and turned the ham in the frying pan with a large fork. Aylward spoke again, explaining their intrusion, confessing to seven woodcock, and asked if they might continue shooting at any rental for the day's sport that Mrs. Ardres might care to accept.

"Why, yes," she said, "you may shoot in the alders if you're careful of the cattle." Aylward thanked her, suggested that she tell them what they owed her, and offered to pay in advance.

Anne flushed more deeply, hesitated: "I don't know. Would twenty-five cents apiece be too much? And I could give you noon dinner, too—"

"God bless us!" exclaimed Connor. It was the first time he had spoken, and it startled Anne.

"Perhaps I asked too much," she ventured.

He said, slowly: "Madam—seventy-five cents is ridiculous for three dinners and a day's shooting in as fine a bit o' bush as ever any dog quartered! And if you'd said twenty-five dollars no man of us could have blinked and not taken shame to himself!"

He opened a wallet, drew out four clean ten-dollar notes, laid them on the kitchen table.

"I *can't* take so much money for nothing!" protested Anne. "It isn't right or decent."

"Well, then, it is both," retorted Connor, "and your pardon, Madam, for disputing your own words, but I can't eat your ham and johnny-cake and shoot your birds for less, nor would any man but a born pickpocket!"

Anne looked at Connor, irresolutely. He gazed straight back into her blue eyes: "Is that johnny-cake I smell, Madam?" he demanded.

"Corn-bread—yes—" She stooped, opened a door in the oven. A rush of fragrance was expelled. Crouched there she glanced up at Connor, beginning to be a little amused.

"Look at it, Roger!" he exclaimed, "—look at those crisp, gold pans!"

"Mother," said Jacqueline as she and the boy came in, "I would like to introduce my friend, Mr. J. West Halton, from New York." And, to the young man: "You may wash up in my room. Is that where the other gentlemen have gone, Mother?"

"Yes," said Anne. "Show Mr. Halton the way."

Jacqueline, who was leading, turned around to the boy: "It's the only thing in the world I *could* show you, I guess," she said mischievously, "—the way to the stairs."

"Why do you say that?"

"You're from New York. What could *I* show *you?*"

They were passing through the sitting room. He stepped forward to walk beside her. Both were laughing.

"Do you really think you couldn't show a New Yorker anything?"

"Aren't they very, *very* wise?"

"Well, *I'm* not *very* wise."

They halted at the foot of the stairs.

"The other two gentlemen look even wiser than you do," she said, "—particularly the older one—the jolly one—who calls me his lass."

"That's P. J.," said the boy.

"Who?"

"Didn't you ever hear of P. J. Connor?"

"No. I never did."

They both laughed: "He's rather well known in the world," remarked the boy.

"Is he? Why?"

"Oil wells."

"Oh. Does he own an oil well?"

"Quite a lot of them. . . . And other trifles—such as railroads, and steamships, and mines, and several towns—"

After a moment: "Those are the stairs," she said, and her engagingly humorous smile flashed out again. "If you'll open the washstand drawer in my room you'll find a perfectly new cake of rose-scented soap. You'll like it because it came from The New York Store in the village. It will make you feel as though you were quite at home."

"You're a funny kid. How old are you, anyway?"

"Don't look at my skirts and I'll tell you."

He glanced at them again, flushed a little. She clasped her hands behind her back and frowned at him:

"You *did* look; and now I've got to tell you I'm only fifteen."

"Are you older?"

"How much older do you think?"

"You're not sixteen! Are you?"

"This is not a sport skirt," she said. "I've outgrown everything I own. We're so poor that I have to wait a while. I thought I'd better tell you so you won't think me crazy to dress like a kid. I was seventeen last May."

"Why, you poor child!" he exclaimed. His impulsive hand, half extended, she met with her own, half way. For a moment they stood so, and Jacqueline's smile was friendly and even a little excited.

She said: "If you'd like us to be friends, I'm old enough, you see. I was afraid you might think me a little girl."

"Oh, you funny little thing!" he cried, and came nearer her.

"My heart and soap are yours," she laughed; freed her hand, and fled.

[*Continued in September* McCALL'S]

Half-Breed Ike

[*Continued from page 13*]

from the passage taken by the steamer, d'you understand, and passes fifteen miles to the left of the Light; so Marl's winter mail used to come to the Landing to be sent on by us, if any of our men should happen to be passing. The envelope o' this letter was addressed in a woman's hand-writing, stamped with a coronet and coat-of-arms and, what interested us most, marked along the top edge o' the flap with five crosses in red ink, which looked as though they might 'ave been meant for kisses.

"We had our laugh and gave the letter to a young chap named Sunderland, who was going up-lake after some huskies, to leave at Marl's on his return journey.

"When Sunderland came back he'd a queer story to tell. When he got to the Light, he found the place barricaded and in darkness. He knocked at the door, but Marl wouldn't let him enter; he went out on the roof of the tower instead and shouted down at him.

"After a lot of arguing, he told Sunderland to strike a match that he might see his face—being winter, yer see, it was dark. Sunderland refused, saying that he'd hardly any matches left and needed all he'd got.

"Marl wasn't content till he'd let down a lantern on a string and made quite sure that it really was Sunderland and no one else.

"Considering how he'd been shut up there all by himself for over two months, in the gloom o' winter, this was strange behavior to say the least of it. Most of us get so lonesome that we're glad to see anyone that comes along.

"Well, when Marl had opened the door and got the letter into his possession, he saw the handwriting and the five marks across the back, and went deadly pale as though he were going to faint. Sunderland ran forward to hold him up; before he could lay a finger on 'im, Marl out with a revolver and dared him to cross the threshold. Then, covering him and foaming like a madman, he asked him where he'd got it; whether any strange people—especially a woman—had been seen anywhere about; whether anyone had seen the address and what was written on the flap. Having asked everything that he had a mind to, he slammed the door, bolted it on the inside, dragged furniture against it, and left Sunderland standing in the cold with an exhausted dog-team and eighty miles of trail before him.

"That was the story Sunderland told us and he was angry enough to be truthful about anything.

"For the next five years we saw nothing of Marl. He wasn't our sort and hadn't made himself very pleasant, so we didn't put ourselves out to go and see him. Every winter brought him a letter in the same woman's handwriting, but as each year went by there was one cross less on the back. The men who went by there to deliver them always went armed. They said that every window and door of the Light was barred, that he lived in a state of siege and threatened to fire on them just as soon as he saw them coming. It was a clear case of funk, there could be no mistake about that; though what he'd got to be afraid of when there wasn't so much as a jack-rabbit living within a fifty mile radius of him, we could never guess. The men who carried his letter to him every winter always came back with the same old story. When he'd got it into his hands, he would turn it over and look at the back; and when he saw that another cross was missing, he would go fair mad with terror and bar the door and climb clop, clop, clop, with his crutch and wooden-leg to the top of the tower, where he'd sit glaring out across the snow and ice till he'd seen them out of sight. It was always the same, the locked door, the madness and the terror.

"In the summer of the fifth year of his coming I got to thinking things over; and it seemed to me that it would be sort o' decent to give the chap a change by bringing him up to the Landing; the more so since we'd just been joined by another of his own tony grade. The Government had got wind that whiskey had been passing down by our waters to the Indians, and had determined to put a stop to it by stationing a sergeant of the Mounted Police upon us to keep an open eye.

"When the Sergeant arrived, he turned out to be an Englishman, as most of the North West Mounted Police were at that time. He'd been an officer in the Life Guards, had lost his money through gambling, been unable to meet his debts, and had come to Canada to fill up the time until he should enter into some property to which he was heir in the Old Land. I suppose he was what they'd call well-connected—all we cared for was that he was a good feller and fine company.

"We sent a boat to the Light to fetch back Marl and a pressing invitation that he should come; but made no mention of the Sergeant—we left that for a surprise.

"As I've said before, Marl was a haughty, aristocratic man—gave you the idea that he was wearing a top-hat and getting ready to address the House of Lords. Therefore none of us had been very keen on meeting him again, didn't feel comfortable in his company, still less since the coming of those letters. Now that the Sergeant had arrived, being one o' his own cut, we asked him up out o' pity and hoped that things would go well.

"The betting was pretty heavy against his accepting; but toward the evening of the third day the boat sailed into the bay and drew up at the Landing with him on board.

"It didn't take two looks to see what had persuaded him to make the voyage—it was to escape his fear. If he'd sold himself to the Devil and was waiting for Satan to come and take him, he couldn't have looked worse.

"All that swaggering God-damn-yer air of his had worn off. His eyes had sunk deep into their sockets, where they burned bloodshot and treacherous. His hair, which had been reddish, was now quite white, though his beard remained the old color. His head hung forward from his shoulders and lolled from side to side as he struggled along on his crutch, so that he seemed to be always scenting for an enemy.

"I've seen some fairly bad cases of backwood madness; men who've come creeping and growling on hands and knees into camp, yapping and snarling like wild beasts; and men who've clung to me and sat weeping day and night from sheer terror lest I should leave them; but I've never seen anything quite so loathsome as the sight of that big silent cripple.

"Perhaps it was the memory of how I'd seen him last, perhaps it was his physical infirmity, or the fact that just enough of the man remained in him to emphasize the beast that had come to stay; whatever the deep-down reason, the dull dreary suspicion of those sunken eyes and the clop, clop, clop of his crutch and wooden-leg filled me with hatred.

"I forced myself toward him and was just telling him how pleased we all were to see him when, looking over my shoulder, he caught sight of the Sergeant, who had approached unbeknown to me from behind.

"'By——, it's Lord——!' I heard the Sergeant exclaim. But before he could finish the name, Marl had reached past me with his crutch and caught him a heavy clump on the side of the head which felled him to the ground. We had difficulty in keeping 'im from doing a worse damage and only succeeded when we'd carried him off by force and locked him up in the woodshed for the night.

"We took the Sergeant to the house and brought him round with some of the contraband brandy, which it was his business to confiscate; but he was too stunned to take much notice of anything that night.

"Next morning, when we went to look for Marl, we found the woodshed empty. He'd broken his way out, stolen a canoe and departed on his eighty mile paddle to the Light.

"While the Sergeant was dazed, we'd tried to question him. All we'd been able to get out of him was, 'She was his ward—a golden-haired slip of a girl. To have done what he did to her was bad enough. But to have married her off to save his own face, without ever letting her know what had happened to her child, that was the cruelty that made her hound him.'

"To this information the Sergeant added nothing when he recovered next morning. He made no effort to retaliate—acknowledged nothing beyond the obvious fact that he'd known Marl years ago in England under another name and that we'd be wise to leave him alone, as he was a dangerous, hard-pressed man.

"When the winter came round again it brought the annual letter in the woman's hand-writing for Marl, only this time it bore no crosses; the back of the envelope was blank. We showed it to the Sergeant, who only shook his head and said that it was a bad job with which he for one refused to tamper.

"As you may imagine, by this time the story was common property from here to the Hudson Bay, and no one was very eager to deliver the Lighthouse mail after the treatment which the other five carriers had received. We did get a man to carry the letter though, and this was the way of it. Ten of us came together and subscribed a pool, which we offered to anyone who would put up an equal sum to lay beside it, and go off alone, place the letter in Marl's hands, speak with him face to face, and return to the Landing within nine days. If he failed, we divided his money among the subscribers. If he succeeded, he won the pool.

"We had a big half-breed hanging round the place just then, whom we'd nicknamed 'Half-Breed Ike.' He, being a greedy beggar, took up the wager for the money's sake though he was mortally afraid. We harnessed in the swiftest team of huskies we had on hand, gave him provisions for five days, some of the forbidden drink to nerve him to the interview, and went down to the lake to see him off. Remembering what we did of the wild-beast in Marl's eyes when he struck the Sergeant, I don't think any of us was very hopeful about seeing Ike again.

"We watched him frisk away through the half-light, cracking jokes about all the money he was going to make, with the great Northern Lights streaming over him, till he was out of sight. Then we returned to sit down and wait.

"Four, five, six, seven days passed, and still no Ike. On the eighth he stumbled in, with a hole through his left foot and part of his right hand shot away—this accounted for the slowness of his return. for it ain't no joke breaking trail with a bullet through yer foot. When he'd recovered enough to speak, the first thing he did was to ask for the pool he'd won, after which he told his tale.

HE'D made a quick trip of it until he got within a mile of the Light. Then his courage began to fail him. He hung about for half-a-day, plying himself with spirits we'd given him to get up his pluck. When he did make up to go and have it out with Marl, he was three parts drunk and inclined to be impudent.

"Marl must have grown more suspicious than usual, for it's likely that he'd spied the dog-team and Ike from the first, seeing as how he was always on the lookout, so that by the time they came within speaking distance he must have been worked up to a state o' frenzy.

"'Mr. Marl, Mr. Marl,' cried Ike, battering on the door. 'Open yer door, I've got something yer want—I've brought yer a love-letter.'

"'You dirty dog,' hissed Marl from the top of the Light; 'it's no love-letter you've brought me.'

"'But it is for you, Mr. Marl,' answered Ike, 'for it's in the same handwriting as all the other five—only she must have forgot to love yer, for there's no kisses this time.'

"'You wait there for me,' says Marl. And then to make certain that he would wait, he fired twice; once at his foot, so that he toppled [*Turn to page 56*]

How hasty eating and soft foods ruin your teeth

AMERICANS are the fastest eaters in the world. And, although we give our teeth more care than any other people, still our teeth deteriorate, and our gums are growing soft.

Eating soft foods in haste deprives the gums of the stimulation that slow mastication of coarser foods once gave. Consequently, tooth troubles, due to under-stimulated gums, are on the rise. The prevalence of pyorrhea is one item in a long list.

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If your gums have a tendency to be soft or to bleed, go to the drug store today and buy your first tube of Ipana. Before you have finished using it, you cannot fail to note the improvement. And you will be delighted with its fine, grit-free consistency, its delicious flavor and its clean taste.

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A trial tube, enough to last for ten days, will be sent gladly if you will forward coupon below.

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Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE without charge or obligation on my part.

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Atlantic City
—the greatest bathing beach in the world!

Unguentine

—the first thought for sunburn with the millions of bathers at Atlantic City!

At the greatest bathing beach in the world, the slogan for sunburn is "Unguentine—*quick*". Ask any druggist at Atlantic City. Millions of bathers the country over know the quick relief it brings. You should know this friend in need, too.

When you come home from the beach and your tender skin begins to tell you "Now you're in for it"—do this: Rub Unguentine gently but thoroughly into the "burn". The throbbing pain will go—*quickly*. Unguentine heals with grateful promptness. (In severe cases spread thickly on gauze and apply, holding in place with adhesive tape or bandage.)

Sunburn is just *one* summer skin enemy

Sunshine, fresh air, outdoor life. Great! But skin accidents and irritations are bound to happen.

Sunburn	**Prickly heat**
Insect bites	**Cuts**
Poison Ivy or Oak	**Burns**
Chafing	**Bruises**
Rashes	**Scratches**

For these Unguentine—*quick!* Unguentine stops pain, prevents infection, heals quickly, prevents needless scars. Ask your druggist for the convenient tube today. He knows what Unguentine will do. Price 50c.

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THE NORWICH PHARMACAL CO.
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Norwich

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Half-Breed Ike

[*Continued from page 55*]

over and couldn't escape, and once at his right hand, so that he couldn't hold a gun to defend himself. Then Ike hears him come hobbling down the tower, the door flies open and there he stands, swinging his blotched, staring face from side to side and sniffing like a dog.

"Presently he comes over to where Ike was lying shamming dead, takes the letter from his hand, opens it, finds an empty envelope and goes in again.

"Soon as the door was shut Ike picks himself up, crawls out of pistol-range to where he'd left his dogs and makes his way back to the Landing as best he could to claim his bet.

"When he'd done telling us, we began to argue as to what it meant. The Sergeant said as usual, that we'd best leave Marl alone, as mad or sane, we'd need him at the Light as soon as the lake opened up and the steamer began to ply.

"Remembering what a job we'd had to get any feller to be lighthouseman, we took the Sergeant's advice. For all that, we were very anxious to find out what it was that made Marl so timid That the letters were at the bottom of it was evident; that a woman stood behind the letters was evident, too. But why a man, and a lord at that, should travel hundreds of miles into the North to get beyond a woman's range, when the law gave him protection, beat us. So there the matter rested until the spring.

"One evening, at the end o' May, the *Dunbar* put in an appearance. She was going very lame and, as it turned out, had smashed her paddle-box and rammed a hole in her side just below the waterline.

"When the Captain came ashore he was angry. He said that he'd run into the Shelving Rocks in the night, some distance out of his course, and all on account o' the Light not being lit. He wanted to know the reason.

"We could tell him nothing except the news of Marl as given to us by the half-breed. However we got a sailing-boat out and the Sergeant and the Captain aboard, and we went to see for ourselves.

"When we got to the Light, it was as the Captain had said; even before we landed, it was plain to see that the place had not been attended to for some time.

"When we came to the tower the door stood ajar, and the grass had grown up around it, so that we had difficulty in pushing it wide. In the lower-room a family of water rats had made their nest and scampered away as we entered. The furniture was all in order: a meal stood set upon the mildewed table; a kettle sat upon the rusty stove with its bottom melted out, showing that it had stayed there long after the water had boiled away. It looked as though Marl had just slipped out to fetch wood and never returned. Then, as we were pausing, looking around, the Sergeant caught sight of a dull reddish patch upon the floor.

"'Look here,' he shouted, and began to follow on to the next one, and to the one after that which led to the tower stairs.

"Up the stairs we tumbled. They were thick with dust, but every third step was stained and sometimes the wall, as though he'd rolled against it and struck it with his head in the ascent. When we got to the Light itself, we gazed around. But there was nothing there; the place was empty.

"'Looks as though he'd been wounded and chased up these stairs,' said the Captain.

"' Blamed like it,' said the Sergeant. 'But where's his body?'

"''Xpected to find it up here,' said the Captain; 'but they must have dragged it down and buried it outside.'

"'Can't do much burying when the thermometer's at forty below; those stains were made at least five month's since.'

"'Aye, that's true,' replied the Captain. 'Then they must have buried him under the snow, in which case he'll be lying high and dry by now; or left him for the wolves to pick, in which case there won't be much for us to do; or placed him on the ice, in which case the fishes'll know more about him than you or I.'

"'Listen,' warned the Sergeant.

"Just above our heads was heard a noise like a gentle tapping, as though someone was trying to attract our attention. It almost seemed as if Marl must have got locked in somewhere and was trying to let us know so we might let him out. Only the dust told us that the thought was impossible. We *knew* that he must be dead. So soon as we were quite still the tapping stopped; but as soon as we commenced to speak or move it began again, like a watch in need of winding up, which goes only when it is shaken. Most of us were thoroughly scared; it was only the fact o' our being together that kept us from running. If one had started the rush downstairs, I believe all would have followed. In the midst of another silence the Sergeant pointed above his head to a trap-door in the roof, as much as to say, 'It's there.' We got a chair and he, standing on it, set his hands against the woodwork and commenced to force it up. It moved heavily at first, grating on its hinges. Then something seemed to rise from off it and to fall backwards, after which the door lifted and the sky showed through. One by one we levered ourselves from the chair to the roof. There lay all that was left of Marl, crutch, wooden-leg, all complete, with something which he had not possessed before—the broken end of an inch of small, curved blade wedged in behind his ear, at right angles to the skull.

"He had evidently been dead for several months, for the white hair of his head had grown long, so that it fell over and mixed with the red of his beard. His clothes clung about his body in tatters. It was the flapping of these in the wind that had attracted our attention. Whatever had happened at his death, it was plain that he had not been murdered on the roof, for the marks showed that his body had lain face-downward across the hatch as though listening and ready to hold it against his pursuer.

"On examining the body we found two evidences: the last letter, proving that Ike had delivered it to him; and in his fingers, as though torn out in defending himself, several golden threads of a woman's hair. No woman nearer than civilisation had hair the color of that!

"We brought up a sail from the boat, gathered him into it, carried him down and buried him on the Lighthouse Island. Then we set to work to search the house. The only thing of any consequence that we discovered was a packet of five envelopes, those which had come for him to the Landing year by year; but there was nothing inside them—the message seemed to have been contained in those red crosses on the back.

"After this there was nothing left that we could do, so we sailed back. We tried to persuade ourselves that Marl had been done to death by the half-breed. But there were some who believed that those envelopes, with their red diminishing crosses, had contained a kind o' threat, and that someone had come down-lake, during the winter, across the ice. The fact that he had been a titled man in hiding, very much afraid of being recognized, when taken together with the annual arrival of those curious letters, the last one blank, seemed to lend color to the theory. Of the tell-tale threads of hair, golden as the hair of the woman he had wronged, we said nothing.

"There were two men who could have cleared up the matter. The one was Half-Breed Ike; but he'd gone down-river a thousand miles to the Bay soon after the winning of his bet. The other was the Sergeant; and he was obstinate to remain silent. Some weeks later we got another surprise, which was the withdrawal of the Sergeant from the Landing at his own request.

"The night before he left he came to me and said, 'Look here, Ben, I want to speak to you about that affair of Marl. There were six envelopes found at the Light addressed in a lady's hand. I want your permission to destroy them.'

"I asked him why.

"'Because they concern a lady's honor,' he said.

"'Did she have anything to do with his death?' I asked.

"He shrugged his shoulders, 'If that last one hadn't come, the half-breed wouldn't have been sent and then, if it was really he who committed the murder, Marl wouldn't have died quite so suddenly.'

"But I wasn't satisfied. 'Did she wish his death?'

"'If she didn't, she ought to have,' he answered blackly.

"'Oh well, if that was the way of it, you can burn them for all me,' said I. 'Anyhow, whether she meant to kill him or not, she's had her revenge, for it was her last letter that did the trick.'

"In the meanwhile the steamer had been repaired and we had to get someone to fill Marl's place.

"We tried our best, but no one would touch the job. At last we did a thing that was in someways low. An Indian, named Billy Dog, and his squaw from some hundred miles down-river, where the full details concerning Marl hadn't yet spread, had just come in on a trip. We got hold o' the pair before anyone could tell 'em anything, carried 'em off to the Light, showed 'em what to do, and left 'em there. We were careful to leave them nothing in which they might escape—no boat for the open season, no sledge or huskies or snowshoes for the winter. This happened about mid-summer of last year. Before two months had gone by the squaw came back crazy with fear and superstition.

"According to what she said the Island and the Lighthouse were haunted. The first night they got there, as they were sitting in the lower-room, they heard the clop, clop, clop of a man with a crutch and wooden-leg coming through the scrub till it approached the door; then he shuffled and stood still. Now, although she didn't know it, I knew from her description that the direction of those footsteps was away from the hole in which we'd buried all that remained of Marl.

"She went on to say that, being strangers to the district, they hadn't yet learned the difference between the tread of any one man and any other; so, thinking it must be some passing fisherman or hunter, who had moored his boat and called up, they'd opened the door to welcome him. Seeing no one there, they had stepped out to look. As they did so, the clop, clop, clop, went by them and entered the house.

"They were too frightened to re-enter themselves and spent the night in the open, watching. Just as the sun was rising, they heard the footsteps come out again, pass around the house and disappear into the scrub.

"They rushed in, locked the door, and didn't go out for six days. But every now and then the footsteps would come, pause on the threshold, wait, and go away.

"On the fifth day their water supply gave out, so that on the sixth it became necessary for them to go and fetch more. They put it off until they'd heard the footsteps come and, as they thought, go—then slipped out.

"For the rest of the day they kept the door shut and heard nothing. But that night, after they had finished attending to the Light, just as they were about to lie down, they heard it overhead in the tower—it had got in while they were out at the lake.

"From that time on their lives had been one long misery of suspense. They never knew when the thing might not be there. For days together they wouldn't hear it, till at last they thought themselves free and were about to say how thankful they were aloud, when they'd hear it come out of a corner of the room, where it had beeen hiding and watching them for heaven knows how long.

"They got so terrified that they would never go out at all, except when compelled by necessity. They gave up living in the lower-room and took to the Light-tower, so as to be out of its way. But wherever they went it followed. One night they heard it clop-clopping up the stairs and, in their panic, pushed open the trap-door, clambered through and sat on the roof for two whole days, till they heard it go down again.

"When she told me [*Turn to page 72*]

For really cool refreshment on any hot day

1 Pack one can DEL MONTE Fruit in an ordinary bucket—between equal layers of chopped ice and coarse or ice-cream salt.

2 Let stand 3 hours. Take out can. Dip for an instant in hot water; punch hole in bottom; then open, cutting around side closely under top as shown below.

3 Turn out a firm cylinder of frozen fruit — ready for tempting, convenient service in many new and unusual hot-weather dainties.

FREEZE DEL MONTE FRUITS *right in the can*

Simplest thing in the world! And truly delicious.

You'll certainly appreciate this easy way to enjoy some of the finest fruit ices you've ever tasted. Like delicate, frozen punches — full of rich and mellow fruit. Just the treats to make hot days cooler.

No Trouble To Prepare

See how easy it is — almost no work at all. Simply pack a can of DEL MONTE Sliced Peaches or Peach Halves, Crushed Pineapple, Pears, Apricots, Strawberries, Blackberries, Raspberries, Loganberries — any variety you wish — in an ordinary bucket, with equal parts of chopped ice and coarse or ice-cream salt, in layers. Then forget it for about three hours.

After that, take out the can—dip it for just an instant in hot water — punch an airhole in one end of the can — cut off the other end as shown in the diagram—and there you have it — a delightful, appetizing cylinder of frozen fruit, ready to cut and serve in colorful, sparkling slices—as refreshing a treat as ever tempted hot weather appetites.

Be Sure You Get Del Monte

Just observe this one precaution. Be sure it's a DEL MONTE Fruit that you freeze this way. There are various grades of canned fruits on the market, but only the right quality will freeze satisfactorily.

This is distinctly a DEL MONTE suggestion. If you say DEL MONTE, you are sure of success, because the fruit is always of the same consistency—the syrup is always rich enough to freeze perfectly — and more important, to taste right for dessert without other addition, just as it comes frozen from the can.

For Cool Refreshment — Any Time

Next to the ease of preparation, one of the best summer recommendations for DEL MONTE Fruits frozen in the can is the wide number of uses they fill. As a frozen salad for lunch—a simple dessert at night—to take along on picnics — or when guests drop in for the afternoon — the same advantages — ease of service and refreshing appeal — make them a most appropriate suggestion.

Try freezing DEL MONTE Fruits on any hot day and for almost any occasion. You'll find them truly delightful. Serve any of the varieties listed above. All are delicious, all freeze perfectly. Just be sure you say DEL MONTE.

Special Note

Three hours is best for freezing, as fruit then turns out in a perfect cylinder. If you prefer it harder, use more salt or freeze it longer; if softer—less salt or shorter freezing.

CALIFORNIA PACKING CORPORATION, Dept. 71, San Francisco, Cal.
Please send me a free copy of "DEL MONTE Recipes of Flavor," in which you describe more fully this new summer idea of freezing DEL MONTE Fruits in the can.

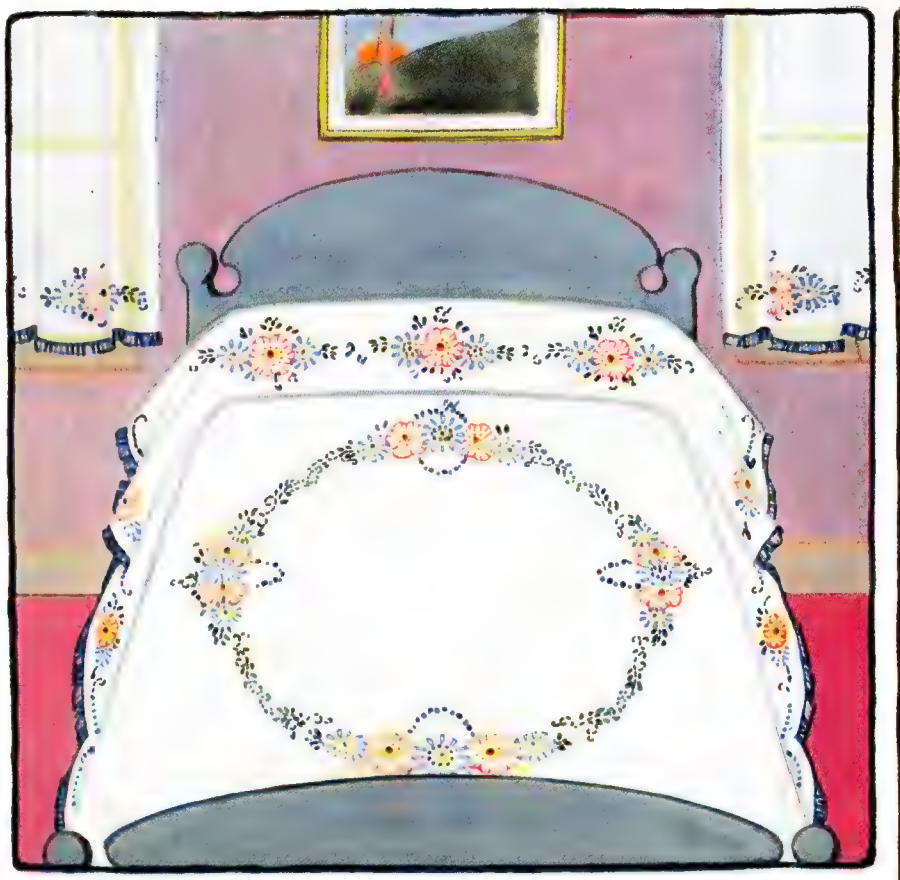
Name_____

Address_____

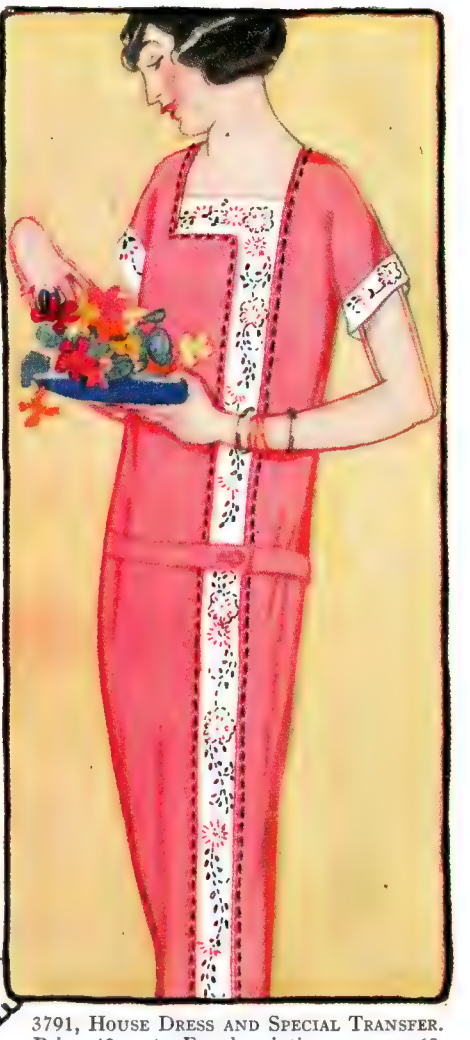
City & State_____

NEW COLORFUL DESIGNS FOR HOUSE DRESSES AND HOUSE LINENS

3792, HOUSE DRESS AND SPECIAL TRANSFER. Price, 40 cents. For description see page 69.



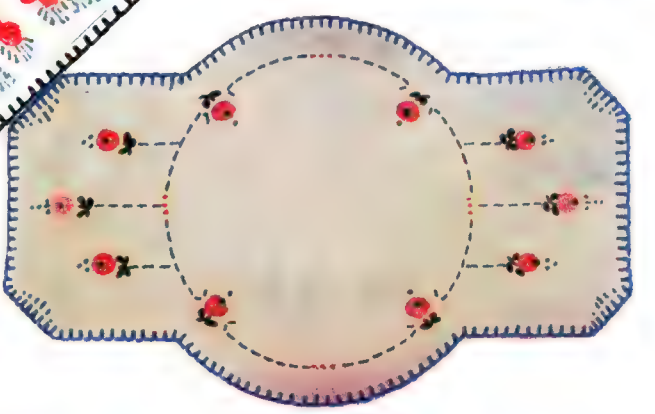
1379, TRANSFER FOR BEDSPREAD AND BOLSTER. Price, 40 cents. Blue.
1380, Transfer for Scallop Border and Motifs. Price, 40 cents. Blue. See page 69.



3791, HOUSE DRESS AND SPECIAL TRANSFER. Price, 40 cents. For description see page 69.

1378

1382, TRANSFER FOR REFRESHMENT SET. Price, 30 cents. Yellow or blue. See description on page 69.



1381

1378, TRANSFER FOR TULIP MOTIFS. Price, 35 cents. Yellow or blue. For description see page 69.

1381, TRANSFER FOR LUNCHEON SET. Price, 45 cents. Blue. For description see page 69.

How to Obtain McCall Kaumagraph Transfer Patterns. Leading dealers nearly everywhere sell McCall Transfer Patterns. If you find that you can't secure them, write to The McCall Company, 232-250 W. 37th St., New York City, or to the nearest Branch Office, 208-212 S. Jefferson St., Chicago, Ill.; 140 Second St., San Francisco, Cal.; 82 N. Pryor St., Atlanta, Ga.; 70 Bond St., Toronto, Canada.

Fashion's Latest

Patterns may be bought from all McCall Pattern dealers in the United States and Canada, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Company, 232-250 West 37th Street, New York City.

3780 Blouse
6 sizes, 34-44
View A

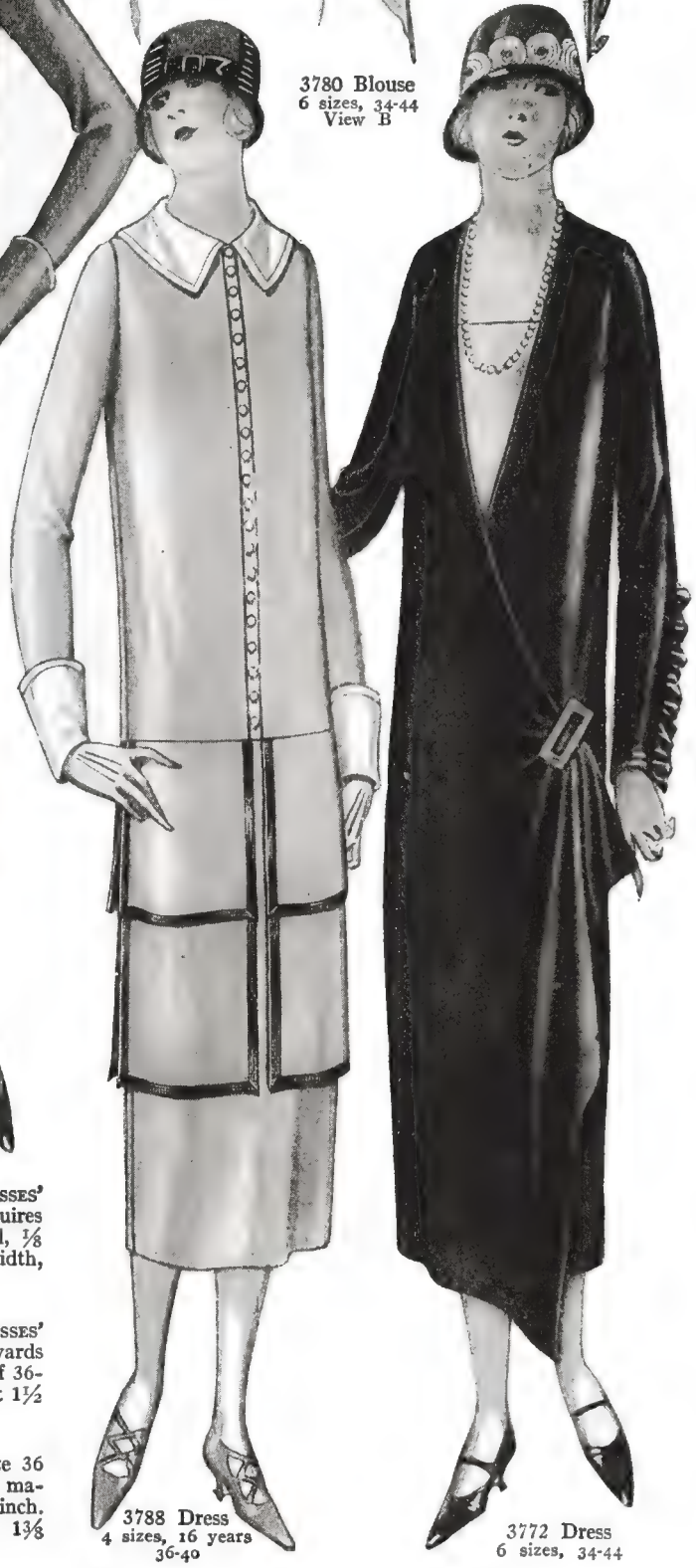
3768 Blouse
6 sizes, 34-44

3781
Blouse
6 sizes,
34-44

3780 Blouse
6 sizes, 34-44
View B

3757 Dress
6 sizes, 16 years
36-44

3784 Dress
5 sizes, 16 years
36-42



3788 Dress
4 sizes, 16 years
36-40

3772 Dress
6 sizes, 34-44

The Outlook

By
Anne Rittenhouse

JULY for reflection; August for decision; September for action. Such is the rhythm of the months to those who think of clothes.

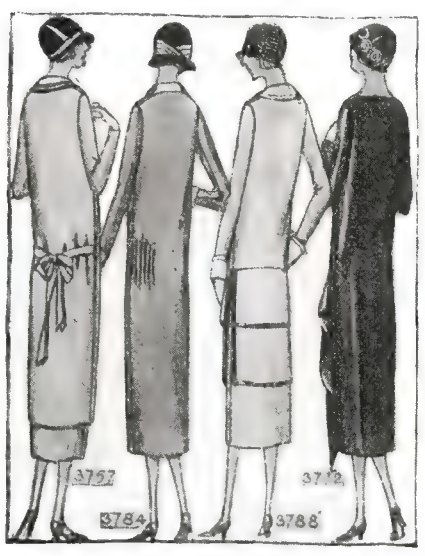
There are few women so strenuous that they willingly sew, cut and fit in hot weather. When they do, it is compulsory. Someone is going on a vacation, there's a holiday in the offing or an alluring piece of fabric tempts one into immediate action. Under such circumstances the sewing-machine, the ice-water pitcher and a cool wrapper become one's boon companions until the rash impetus is spent or the garment is finished. After such a spell of work a woman always regards herself as either a martyr or a heroine.

In July, women prefer to think about clothes rather than make them. That's why it is called the month of reflection. There are no startling new fashions to arouse criticism and argument; none to stimulate rivalry between women; but there's time a-plenty to reflect on sartorial failure and success in clothes.

Every woman has a ruminative turn of mind in warm weather. Have you noticed it? Whenever there's little action, there's much thought. When we are urgently driven by necessity to accomplish much in a short space of time we do not analyze. That mental attitude comes later; or, better still, it comes before. But hindsight and foresight are an admirable combination. This is the month to attempt to weld the two.

Avoid the Haphazard Manner of Buying

If a woman would be well-dressed, she should guard herself [*Turn to page 60*]



No. 3757, Ladies' and Misses' Dress; two-piece skirt attached to camisole. Size 36 requires 3 yards of 54-inch material, ½ yard of 42-inch contrasting. Width, about 1¼ yards.

No. 3780, Ladies' Blouse. Size 36. View A, requires 2⅝ yards of 40-inch material; View B, 2¼ yards of 36-inch material.

No. 3768, Ladies' Waistcoat Blouse. Size 36 requires 2 yards of 32-inch material.

No. 3781, Ladies' Slip-On Blouse. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards of 36-inch material.

No. 3784, Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards of 36-inch material, ⅛ yard of 36-inch contrasting. Width, 1½ yards.

No. 3788, Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards of 54-inch material, ¾ yard of 36-inch contrasting. Width, about 1½ yards.

No. 3772, Ladies' Dress. Size 36 requires 3⅜ yards of 40-inch material; shield, ⅜ yard of 18-inch. Width, at lower edge, about 1⅜ yards.

Frocks Originated In Paris

No. 3766, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS. Size 36 requires 3 yards of 54-inch material, ¾ yard of 36-inch contrasting. Width, about 2 yards.

No. 3793, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards of 40-inch material, ⅝ yard of 32-inch lace. Width, about 2⅛ yards.

Hope Hampton,
the Famous Movie Star,
in McCall Dress No. 3795

3795 Dress
5 sizes, 16 years
36-42

3756 Dress
7 sizes,
16 years
36-46

3766 Dress
5 sizes, 16 years
36-42

3793 Dress
6 sizes, 14-16
36-42

3790 Dress
6 sizes, 16 years
36-44
Emb. No. 1337

No. 3795, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 36 requires 5⅞ yards of 36-inch; collar, ⅜ yard of 18-inch. Width, about 1½ yards.

No. 3756, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS. Size 36, 3¾ yards of 36-inch, ⅜ yard of 36-inch contrasting. Width, about 1⅜ yards.

No. 3790, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS. Size 16 requires 3¼ yards of 40-inch material. Width, about 1⅜ yards. Chinese design in running- and outline-stitch, Embroidery No. 1337 is suggested to trim.

[*Continued from page 59*]

against the extravagant and futile method of buying clothes when she needs them at whatever price she has in her purse. Clothes bought in this manner usually prove a thorn in the side. They never cease to irritate. When the time comes that they can be discarded there is joy in the heart.

To avoid this disaster, never let September days catch you unawares. Never let August find you with warmer clothes than you can wear. Don't be self-deluded into a belief that your endurance is heroic; that you can go through the hot season with spring clothes. Don't wait until any season is upon you to shop. Don't linger in the lap of summer until the house-cleaning, the preparations for school days, the hanging of curtains drive you into actions unrelated to clothes, for you will find yourself, when the first cool days come, without suitable raiment.

What is the result of such laziness? A frantic rush to the shops, hurried and unwise buying, the spending of more money than you intended, the sudden accumulation of materials you soon hate. Follows, a long winter of discontent.

Don't do it. Be advised by one who has seen thousands of such catastrophes. Money in these expensive days must be wisely spent. It's not an era when one can throw away a nickel foolishly. There must be value received for every dollar. It takes time and patience

The Modes Of The Hour

No. 3773, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS. Size 16 requires 2⅝ yards of 54-inch material, ⅜ yard of 36-inch contrasting. Width, about 1¼ yards.

3782 Dress
5 sizes, 16 years
36-42

3773 Dress
7 sizes, 16 years
36-46

3794 Dress
[illegible] sizes, 16 years
[illegible]

3789 Dress
5 sizes, 16 years
36-42

3770 Dress
6 sizes, 14-16
36-42

Hope Hampton,
the Famous Movie Star, in McCall Dress No. 3794

No. 3794, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 36 requires 4½ yards of 40-inch. Width, about 1½ yards.

No. 3782, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 36 requires 2⅜ yards of 54-inch. Width, about 1½ yards.

No. 3770, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 36, 5 yards of 36-inch material, 1 yard of 36-inch contrasting. Width, about 1⅜ yards.

No. 3789, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards of 40-inch material; collar, ⅛ yard of 36-inch. Width, about 2½ yards.

and reflection, oh, yes. But the result in peace of mind and soul is worth it. No one achieves this trick of judicious buying without much reflection. An inventory of what has gone well and what has gone ill in clothes purchases is as safe and sane a method of adjustment for the woman as for the business man. Think it all over now.

Clothes That Have Not Failed

I can't help you in your individual problem. No one can. But I can tell you the fashions that have held good and those that have gone down before the final verdict of public opinion. Sometimes the far-flung view of those who have been compelled to look up and down, up and about, clarifies one's own viewpoint.

But the outstanding truth that must temper your July reflections on success and failure in clothes, is that simplicity has won out against all endeavours to oust it. No designer existed who did not try to show women the alleged error of their ways in continuing to wear the kind of garments which were fashioned by the first woman who learned to sew or pin things together.

For thousands of years straight frocks and tunics were worn by our ancient ancestors. From women's insistence upon [*Turn to page 62*]

5-Room ALADDIN $548

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6-Room ALADDIN $695

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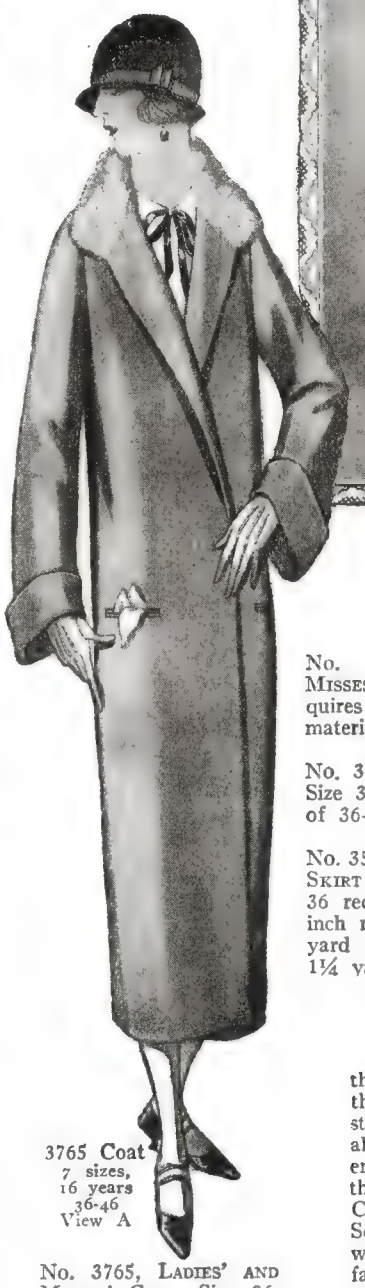
Advance Coat Styles

Hope Hampton, the Famous Movie Star, in McCall Coat No. 3765



3765 Coat
7 sizes, 16 years
36-46
View A

No. 3765, LADIES' AND MISSES' COAT. Size 36, View A, requires 2⅞ yards of 54-inch material; View B, 3½ yards of 54-inch. Width, about 1⅜ yards.

No. 3767, LADIES' AND MISSES' COAT. Size 36 requires 3½ yards of 54-inch material. Width at lower edge, about 1¾ yards.

No. 3692, LADIES' AND MISSES' COAT. Size 36 requires 2 yards of 54-inch material.

No. 3500, LADIES' BLOUSE. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards of 36-inch material.

No. 3540, LADIES' CAMISOLE SKIRT; in two pieces. Size 36 requires 1 yard of 54-inch material; camisole, ⅝ yard of 36-inch Width, 1¼ yards

3767 Coat
7 sizes, 16 years
36-46

3692 Coat
8 sizes, 14-16
36-46

3500 Blouse
7 sizes, 34-46

3540 Skirt
7 sizes, 34-46

3765 Coat
7 sizes, 16 years
36-46
View B

[*Continued from page 61*]

them in recent years, it looks as though we might be in for a standardized fashion that has come about without the aid of reformers. Not that we, any more than the Pharaonic Egyptians or the Carthaginians or the Greeks of Socrates' time, will be content to wear the same gown, the identical fashion, year in and year out. We may think the ancients did, but they didn't.

When I found out that the Japanese and Chinese women are as excited over the constant changing of colors in their garments, how frightfully old-fashioned purple was after blue came into fashion, how borders on the obis, the varying size of bows, the placement of the drapery caused as much concern over on the other side of the Pacific as the change from short to long skirts and sleeves causes over here on the Atlantic. I bowed my head in acknowledgment of women's ruling passion. Neither race, age, nor climate changes her love of clothes variation.

But back to the extended rule of simplicity. It is curious how long it has lasted in our immediate knowledge.

There are few gowns of merit that have been definitely free from futilities. Even the wide skirts which have been accepted as an offset to chemise frocks were not elaborate when they were

Patterns may be bought from all McCall Pattern dealers in the United States and Canada, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Company, 232-250 West 37th Street, New York City.

For Formal Occasions

Hope Hampton, the Famous Movie Star, in McCall Dress No. 3793

3793 Dress
6 sizes, 14-16
36-42

3795 Dress
5 sizes, 16 years
36-42
Emb. No. 1126

3772 Dress
6 sizes, 34-44

3789 Dress
5 sizes, 16 years
36-42

No. 3793, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 36 requires 2⅞ yards of 40-inch material. Width, about 2⅛ yards.

No. 3795, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 36 requires 3⅛ yards of 36-inch material. Width, about 1½ yards. Feather trimming and beads in a design for which Embroidery No. 1126 is appropriate, furnish the decoration.

No. 3789, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 36 requires 1⅜ yards of 36-inch material, 1¾ yards of 40-inch lace. Width, about 2½ yards.

No. 3772, LADIES' DRESS. Size 36 requires 3⅜ yards of 40-inch material; camisole, 1 yard of 32-inch. Width, about 1⅜ yards.

successful. When women have tried to put gewgaws and useless decoration on clothes, when they have marred the surface with a surplus of embroidery, they have wearied of the gown.

There has been a lack of simplicity in cut, not in effect, in frocks sponsored by certain French designers who are widely copied in this country, but the final effect was simple. You, the amateur, couldn't take a pair of scissors and cut certain gowns that appeared unsophisticated. They were really as difficult as geometrical problems; in fact, Mme. Vionnet's apprentices must study geometry! But such frocks were a proof that excessive simplicity was demanded by the public; otherwise, there would not have been such a complex and perverse effort to circumvent it.

If you debate on the length of skirts, you are fretting over a condition that you cannot remedy nor avoid. The skirt that suited the figure of the woman who wore it was best. Fashion now permits several lengths. The well-dressed woman lets her height, her hips, her carriage govern skirt hems.

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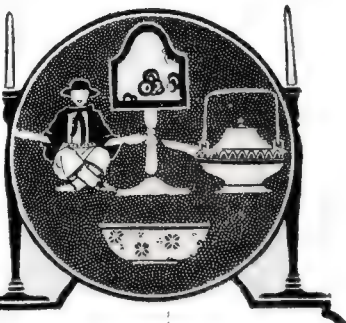

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Art Director

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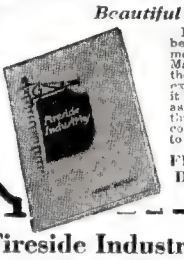

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written for the song, "I'LL BE WAITING"---To secure free copy and rules of this prize contest, address: EQUITABLE MUSIC CORP., 1658 BROADWAY, N. Y. C.

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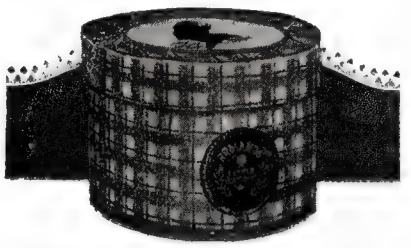
Keep your complexion at its best



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New Viewpoints On Street Wear

3723 Dress
6 sizes, 14-16
36-42

3709 Dress
8 sizes, 14-16
36-46

3691 Coat
10 sizes, 14-16
36-50

3767 Coat
7 sizes, 16 years
36-46

3685 Coat
10 sizes, 14-16
36-50

3683 Coat
10 sizes, 14-16
36-50

3574 Skirt
10 sizes, 24-42

No. 3691, LADIES' AND MISSES' COAT; three-quarter length. Size 36 requires 2⅞ yards of 40-inch material, 3⅞ yards of 9-inch fur banding. Width at lower edge, 1½ yards.

No. 3767, LADIES' AND MISSES' COAT. Size 16 requires 2¾ yards of 54-inch material. Width, about 1⅝ yards.

No. 3723, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS. Size 16 requires 3⅝ yards of 40-inch material, ⅝ yard of 36-inch contrasting. Width, 1¼ yards.

No. 3709, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS; three-piece draped skirt. Size 16 requires 3 yards of 40-inch material. Width, 1¼ yards.

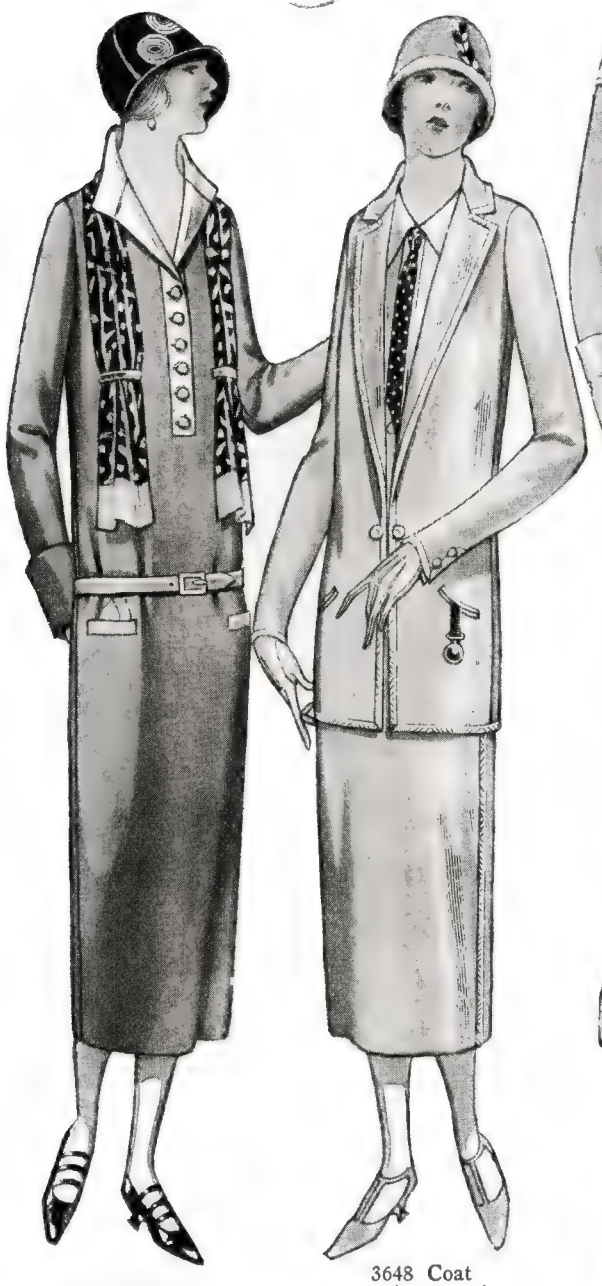
No. 3685, LADIES' AND MISSES' COAT; three-quarter length. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards of 54-inch material.

No. 3683, LADIES' AND MISSES' SUIT COAT. Size 36 requires 1¾ yards of 48-inch material or 1⅝ yards of 54-inch.

No. 3574, LADIES' TWO-PIECE SKIRT; straight lower edge. Size 28 requires 1¼ yards of 54-inch material. Width at lower edge, 1⅜ yards.

Patterns may be obtained from all McCall Pattern dealers in the United States and Canada, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Company, 232-250 West 37th Street, New York City.

Suggestions for Summer Needs



3785 Dress
6 sizes, 14-16
36-42

3648 Coat
10 sizes, 14-16
36-50

3574 Skirt
10 sizes, 24-42

3713
Dress
8 sizes,
14-16
36-46
Emb. No.
1267

3722 Dress
8 sizes, 14-16
36-46

3765 Coat
7 sizes, 16 years
36-46

3694
Cape
Small,
medium,
large,
extra large

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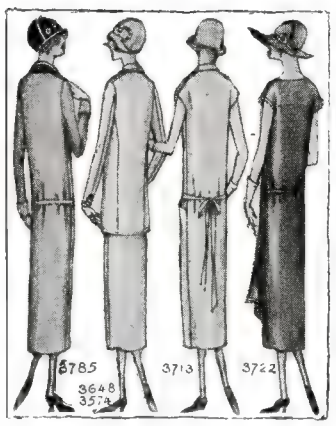

No. 3785, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 36 requires 2⅜ yards of 54-inch material, ½ yard of 36-inch contrasting; scarf, 1⅜ yards of 8-inch. Width, 1½ yards.

No. 3648, LADIES' AND MISSES' SUIT COAT. Size 36 requires 1¾ yards of 54-inch material.

No. 3574, LADIES' TWO-PIECE SKIRT. Size 28 requires 1¼ yards of 54-inch material. Width, 1⅜ yards.

No. 3713, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 16 requires 3⅛ yards of 36-inch material. Width, 1¼ yards. Embroidery No. 1267, in satin-stitch, may be used for the Chinese motif.

No. 3722, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 16 requires 3⅝ yards of 40-inch. Width, 1¼ yards.

No. 3694, LADIES' CAPE; 49-inch length. Small size requires 3⅜ yards of 40-inch material. Width, 1⅞ yards.

No. 3765, LADIES' AND MISSES' COAT. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards of 54-inch. Width, about 1⅜ yards.

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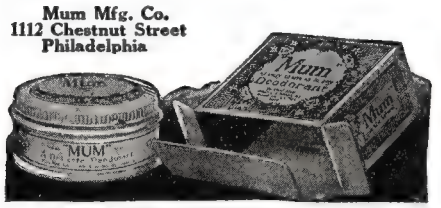

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Pretty and Easy to Make

3716 Dress
4 sizes, 1-6
Emb. No. 1019

3697 Romper
3 sizes, 2-6

3775 Infant's Dress
1 size
Emb. No. 317

No. 3716, CHILD'S SLIP-ON DRESS; short raglan sleeves. Size 4 requires 1⅞ yards of 36-inch material. Butterflies in satin-stitch and a fine scallop, Embroidery No. 1019, are suggested for a finish.

No. 3775, INFANT'S ONE-PIECE DRESS. Dress with ruffle requires 1⅜ yards of 36-inch material; without, 1⅝ yards of 36-inch. A fine scallop such as Embroidery No. 317 may finish the edges.

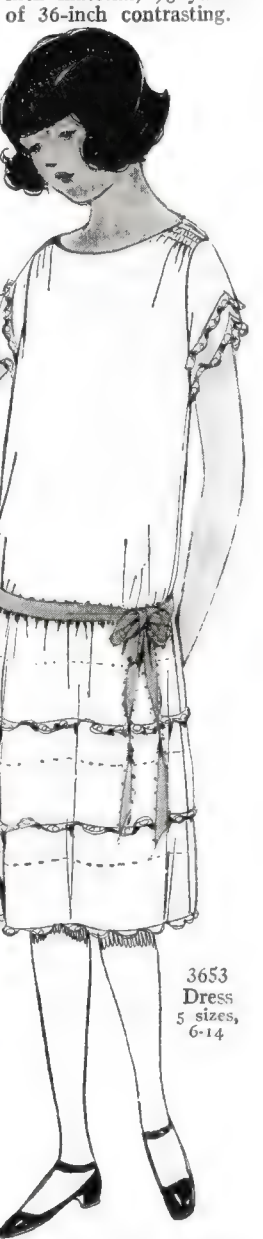
No. 3697, CHILD'S ROMPER. Size 4 requires 1⅜ yards of 36-inch material, ⅞ yard of 36-inch contrasting.

No. 3696, BOY'S SUIT. Size 4 requires 1⅞ yards of 32-inch material, ½ yard of 36-inch contrasting.

No. 3705, GIRL'S DRESS; two-piece skirt attached to lining. Size 12 requires 2⅝ yards of 36-inch material, ½ yard of 36-inch contrasting.

No. 3710, GIRL'S SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 14 requires 3⅛ yards of 36-inch material, ⅝ yard of 36-inch contrasting.

3696 Suit
4 sizes, 2-8



3653
Dress
5 sizes,
6-14

3705 Dress
5 sizes, 6-14

3710 Dress
4 sizes, 8-14

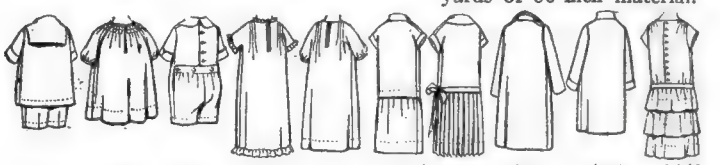
3783 Coat
6 sizes, 4-14

No. 3783, GIRL'S COAT. Size 14 requires 2¼ yards of 54-inch material.

No. 3786, GIRL'S COAT. Size 6 requires 1⅜ yards of 54-inch material.

3786 Coat
5 sizes, 6-14

No. 3653, GIRL'S DRESS; two-piece straight tucked skirt. Size 14 requires 3½ yards of 36-inch material.



3696 3716 3697 3775 3775 3705 3710 3783 3786 3653

Inexpensive and Easily Made

3774
Infant's Dress
1 size
Emb. No. 1338

No. 3774, INFANT'S DRESS. Requires 1⅞ yards of 36-inch material for either view. A dainty eyelet design, such as Embroidery No. 1338, would be charming on the yoke.

No. 3758, GIRL'S DRESS. Size 10 requires 2⅛ yards of 36-inch material, ¾ yard of 36-inch for collar, cuffs, pockets and belt.

No. 3783, GIRL'S COAT. Size 6 requires 1¾ yards of 48-inch material, 1⅝ yards of 36-inch lining.

No. 3776, BOY'S SUIT; knee trousers. Size 4 requires 1⅝ yards of 32-inch material, ½ yard of 36-inch for collar, cuffs and vest.

No. 3771, CHILD'S DRESS WITH BLOOMERS. Size 4 requires 2¼ yards of 32-inch material, ½ yard of 36-inch for collar, cuffs, pockets and kneebands.

No. 3764, BOY'S SUIT. Size 4 requires 1⅝ yards of 36-inch material, ⅜ yard of 36-inch for collar and cuffs.

Patterns may be bought from all McCall Pattern dealers in the United States and Canada, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Company, 232-250 West 37th Street, New York City.

3771 Dress
4 sizes, 2-8

3776 Suit
4 sizes, 2-6

3764 Suit
4 sizes, 2-8

3777 Cape
Small, medium, large

3786 Coat
5 sizes, 6-14

No. 3786, GIRL'S COAT. Size 14 requires 2⅝ yards of 54-inch material.

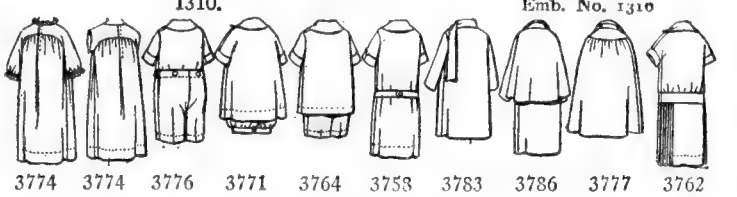
No. 3777, GIRL'S CAPE; WITH YOKE. Medium size requires 1⅞ yards of 40-inch material, ⅜ yard of 36-inch contrasting.

No. 3762, GIRL'S DRESS. Size 10 requires 2¾ yards of 36-inch material, ⅜ yard of 36-inch contrasting. The motif may be developed in darning-stitch from Embroidery No. 1310.

3762 Dress
5 sizes, 6-14
Emb. No. 1310

3758 Dress
5 sizes, 6-14

3783 Coat
6 sizes, 4-14



3774 3774 3776 3771 3764 3758 3783 3786 3777 3762

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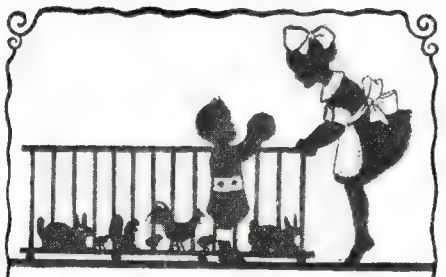

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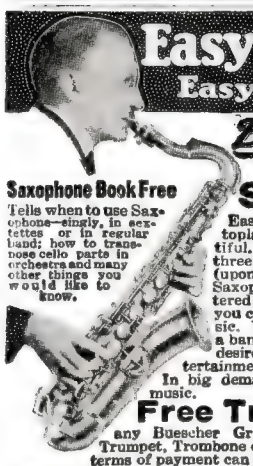

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A few Things of Importance

3718 Skirt
9 sizes, 26-42

No. 3718, LADIES' THREE-PIECE SKIRT. Size 28 requires 2⅜ yards of 36-inch material or 1⅝ yards of 54-inch. Width at lower edge, about 1⅜ yards.

3781 Blouse
6 sizes, 34-44

3725 Blouse
7 sizes, 34-46

Patterns may be bought from all McCall Pattern dealers in the United States and Canada, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Company, 232-250 West 37th Street, New York City.

3787 Skirt
5 sizes, 34-42

3763 Apron
1 size, 34-42

3646 House Dress
9 sizes, 34-50

No. 3787, LADIES' CAMISOLE SKIRT. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards of 36- or 40-inch material; camisole, ⅞ yard of 32-inch. Width, about 1⅜ yards.

No. 3646, LADIES' HOUSE DRESS. Size 36 requires 3⅜ yards of 32-inch material. Width, 1½ yards.

No. 3763, NURSES' APRON. This practical apron with bib requires 3⅛ yards of 36-inch material.

No. 3725, LADIES' SLIP-ON BLOUSE; dropped shoulder. Size 36 requires 1⅝ yards of 36-inch material, 1⅛ yards of 36-inch contrasting.

No. 3781, LADIES' SLIP-ON BLOUSE. Size 36 requires 1⅜ yards of 36-inch material, ½ yard of 36-inch contrasting.

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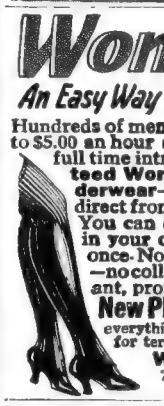

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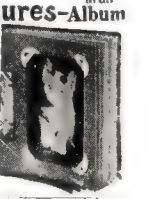

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Descriptions for Transfer Designs and Dresses Illustrated on Page 58

No. 3702, LADIES' HOUSE DRESS WITH SPECIAL TRANSFER (YELLOW). In 6 sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 3⅛ yards of 36-inch material; ⅞ yard of 36-inch contrasting; embroidery, 3 skeins of white and 2 skeins of black six-strand cotton. The design is quickly carried out in buttonhole- and running-stitch with French knots, using the colors as shown in the illustration. Cool and charming is the combination of green linen decked with white embroidery, collar and arm bands. Price, 40 cents.

No. 3791, LADIES' HOUSE DRESS WITH SPECIAL TRANSFER (YELLOW). In 6 sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 3⅛ yards of 36-inch material; ⅜ yard of 36-inch contrasting; embroidery, 2 skeins each of deep rose and light rose, 3 skeins of black, 1 skein of green six-strand cotton. Developed on contrasting white bands, the embroidery in lazy-daisy- and running-stitch with French knots gives a very chic appearance to a rose color house frock. Price, 40 cents.

No. 1379, TRANSFER DESIGN FOR BEDSPREAD AND BOLSTER. Pattern includes wreath design 42 inches long and 23¾ inches across; bolster design 29 inches across. The illustration shows a bedspread of unbleached muslin or linen developed with six-strand cotton in a number of gay colors. Daisies in lazy-daisy-stitch are worked in two shades of blue with centers of yellow French knots; rose colored flowers in buttonhole-stitch; leaves in black with green tips, and dots in delft-blue. Price, 40 cents. Blue.

No. 1380, TRANSFER DESIGN FOR SCALLOP BORDER AND MOTIFS. Pattern includes 6⅜ yards of scalloped border 3½ inches deep; 2 motifs 21½ x 5 inches for curtains; and 4 motifs to be used on a three-piece vanity scarf. Using the border (which matches Wreath Design No. 1379) around the bedspread border, and the motifs for curtains and scarf, a bedroom set of unique attractions may be rapidly worked in the simple stitches described in each pattern. Finish the edges of bedspread and curtains with a fringe in natural color about 1 inch wide; and the scarf may be suitably finished with a narrow hem worked over in delft-blue button holing as suggested in pattern. Natural color linen or unbleached muslin are always serviceable and effective for bedroom embroideries. Price, 40 cents. Blue.

No. 1382, TRANSFER DESIGN FOR HOLLYHOCK REFRESHMENT SET. Includes 4 large motifs 15¾ inches across, gateways 5⅜ inches high; and 8 small corner motifs, 3½ x 3½ inches, for napkins. Old-fashioned hollyhocks add their fragrant bloom to the enjoyment of refreshments served on this dainty set. Use unbleached muslin and work the design in the colors described in the pattern. Rambler-rose-stitch, running- and lazy-daisy-stitch and French knots are used. Full directions given. Price, 30 cents. Yellow or blue.

No. 1378, TRANSFER DESIGN FOR TULIP MOTIFS. Pattern includes 4 tulip motifs 14½ x 16½ inches. These motifs developed in the natural tulip colorings are attractive on curtains of cross-bar dimity or voile; another pair may decorate the ends of a scarf for living-room or kitchen table. Simple running-stitches cover the entire design; what colors to use and where to place them are told in the directions included in the pattern. Price, 35 cents. Yellow or blue.

No. 1381, TRANSFER DESIGN FOR RAMBLER-ROSE LUNCH SET. The centerpiece design measures 19 inches square; 4 place mats measure 11½ x 17¼ inches each. The set may be made from natural color linen which forms an attractive background for the combination of deep and light rose, delft-blue and black. Work in lazy-daisy- and running-stitch, rambler-rose-stitch and French knots. The edges of set may be finished with blanket-stitching over a small hem. Price, 45 cents. Blue.

Jo Add to The Wardrobe

3668 Blouse
7 sizes, 34-46

3688 Blouse
7 sizes, 34-46

3778 Union Suit
7 sizes, 34-46

3574 Skirt
10 sizes, 24-42

3299 House Dress
8 sizes, 34-48
Emb. No. 1319

3787 Skirt
5 sizes, 34-42

Patterns may be bought from all McCall Pattern dealers in the United States and Canada, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Company, 232-250 West 37th Street, New York City.

No. 3608, LADIES' SLIP-ON BLOUSE; dropped shoulders; without sleeves. Size 36 requires 1⅝ yards of 32- or 40-inch material.

No. 3688, LADIES' BLOUSE; dropped shoulders. Size 36 requires 2½ yards of 36-inch material.

No. 3574, LADIES' TWO-PIECE SKIRT; straight lower edge. Size 28 requires 1¼ yards of 54-inch material. Width at lower edge, 1⅜ yards.

No. 3778, LADIES' ATHLETIC UNION SUIT. Size 36 requires 2¼ yards of 32-inch material.

No. 3787, LADIES' CAMISOLE SKIRT; in two pieces. Size 36 requires 1 yard of 54-inch material; camisole, ⅞ yard of 32-inch. Width, 1⅜ yards.

No. 3299, LADIES' HOUSE DRESS; short kimono sleeves. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards of 32-inch material. Width, 1⅝ yards With a basket motif in buttonhole- and outline-stitch as suggested in Embroidery No. 1319, this house frock would be most attractive.

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WILDROOT HAIR TONIC

Exile

[*Continued from page 22*]

"Will you come out here?"

"No," she said. "It'll be such a little while we can stay with him."

He went back with her into the room, grown strangely stately in the coming of death, and took a place of watching.

It was the sound of stealthy footsteps in the garden some time later, which galvanized Chandler from reverie to action. Instinctively his hand went to his belt as he heard the creaking of the door; and he was on his feet, ready, as the door opened outward. He stepped back however, startled beyond challenge, as a girl swung into the room, facing Monica and himself with defiant courage. "I have come to see him," she said, pantingly. It was Rosita Quezlon.

"What do you want of me?" Chandler said, but he was not in time. She brushed past Monica, crossing to where Stanley Hurd lay under the white sheet. With the passionate intention of despair she flung back the covering, gazing at the bright head which would never again be lifted in laughter. Then, in a storm of weeping, she cast herself on the floor beside the cot. "Oh, my beloved, my adored one, my lover," she sobbed in Spanish. "Come back to me who loves you! Never again shall I taunt you with others who love me. Never again shall I dance with another. Never again shall I sing for another. I love you, love you, love you. Come back to me!"

As if held back by the force of her terrible sorrow Chandler had let her grieve, but the sight of Monica, still and white as marble, roused him. He touched Rosita Quezlon on the arm. "Come with me," he said to her. "His wife is here."

With the litheness of a panther the girl sprang up. "You!" she hissed at Chandler. "You dare to take me away from him? He loved me, I tell you."

"His wife—" Chandler began, but the girl blazed around to where Monica stood. "You are his wife in the law," she flung at her, "but I am his wife in love, and that is all God asks of His children. He loved me from the day he came. I was singing down in the village, and he stopped and listened to me, and, when I was done, he tossed me a rose. That night he came back, and there, by the fountain, he kissed me. Three years we had, three years of nothing but our love. What if he didn't marry me? My little finger was more to him than all of you. If he had not been longing for his own country, longing for the houses, and trees, and bushes of it, the little lights of it, for what he called home he would not have remembered you at all. But he was sick, and he was like a little child. He wanted home, and, when he could not have that, he wanted you because you meant that to him. But love? You don't know what love is. Not any more than Chandler here knows. Do you think the cold light in your souls is love? Love is life. Oh, my beloved, come back to me! We shall forget them all, leave them all. Come back to me!"

"Let her stay," Monica said softly, to Chandler. She put her arm through his, and drew him outside. "Has she always loved him like that?"

"Yes," he told her.

"And he loved her?"

"In a way."

"I'm grateful to you for your lie for him," she said, "even though it was of no use." For a long time they were still, and the murmur of Rosita's prayers came to them. "You said," Monica spoke at last, "that we don't find love till we've faced truth."

"We don't," he told her.

"Tonight," she said, "when I thought you had killed love for me, I told you the truth. Some day you may remember."

"I shall never forget it," he said.

From the room within they could hear once more Rosita's prayer. "If he may not come back to me, oh God, let me die with him!" In infinite sadness Monica sighed. "I think," she said, "that he would want to stay in Mexico. He was never really in exile here."

"No man is alien," Chandler said, "in the place where he finds love."

The World I Live In

[*Continued from page 49*]

as you like about bootlegging and baseball, but imagine turning to your hostess during dinner and inquiring after the welfare of her soul, except as a quaint bit of humor.

My own wish at present is so simple that I hesitate to express it.

I would like, as soon as my present picture is finished, to spend a few days in rummaging around in my attic, turning over old clothes and belongings that I haven't had time to look at for years. And in the early mornings I would like to scramble up the peaks of hills around us in Beverly and have a picnic breakfast at sunrise. Then I would like to go right back to work on another production. But I won't, because my husband wants to take a long European trip. His enthusiasm always makes me forget that traveling invariably makes me ill.

We have now finished dinner, stopped for a moment to listen to the radio and strolled into the living room where we are watching a picture.

Our ghost is again resuming his solitary promenade and the whole house echoes with the tread of soft mysterious feet. I have an irresistible impulse to go upstairs and investigate. The living room is darkened and if I move quietly no one will notice my absence. The stairs are soft-carpeted and I go up them without a sound. There is no sound from outdoors either, as I look out the window at the head of the stairs and watch the moon throwing her witchery over the hills of Beverly, leaving great pools of shadow in the ravines and canyons. But now the silence is broken by the shrill cry of coyotes who come down from the mountains at night. I notice that my dog "Zorro" has followed me and gives a low whine just as all good dogs do in ghost stories.

In the next article I will tell you about the ghost I found.

Price List of New McCall Patterns

Leading dealers nearly everywhere sell McCall Patterns. If you find that you can't secure them, write to The McCall Company, 232-250 West 37th Street, New York City, or to the nearest Branch Office, stating number and size desired and enclosing the price stated below in stamps or money order. Branch Offices, 208-12 So. Jefferson St., Chicago, Ill., 140 Second St., San Francisco, Cal., 82 N. Pryor St., Atlanta, Ga., 70 Bond St., Toronto, Canada.

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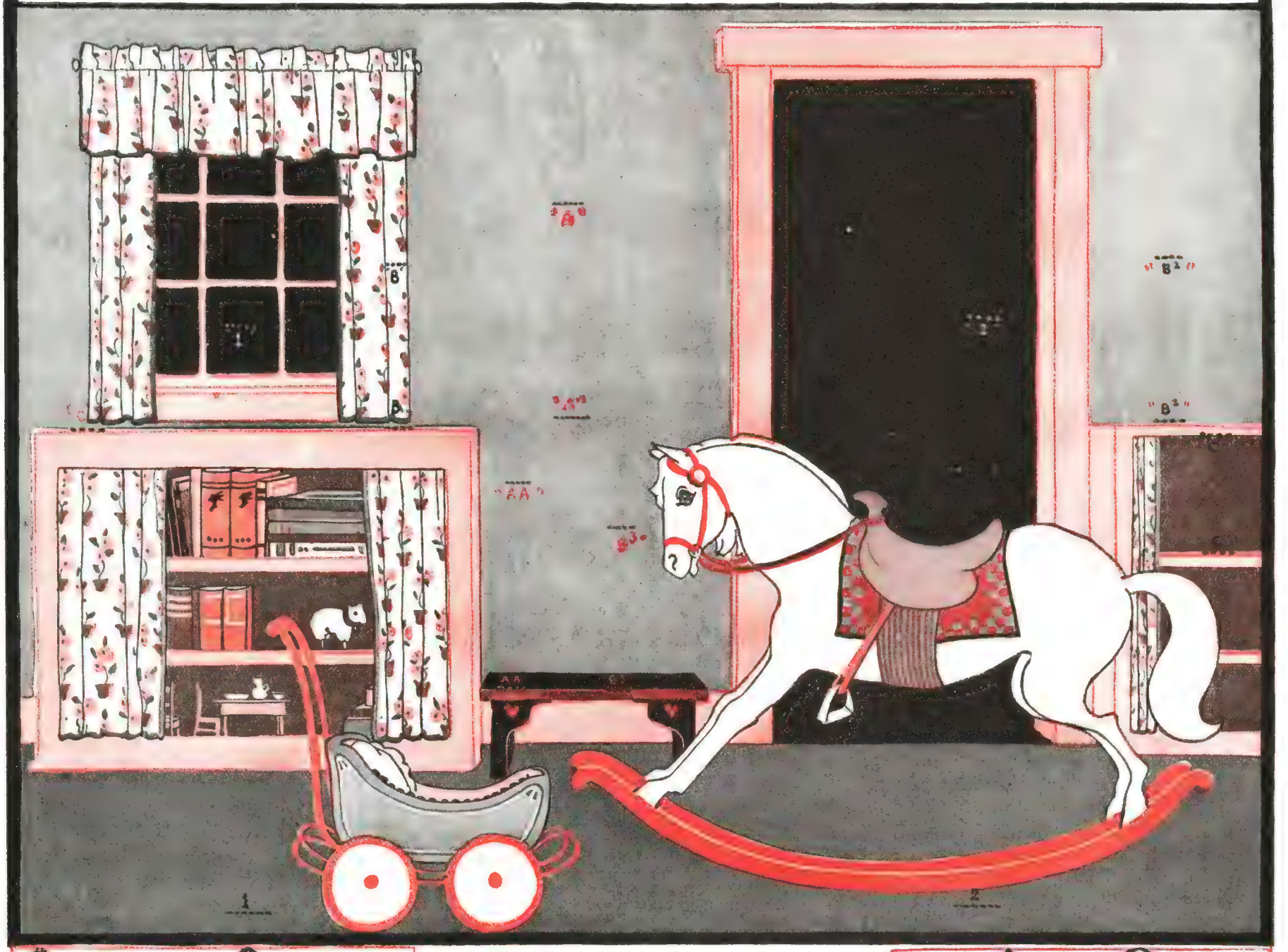
3500...30	3688...35	3713...45	3762...30	3772...45	3781...30	3789...45
3540...30	3691...40	3716...25	3763...20	3773...45	3782...45	3790...45
3574...25	3692...40	3718...30	3764...25	3774...15	3783...30	3791...40
3646...35	3694...40	3722...45	3765...40	3775...15	3784...45	3792...40
3648...40	3696...35	3723...45	3766...45	3776...25	3785...45	3793...45
3653...30	3697...25	3725...35	3767...40	3777...30	3786...30	3794...45
3668...30	3705...30	3756...45	3768...30	3778...25	3787...35	3795...45
3683...40	3709...45	3757...45	3770...45			

EMBROIDERY PATTERNS

No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.
317...15	1126...40	1310...25	1337...35
1019...20	1267...30	1319...20	1338...25

The Nursery of Sunshine Cottage

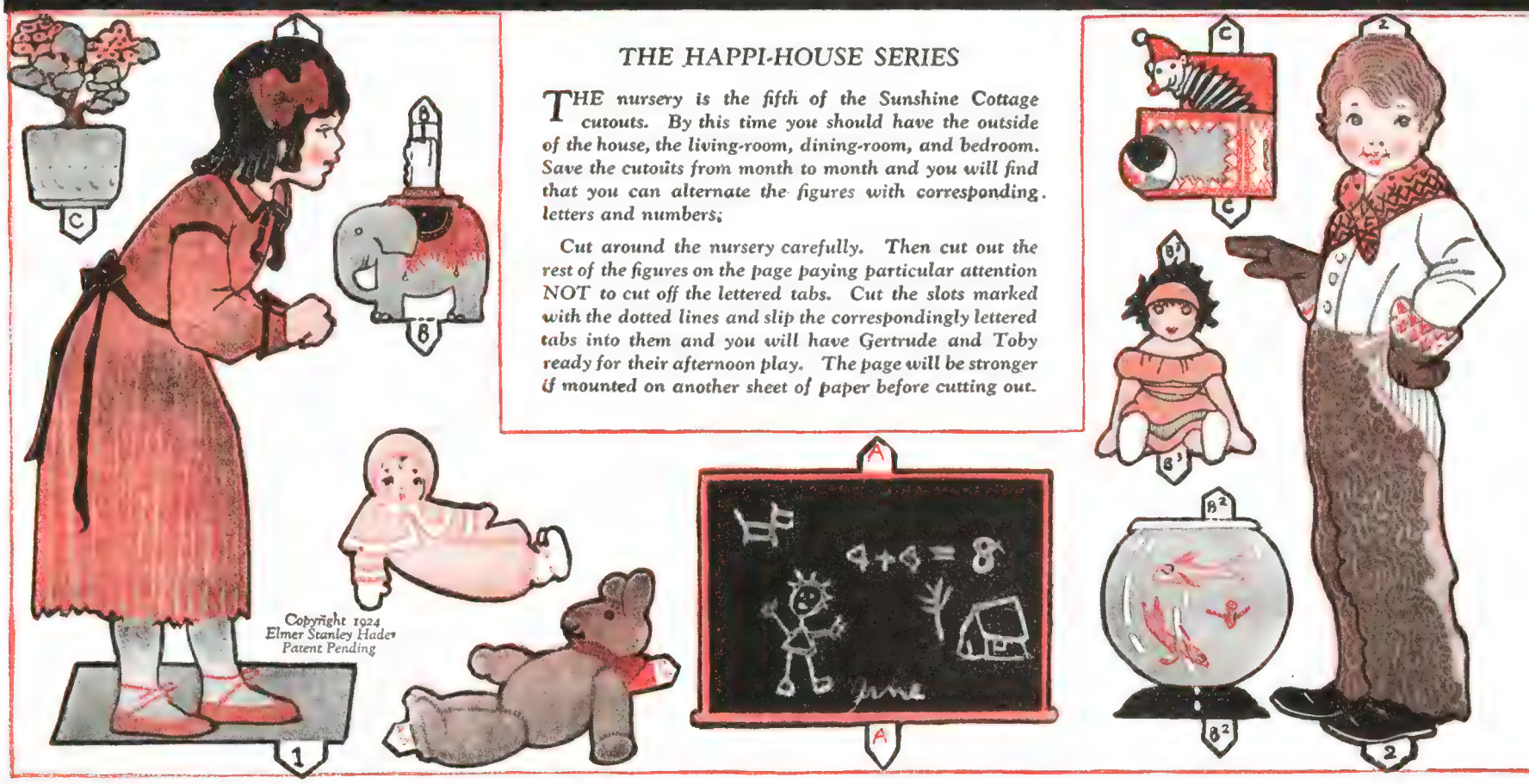
By Berta and Elmer Hader



THE HAPPI-HOUSE SERIES

THE nursery is the fifth of the Sunshine Cottage cutouts. By this time you should have the outside of the house, the living-room, dining-room, and bedroom. Save the cutouts from month to month and you will find that you can alternate the figures with corresponding letters and numbers.

Cut around the nursery carefully. Then cut out the rest of the figures on the page paying particular attention NOT to cut off the lettered tabs. Cut the slots marked with the dotted lines and slip the correspondingly lettered tabs into them and you will have Gertrude and Toby ready for their afternoon play. The page will be stronger if mounted on another sheet of paper before cutting out.



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Elmer Stanley Hader
Patent Pending

this, I couldn't help laughing at the grim humour of the thing; for it was on the roof and across the trap-door, you will remember, that we found the body of Marl. He was hunting these wretches in just the same way as he himself had been hunted; he was making them suffer as he had suffered. I could picture exactly how his cruel face, with its red beard and malicious blue eyes, would 'ave looked in life if he'd engaged in a similar game. I can tell you, I pitied them.

"When we asked the woman how she had contrived to get away and why she had left her husband there behind, she thought that we meant to send her back and shrieked herself hoarse with terror.

"In the frenzy of her husband's fear, it seems that the instinct of self-preservation had come out strong. He'd begun to sacrifice her to the thing, and to use her as a decoy in one direction, while he made off in the other.

"He'd compelled her with blows to live in the lower-room and to guard the door, while he occupied the tower, so that she might shout a warning to him when she heard it coming and give him time to get through on to the roof and close down the trap.

"As it happened, this proved her salvation, for when she heard it climbing the stairs, she would slip out into the open and close the door behind her on the outside.

"Whilst walking along the shore she had come across the old canoe which Marl had used, drawn up among the rushes. She had set to work at gumming the seams to make it water-tight, and cutting a paddle—all of which took her about a week. In the meanwhile she had saved her meals and smuggled down a sufficient quantity of flour to last her the voyage. After which, having waited until she heard it enter the house and go upstairs, so that she might lock it in with her husband, she had set out for the Landing.

"When the lake froze up last year I got to thinking about Billy Dog and fetched out my dogs, and went over to see how he was getting along.

"Well, sir, when I got there I found the place deserted. I went through the lower-room and climbed into the tower and the Light. I suppose I might have gone further and looked for him on the roof; only somehow I felt tired. I believe I made a record trip from the Light to the Landing.

"I don't want to say what I heard there or anything about it, only this: that it was quite enough to keep me from ever again paying friendly calls at that island.

Then I had a stroke of luck—I heard that Half-Breed Ike had come back up the river with some skins and was stopping at this fort. I call it luck, but that's my playful way; I believe it was the hand of Divine Vengeance that sent him.

"Y'see, it had been impossible to prove anything against him, except that he was the last man to see Marl alive; and if that means hanging, there's most o' the chaps in

Half Breed Ike

[*Continued from page 56*]

this room would be hung, for up in these latitudes we're always being the last man to see other fellers alive. Nevertheless, I couldn't help feeling that even if Ike hadn't done the actual killing and had surprised a woman there by accident, he had had more to do with Marl's death than was healthy for him. Those eight days spent on a three days' journey were to be accounted for in some other fashion than the one he had indicated.

"Following up that idea about the Divine Vengeance I thought out another plan. I sent a note to the Factor, telling him that he had a man stopping with him who was suspected of crime, but that it wouldn't be convenient to fetch him till the spring. I said that he would probably try to go North on the last of the ice, but that he must be prevented in such a way that he'd fear nothing. Ike was greedy and ambitious, so the best way to do this would be to appeal to both his greed and his ambition by offering him some minor position o' authority about the Fort.

"Then I waited for the break-up of the winter. With the first o' the open-water I set off down-river. The first thing I saw as I drew in at the jetty was Ike, strutting and puffed out with pride like a blooming pouter pigeon or, as I thought, a fatted bullock on show in a butcher's shop. He'd had his hair cut short like a white man's. He'd thrown aside his head-scarves, and neck-scarves, and waist-scarves for a brown felt hat, a collar and a tie, and a strap of tan leather. He no longer wore moccasins, but tennis-shoes, duly chalked and gleaming in the sunshine.

"He was the first to welcome me as I got out of my canoe, eager to tell me as he did so of how he'd become the Factor's right-hand man, and that there wasn't a white man around the Fort who could do without him.

"That afternoon, as I sat with the Factor, I heard the other side o' the story.

" 'For God's sake, take him away,' he exclaimed peevishly. "I've come near drowning that fellow. Why I believe he's already laid plans for getting rid of me and marrying my wife. I can't think what's got into his head; he talks all the time about white women.'

" 'All right,' I said, 'he shall go tomorrow.'

"Next day I took him aside and flattered him: that we'd never appreciated his real value at the Landing, but that the Factor had been telling me what a treasure he was and that I'd be very much obliged to him if he'd come back with me and help me run my station.

"He became patronising; said that he'd not thought of moving, was very comfortable where he was, but would comply on one condition—that he had a free hand and no orders. So he agreed to come, and returned with us, jabbering all the way of what he was going to do, and how he was going to make my Indians sit up.

"That's how I got him to the Landing. Having succeeded so far, I determined to waste no time. Next day I made ready the sailing boat, loaded it up with provisions and asked him to come with me, telling him that I was going to inspect the fishing-stations and wanted his advice.

"He came cheerfully enough; but by and by, when he saw the direction in which we were steering, he became a trifle blue. Then I told him.

" 'Ike,' said I, 'we've had some difficulty in finding someone to take care of the Light since Marl's death. We tried Billy Dog and his wife, but they were kind of uncomfortable and heard things; so now we're going to try you. You shouldn't mind so much as some, seeing as how you've been there before; went there for three whole days and liked it so much that you stopped eight. It'll be like going home to you.'

"He saw what I was driving at and turned a sickly gray. He didn't cry and make a fuss as I'd expected he would, but just sat still, holding himself steady with his hands gripping the boat's side. There was more of the white man in him than I'd thought. For the rest of the journey he remained motionless, dumb-terror in his eyes, staring straight ahead to where the Island lay. We landed him and his provisions, tidied the place up a bit, carried the cooking utensils which we'd brought for him into the house, and left him an old leaky row-boat with one oar—just enough to enable him to get out to the steamer, but not enough to allow him to escape."

Some weeks later I said good-bye to my friends and got aboard the steamer bound once more for civilisation and cities. All through the long summer afternoon of the first day I leaned across the rail, watching for the earliest glimpse of the grim island with its lighthouse. Toward evening, it drifted up through the mist above the sky-line. As we drew nearer, I saw a cranky little boat put out, containing a man who worked a single oar first this side, then that, like a tortured fiend in his fear lest we should pass him unnoticed.

In little jerky zigzags he wound his way level with our course; then waited. As we came up he sank upon his knees, stretched out his hands and began to pray, now screaming his petitions shrilly above the throbbing of the engines, now simply working his lips and writhing his body in impotence of desperation.

When he had once more dwindled to a black speck, rising and falling on the waves from our wake, I turned to go. An old Scotch sailor who had been standing by me, having noticed my bowed head, touched me on the arm. "Aye, mon, ye do weel to pray for Half-Breed Ike."

The Veiled Woman

[*Continued from page 28*]

"O thou, my soul! O thou, my hero!" She took Hassan's battered face in her hands; kissed the bruised lips passionately. There was a pause; and then, in an agony of love and pain: "What have they done to thee, beloved? Allah! What have they done to thee—?"

She turned and looked up at the rows of listening faces. "Who?" she asked, half knowing the answer, dreading it.

"He did it!" shrieked a market-woman, pointing at Mustaffa Madani. "Thine own father!"

Gouthia rose. She stared at her father. Their implacable eyes met in conflict. They were both of the Shareefs. Again she bent over Hassan. With all her young strength she pulled him up. She half carried, half dragged him away, panting a little, but with head erect, eyes blazing, while the crowd made a path for her. She walked up to the mosque, the refuge of all Islam. Her arms were about her lover, protectingly. His head was on her breast. She stood there, superb, savage, with something so ominous in her pose that a hush seemed to fall over the hectic, whispering throng.

A second passed; two; three. Then she spoke: "Thou art no longer my father! I give oath before the Prophet—on Him the salute!"

THEY married according to the rites and pomp of Islam, the bride awaiting the bridegroom's coming in the little house that he had rented. He rode sheykh Abubekr Sabri's blue-mottled stallion, with two friends, one at each side of the bridle. He was dressed in a bright, scarlet burnoose and wore on his head a black fez with a long silver tassel. He had discarded his dervish costume. A married man, he belonged no longer to the *tekké* of the Molawees. His face was swathed in bandages.

"A brave lad!" laughed one of the dervishes. "He fought for his bride like a Bedouin!"

"Yoo-yoo-yoo!" shrieked the women, showering benedictions upon him: "May thy bride find thy lips in spite of the bandages!"

And so the wedding cortege passed on, the torches a dancing glory against the purple of the night, a running play of rainbow colors.

"Yoo-yoo . . . ." very faintly from the distance, and Hassan rode alone to the little house, dismounted, and entered the bride's chamber. She sat cross-legged on a low divan. She was veiled from head to foot.

"O eyes of my soul!" he said, salaaming. "O my life!" He lifted her veil. He kissed her lips. He bent and kissed her hands, her knees, her narrow, white feet.

"I love thee," he whispered. "Daily my love for thee echoes through the vaults of my life! Daily my love is born again—poignant, restless! Always the thought of thee is with me. Daily I seek thee . . . ."

"Daily thou shalt find me, O my lord," she said in a high, clear voice.

THEY were happy. They had no servants. He was too poor to hire any. But there was always laughter in the house. There was always the unspoiled bloom on dreams. There was always their faith, their youth, their love.

And summer passed and the short winter, and then December came, bringing the beginning of the Saharan spring, with soft winds and blue lights and the melody of the young year, like a slow sob of melting harmonies. Never during all those months did Gouthia speak of her father. Perhaps she remembered to forget him each time she saw the ugly, red scar that twisted across her husband's face from chin to temple.

It was known to all Kairouan that the French had sold the Shareef's house for taxes. Accompanied by el-Fosiha he had gone to the only place left him, the miserable, stony little patch with its thriftless olive trees on the outskirts of town where the two lived in a small building that was no more than a mud-chinked hut.

BUT one day in the bazaar of the Mutton-Butchers, where she had gone to buy meat for her dinner, Gouthia overheard two shop-keepers in conversation: "Hast thou heard the news? Mustaffa Madani—the Shareef—dost thou remember—?" Gouthia stopped, listening, her heart beat faster. "He is haughty no longer. He has become a man of God. He has joined the Molawee dervishes."

"Impossible! Can a frog catch cold?"

"I saw him whirl in the dance. By the honor of my neck—I saw him with these eyes."

"Oh well—God is Most Great!"

"Indeed. He is the One God."

Gouthia went home. She felt strangely disturbed. Her heart hurt, as if somebody had squeezed and bruised it. She was on the point of telling her husband, not because it was news—he would hear it soon enough, in the gliding gossip of bazaar and marketplace—but because of the longing and regret in her soul. Then she saw the scar on Hassan's face. She remembered her oath. And bitter pride overcame her, and she was silent. Only when Hassan spoke, so very gently, of their child to come, she cuddled in his arms and kissed him.

"Hassan," she said, "let us promise each other one thing."

"Anything, dear."

"When our son comes we must never let our pride take issue with our love, nor love with our pride."

And so spring sank to its close. An intense heat—the harbinger of sudden African summer—veiled the desert with a moist, violet haze. The fields were yellow with the soft glint of kerning corn. And life, too, stirred in the little room where Gouthia lay on her couch. It grew in her consciousness, deepened and softened the glory of her eyes. It pulsed through her with the earth's cosmic currents.

There came the day when, in some amazing fashion, she sensed within herself the thoughts and passions and dreams of all the women of all the world; the mute, inexpressible yearnings of motherhood; the desires and sufferings of millions; the reaching up, with a soft, nestling rush, into the arms of God, of nature.

She saw, very dimly, the French doctor's bearded, bespectacled face. Came an eternity of waiting, when an immense, black shutter dropped across her mind noiselessly. Peace came, still as the depths of the desert, and then the peace was shivered by a cry, a small cry, a selfish, imperious cry—the cry of a little baby; and she felt the small, selfish clutch of baby fingers. She opened her eyes.

El-Fosiha was at the window, raising the blinds a little. She turned; broke into a shrill, triumphant: "Yoo-yoo!"

At the foot of the bed stood Hassan, and near him she saw her father, old, grey-faced, in the costume of a Molawee dervish. He was bending toward her.

"Father—oh—father . . . ."

He dropped on his knees by her side. "Little soul," he said, "thy husband has already forgiven me. And as for thee—behold—I am on my knees—" She smiled; took his hand; kissed it.

"Yoo-yoo-yoo!" came again the old negress' shrill cry of triumph. She ran to the door. "I must tell the news to all Kairouan that a son has come to this house—may he be the first of many!" She turned on the threshold. "What shall his name be?"

"My father's name was Fahim," said Hassan. "A good name . . . ."

"A good name indeed!" agreed Mustaffa Madani. "And yet——"

"Yes, father?" asked Gouthia.

"I would suggest Mohammed. For was not the Prophet Mohammed—on Him the salute!—the founder of the Shareefian families? And—" with utter seriousness, looking at Hassan rather reproachfully—"is not thy little son, too, of Shareefian blood? Is he not, too, of the lineage?"

"Mohammed!" echoed el-Fosiha.

And a moment later, her cry drifted in from the street: "Yoo-yoo-yoo! Yoo-yoo-yoo! Yoo-yoo-yoo!"

Concentrated Energy

in this fresh natural food

Billions of tiny living plants revitalize your system—banish Constipation, Skin, and Stomach Troubles

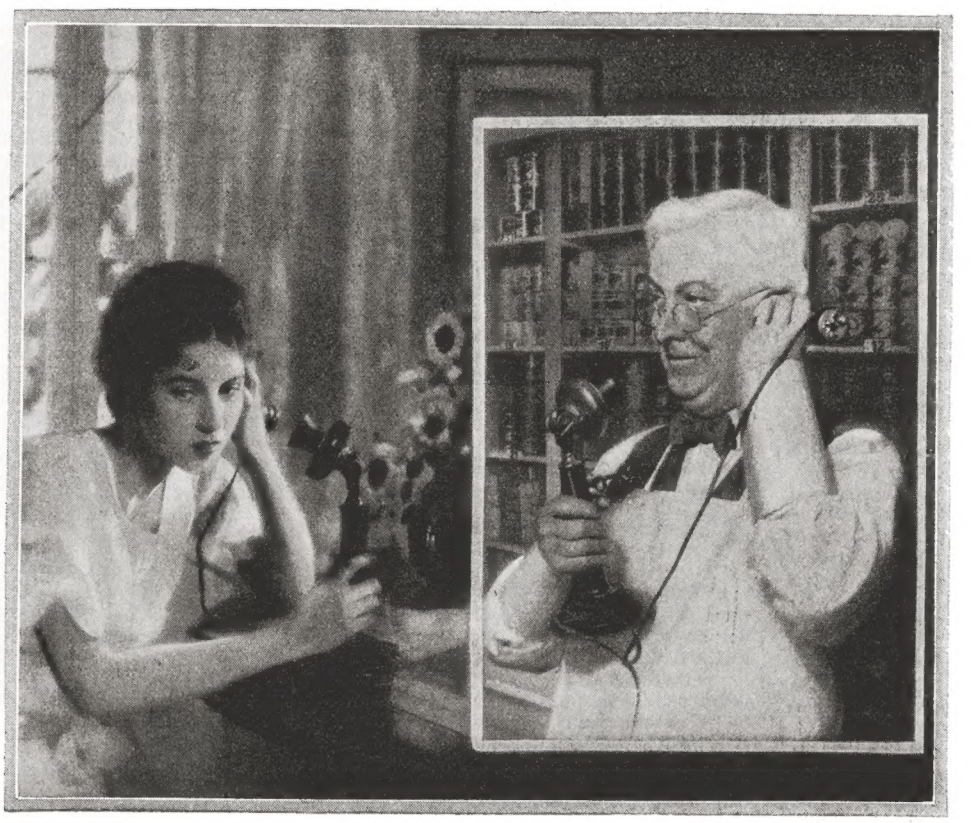
THESE remarkable reports are typical of thousands of similar tributes to Fleischmann's Yeast.

There is nothing mysterious about its action. It is not a "cure-all," not a medicine in any sense. But when the body is choked with the poisons of constipation—or when its vitality is so low that skin, stomach, and general health are affected—this simple, natural food achieves literally amazing results. Concentrated in every cake of Fleischmann's Yeast are billions of tiny yeast-plants, alive and active. At once they go to work—invigorating the whole system, clearing the skin, aiding digestion, strengthening the intestinal muscles and making them healthy and active.

Health is yours once more.

"Our home is in Shanghai, China. There, our eight-year-old Billy began having severe outbreaks of boils. The doctor's treatment there gave relief for a short time only. Then came a stay in America where we began a course of Fleischmann's Yeast, sandwiching the daily cake between layers of sugar cookies. Then did Fleischmann's prove itself, for the boils disappeared and after two years have never returned."

(*Mrs. Julia W. Stafford of Shanghai, China*)



"'And my Fleischmann's Yeast cakes as usual.' For almost three years I have given this order to my grocer several times each week and will continue indefinitely. Three years ago as a young mother in a run-down condition, with boils rendering me almost helpless, I felt that the end of my endurance had been reached. In desperation I sent for Fleischmann's Yeast cakes. The boils began to dry up. I slept better—had a keener appetite, felt better and by Spring had regained my strength and vivacity. Now I eat Fleischmann's Yeast cakes to keep me feeling 'top notch'."

(*A letter from Mrs. Helen M. Raup, Linthicum Heights, Maryland*)

"I had four children to provide for My work was laborious and one year's untiring efforts found me very much run down. It was difficult for me to keep on my feet for more than an hour at a time. I was more than willing to do my utmost to provide for my loved ones, but my health interfered.

"I saw an advertisement about Fleischmann's Yeast. Eagerly, enthusiastically, I tried it. I religiously continued the treatment and soon began to feel strong. I am now in perfect health with the bloom of youth in my face. Fleischmann's Yeast has done all this for me."

(*A letter from Mrs. H. Crookhorn of New York City*)

"As Executive Officer and Lieutenant U. S. Navy, I was relieved from active duty. Sick in mind with a pain-tortured body—stomach trouble was so acute I couldn't eat or sleep. My aunt recommended a Fleischmann's Yeast Cake dissolved in water, and I took it to please her. The pain ceased. I had slight return attacks for a few weeks, but each time 'little doctor yeast cake' knocked them out.

"I eat anything now and enjoy it. Old navy friends tell me I look like the Athletic Instructor of old."

(*A letter from Charles C. Beach of Baltimore, Md.*)

"Born with an appetite for fats and sweets, at 40 I was constipated and headachy. I had long since adopted the pill habit as a temporary relief from the ills and discomforts that come with constipation. I was ordered to Hot Springs for baths and rigid diet when a casual hotel acquaintance advised that I take Fleischmann's Yeast. Today constipation and headaches are gone—vanished. I enjoy my food—my eyes are clear and my color good. I have greater zest for work—play—life itself."

(*Mr. E R. Henderson of Hot Springs, Ark.*)

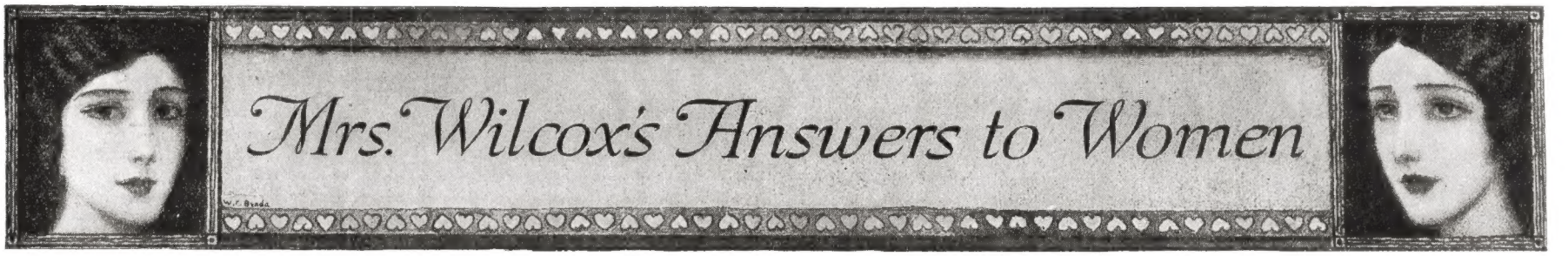
Dissolve one cake in a glass of water (just hot enough to drink)

—before breakfast and at bedtime. Fleischmann's Yeast, when taken this way, is especially effective in overcoming or preventing constipation.

Or eat 2 or 3 cakes a day—spread on bread or crackers—dissolved in fruit juices or milk—or eat it plain.

Fleischmann's Yeast for Health comes only in the tinfoil package—it cannot be purchased in tablet form. *All grocers have it.* Start eating it today! You can order several cakes at a time, for yeast will keep fresh in a cool, dry place for two or three days.

Write us for further information or let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Address: Health Research Dept. F-7, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.



Mrs. Wilcox's Answers to Women

THE flaming fiction of the time comes closer to the home than some of us suspect. I am forced to believe this by the confessions girls make to me. Some of their autobiographies read like best sellers in miniature.

The neighbors in almost any street can name one of the younger generation whose rebellion against parental authority influences for the worse the behavior of every other youngster.

Of course some liberal minded seniors indulge or pardon all such rebellion as "bravado." Even so, will "the naughty but nice girl" fail to feel the effect of the wine she drinks?

From many revealing confessions I have selected the following on account of their moderation. The second makes an excellent reply to the first.

Dear Winona Wilcox:

I'm a flapper and I follow the crowd. My friends and I have nice parents most of whom object to "the gang." We jazz around together just the same. We have our petting parties. We smoke, we carry lip sticks, apply powder in public, use slang and swear a little; and a flask turns up at most of our dances.

And summer seems to have made us more reckless!

It seems as if we were having a wonderful time but often when I'm tired after a dance and can't sleep, toward dawn things look awful to me.

In the back of my mind, I've always had a dream of home and husband, but it looks as if I were getting farther and farther from my dream at the very age it ought to come true.

Will the boys in our gang ask the girls to make homes for them?

Or when it comes to marriage, are they going to turn to the little "sit-by-the-fire" who minds her mamma?

One of these days we're going to be too old to be flappers. Then what will we do? Please answer this. It means much to me.—A. L.

AND THEN WHAT?

For reply, I've no need to quote the opinion of a moralist. I'm fortunate enough to be able to offer a romance in little written by one of the younger generation. The following is a genuine document which reveals the emotional drama of a fashionable girl of the period, straightforward, as only a girl could set it down.

Dear Winona Wilcox:

Once I yearned for popularity vainly like many another girl. Now I could write a book entitled "Follies of Flappers."

I'm neither homely nor beautiful. At school I never was nominated for "the prettiest girl" honor; reddish hair, pug nose and the freckles which go with red hair never led any one to rave about me. But by taking care about make-up and dress, I find myself referred to as "attractive"; and once, in a beruffled jade green evening gown, as "stunning." I state this in all modesty, because I honestly know I'm just an average girl.

My education is average, too. After high school, I graduated from a finishing seminary at seventeen. Now I'm twenty. I've always had an ear for music, studied it seven years. I can play a Bach fugue to the satisfaction of my Paris-trained teacher. An hour later, at home, I play some "moany blues" in a way to make my rheumatic grandma tap her foot.

I suppose I have personality; I've never had trouble making people like me. This was all satisfactory enough until, at sixteen, I began to want a change from the friendship of school girls. I wanted to be sought—by men. At high school, there were little hurts I could not understand. I knew I could dance better than Alice but she was chosen to lead the senior dance. I was as good looking as Mary, but she was picked to sponsor the football game. Ellie could pass but one of her four subjects but she never lacked a dozen boys who seemed to live to go with her. To be sure, I was president of the literary society, and on the high school annual board, press agent for the dramatic club, but that didn't satisfy.

After I had finished school, my unpopularity with boys began to worry me. It didn't suffice to be asked to play at this entertainment or to recite at that, or to be the life of a matinée or tea where only girls were guests. It hurt when the crowd went to the river for the week-end and I was left out. If once in a while I did receive an exclusive invitation to a dance, it was due to some family social obligation and I didn't enjoy myself because I wasn't getting "a rush."

A SHIFT OF SCENE

WELL, things changed. I'd always lived on the north side of our town. My acquaintance among the south side set was limited to a few friends of the family and a few girls who had moved from the middle-class north side to an exclusive part of the south side. Now it happened that my father decided to buy a home on the south side. We moved into a street with only eight houses to the block. There were only four girls of my age in the neighborhood. All of them called on me. None of these girls chummed with any other. They represented four entirely different types.

Edith had finished high school and was going to the U. Molly worked downtown and was engaged to an official of her firm. Bab's family was socially inclined but she was not popular.

Mother encouraged me to go with Bab but I decided she was too much like me, so in the end, I selected Kitty for a friend. And Kitty was a flapper! One of the "naughty but nice" variety! Kitty had nothing to do but have a good time. She was not pretty, nor witty, nor smart, nor wealthy, nor anything much, except a good sport. But she always had a date! I would often count the autos parked around her corner and wonder how she did it.

Kitty adored my "blues" and announced that she was going to bring all her boys and let me play for them. The first three she brought belonged to the set I liked. Kitty introduced me as a "humdinger" and everything else I had decided to be.

I imitated Kitty. She said I had to have "a line" for the boys. That was easy. I learned how to make my bob turn up at the smart angle, I rouged my cheeks in circles, tied my girdles tight around my hips, and smoked to prove I was game. Also I allowed the boys to hold me a little tighter in dancing than mother approved; and if I liked a boy, we'd dance a few steps that were extreme.

LETTERS from Elaine's peers, admirers and critics are requested. Address same to Winona Wilcox, McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.

In consequence, I had the pleasure of hearing my phone ring six to ten times a day, and of making dates four weeks ahead, with the popular boys.

This has been going on three years. I've made the dances at the U three times a year regularly, opening, mid-term and commencement. I've led four club dances, sponsored the U foot-ball team, been maid at one of the fraternity conventions, and have had all the honors the "popular" girl gets.

AND I am just as dissatisfied now as the most unpopular girl that ever lived. There's nothing new to do, nobody new to go with, nowhere new to go.

Kitty and I sit around and grumble between dates because we're bored. We bore each other. And we are just twenty. We've had three proposals apiece but never a man in sight we want to marry.

We are more than likely to be subjects of little scandals for though none has come back to me, I've heard girls wonder in distinct tones how "just ordinary girls" like Kitty and me, can be so popular! They don't seem to realize that there are as many "just ordinary" boys.

Kitty and I have lost so much sleep that we are beginning to have hollows under our eyes. We can't show excitement in an event which brings sparkles to the eyes of girls who have not had too much popularity. Nothing gets us any thrills any more.

BOREDOM

LATELY we met a beauty who is far more popular than we are. In fact, she has the reputation of being "wild." We talked over our numerous "dates." She admitted that most of them bored her to death. She had thought she might get something out of life by allowing more rope. Finally she hit bottom. That easy.

Nothing I've done in the last three years seems to pay. I'm going to work. So is Kitty. The boys haven't got anything worth while to offer. We're going to pass them all up.

And then we will be in the same boat with all the girls who mourn because they're unpopular! There'll be only this difference: We have a lot of tiresome experiences to remember which we'd be happier without, I believe.

I didn't intend to write a book when I started but I did want the girl who thinks popularity the only thing in life to know how hollow it proves in time. Maybe neither knowledge nor popularity nor anything else quite satisfies girls today. What's to become of us?—Elaine.

The Most Delicious and Wholesome Mayonnaise Made at Home in 3 Minutes

You Know Home-Made Mayonnaise Is Fresh and Pure Because You Use Fresh Eggs

EVERY particular housewife likes home-made foods. Not only because they taste better, but because she *knows* they are pure.

That's why thousands of women are now making their own mayonnaise at home with Mazola. They know, that by using Mazola, they can prepare in 3 *minutes* a rich, creamy mayonnaise—equal to mayonnaise served in the finest hotels.

You can be sure of the purity of Mazola Mayonnaise and of its wholesomeness. For you know that the eggs you use in it are absolutely fresh.

Mazola blends perfectly with all your other salad ingredients. And inasmuch as Mazola thickens more quickly, you save time and labor. Mazola-Mayonnaise always remains firm, fresh and smooth. It keeps longer without separating, or getting rancid.

Use the Mazola you have, or get a can from your grocer, and try the recipe given here. See how easy it is to make!

Even though Mazola is equal to the most expensive salad oils, you can buy it at practically half the price of the best imported olive oil.

Make this Delicious Mayonnaise Dressing

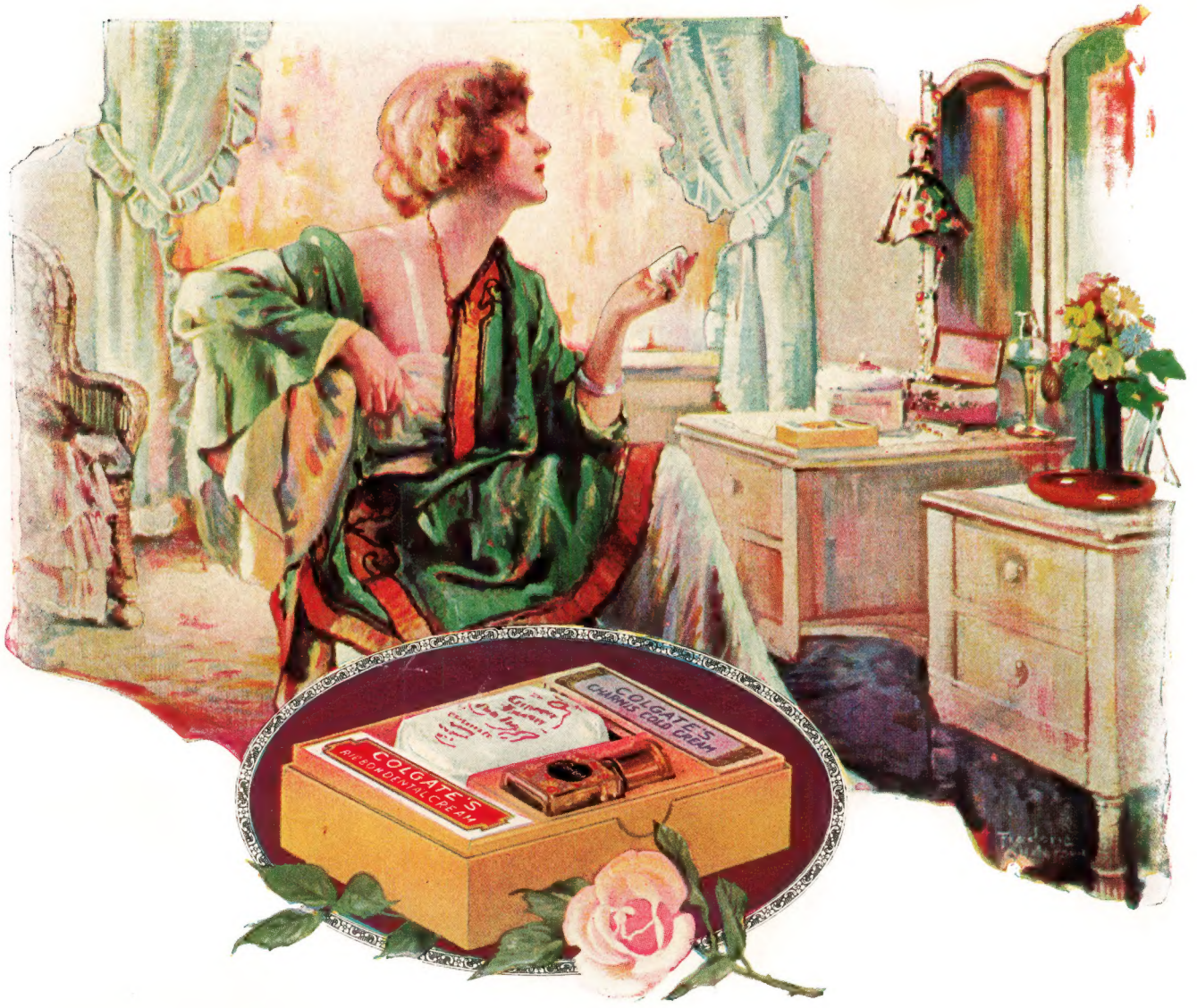
1 cup Mazola 1 Egg Yolk ½ teaspoon Salt
½ teaspoon Sugar ⅛ teaspoon Paprika
3 tablespoons Lemon Juice or Vinegar

Add well mixed seasonings to egg, with one teaspoon lemon juice or vinegar and beat well, adding one teaspoon Mazola at a time until mixture thickens, after which the Mazola may be added more rapidly. Thin with lemon juice or vinegar when necessary.

FREE—Beautifully illustrated Corn Products Cook Book of sixty-four pages; containing more than a hundred valuable recipes. Write to the Corn Products Refining Company, Dept. 15, Argo, Illinois.

A PLEASANT THOUGHT

"Mazola is as delicious and good to eat as the corn from which it comes."



A Souvenir for Colgate Friends

"I never imagined Colgate made so many things!" exclaimed a girl as she saw this list of Colgate products. "Why, they make toilet articles for everyone in the family—even the baby!"

List for Checking Colgate Articles in Your Home

COLGATE & CO., Gift Dept. 532
199 Fulton Street, New York City

Ours is a Colgate Household. We use regularly several Colgate articles which I have marked [✓] below. I enclose 20c in stamps to help defray cost of packing and mailing my BEAUTY BOX.

- ☐ Ribbon Dental Cream
- ☐ Colgate's Dental Powder
- ☐ Cashmere Bouquet Toilet Water
- ☐ La France Rose Water
- ☐ Florient or Cha Ming Toilet Water
- ☐ Lilac Imperial Water
- ☐ Cashmere Bouquet Soap
- ☐ Big Bath or Allround Soap
- ☐ Colgate's Coleo Soap
- ☐ Hard Water Soap
- ☐ Mechanics' Soap Paste
- ☐ Natural Soap or Palm Oil Soap
- ☐ Perfumes by ounce
- ☐ Perfumes in packages
- ☐ Florient or Cha Ming Talc
- ☐ Baby Talc, Cashmere Bouquet, Violet
- ☐ Mirage Cream (Vanishing)
- ☐ Charmis Cold Cream
- ☐ Rapid-Shave Cream or Rapid-Shave Powder
- ☐ "Handy Grip" Shaving Stick
- ☐ "Handy Grip" Refill Sticks
- ☐ Colgate's Bandoline or Brillantine
- ☐ Compact Face Powder or Compact Rouge
- ☐ Florient or Cha Ming Face Powder
- ☐ Smelling Salts or Extract Vials

Name_____

Street or R. D. _____

Town_____ State_____

Hafiel

THE attractive Beauty Box illustrated above is for our friends—for all who use three or more Colgate articles, or for those who will go to their favorite store and buy three Colgate articles.

The Colgate Beauty Box—a lovely assortment of dainty toilet accessories—is ideal to slip into your bag for the week-end trip. Or, in your guest room, it affords a thoughtful finishing touch.

The Beauty Box is not sold at stores. It is sent direct from Colgate's to Colgate households—to all who check and send in the coupon. Each Beauty Box contains a generous sample of our delightful Colgate toilet articles:

COLGATE'S RIBBON DENTAL CREAM—the right dentifrice for smiling teeth.

COLGATE'S CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP—as sweet as a bride's bouquet.

COLGATE'S CHARMIS COLD CREAM—freshly fragrant.

COLGATE'S FLORIENT TOILET WATER—a dainty vial—the mystic perfume of "Flowers of the Orient".

Into Colgate articles go rare essences, charm-giving compounds and alluring fragrances from far-off Eastern gardens.

Be sure to check on the coupon the Colgate articles you use. Only by so doing and enclosing twenty cents to help cover packing costs, can you secure the box. Write your name and address plainly so your Beauty Box can be sent without delay.

COLGATE & CO. Established 1806

TRUTH IN ADVERTISING IMPLIES HONESTY IN MANUFACTURE